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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1910.*

No. CCCCXXXIII.

THE DEATH OF THE KING.

Since our last number appeared another chapter of British history has been closed by the totally unexpected and much to be lamented death of King Edward. On the morning of May 7 men read in their newspapers that just before midnight on the 6th his Majesty the King had breathed his last at Buckingham Palace in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the royal family. On the day before his death the King had transacted public business. He had received in audience the newly appointed Governor of New Zealand (Lord Islington). He had also received the Agent-General for Queensland (Major Robinson). And though, as the Court Circular published in the newspapers of May 6 had stated, the King had been prevented by a severe cold from meeting the Queen at the railway station on her return from Venice, no sort of general anxiety was felt as to his health. It is no exaggeration to say that the greater number of his Majesty's subjects, even in England and in London, heard of their sovereign's death before they had realised that he was seriously ill.

The suddenness of the shock was great. It had moreover come at a time when men were turning, anxiously though not without hope, to the moderating influence of the Crown to save the country from the discord threatened by the excesses of political faction. That the King stood above party was recognised on all sides, and that he would try to moderate was certain. Moreover he possessed personal qualities which might

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be expected to diminish the contentious and unaccommodating temper which a long and severe political struggle had produced in opposing and rival statesmen. On several occasions of political crisis in the past, the personal influence of Queen Victoria with leading statesmen had acted powerfully for good. One of those rare moments seemed to be approaching when the personal intervention of the occupant of the throne might make the whole difference between a future of steady constitutional developement and one of factious violence and counterviolence of which it was not easy to see the end.

In these days it is absurd to speak of news travelling. It is read simultaneously in every part of the civilised world. The Englishman in Calcutta and Hong Kong, in Capetown and Ottawa, read at the same time the same statement of what had just happened at Buckingham Palace as the Englishman in his club in St. James's Street only half a mile away. When on June 20, 1837, King William IV. died at Windsor between 2 and 3 A.M. the news was carried from his deathbed to Queen Victoria by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, who, riding fast through the summer morning, reached Kensington Palace before five. By land and sea, on horseback and on foot, messengers themselves bore the news of the commencement of another reign with such expedition as they could to the remotest corners of the Empire. Nowadays all this is changed. Though the messenger himself travels at a speed inconceivable to our great-grandfathers, the message itself far outflies him. Hence the shock, the same thrill of feeling, when some overwhelming event has occurred strikes us all at the same moment. On the morning of May 7 the whole Empire and all the four quarters of the globe heard of King Edward's death; and there followed such an immediate outburst of universal grief, such a manifestation of sorrow as for a personal loss, as the world had never yet seen.

This is not the time to attempt anything like an historical appreciation of the late King's reign, or to estimate truly his influence on the course of public affairs. The reigns of King Edward and Queen Victoria present a singular contrast. The life of the Queen, since her early girlhood, had been passed on the throne; and when she died she was an octogenarian. The statesmen who had been the advisers of her youth and middle age had long been dead. New men, new political causes, new social conditions, new foreign relations, had come into existence. In the opening of the twentieth century Queen Victoria remained a link—almost the sole remaining link in public life—with the days of Wellington and Peel.

King Edward's reign of nine years and three months was in comparison a short one, and the England which he ceased to rule last May had changed but little in the interval. His accession, to his honour be it said, had made no breach with the past; and the Victorian tradition of abstention from party politics and intrigue, and of frankly giving the royal confidence to the statesmen trusted by Parliament, was fully maintained. As sovereign and as constitutional king he well played his part. Under King Edward, as under Queen Victoria, no one ventured to distinguish between the policy of the sovereign's ministers and the policy of the sovereign himself. Yet no intelligent person ever supposed that either Queen Victoria or King Edward was a mere puppet in the hands of party leaders intent only on the party game!

If King Edward was but a few years on the throne, he had been for very many years well known to his fellow-countrymen as the first of Englishmen. For nearly half a century he and his gracious consort, whether Princess of Wales or Queen of England, had been taking the leading part in all the public and social functions of the time. Long before the death of Queen Victoria the main duty of publicly representing royalty had fallen upon his shoulders. The dignity, the graciousness and tact displayed on these occasions won the admiring good will of the people; but perhaps the warm feeling of personal friendship towards him on the part of the multitude was not less due to the genuine delight it gave him to share in the pleasures, the sports, and amusements of his subjects. He had a great capacity for enjoyment. He had also, as was known to many, an exceptional kindliness of heart. He liked to do, and took trouble in doing, kind things for people who had no sort of claim on him, and he did not forget old friends.

Probably no preceding king of England was personally so well known to the mass of his countrymen of every class; and assuredly no king of England was ever so well known outside his own dominions. In France especially he loved to take his holiday, and our nearest neighbours rejoiced to see that, liking and understanding Frenchmen better than most Englishmen do, he was able to make himself at home among them. Undoubtedly the popularity of King Edward on the Continent, the geniality of his intercourse with foreign rulers and statesmen, and the earnestness of his desire to promote good feeling, conduced to the success of his administrations in their constant efforts to maintain among the Great Powers of the world a continuance of concord and of peace. King Edward has left the stage; and both at home and abroad

men feel that the world is the poorer for the loss of a remarkable personality. Everywhere the King had and made friends. Everywhere therefore men grieved when they heard that the King was dead.

The sudden change in the appearance of the capital was a thing never to be forgotten. At the opening of a season expected to be a brilliant one London was assuming its brightest and fullest aspect, and its huge and innumerable hotels were filled with visitors and tourists. At once the whole population without distinction of class was in the deepest mourning. The streets were filled with people whose dress and whose bearing suggested that they were on their way to attend a funeral. The roof of every omnibus was one mass of unrelieved black, and every cabman and carter had tied a bit of black ribbon to his whip. The procession from the palace to Westminster Hall; the lying-in-state there, and the never-ending stream of hundreds of thousands of silent mourners who passed the bier; the great procession thence to Paddington in which so many of the sovereigns and rulers of Europe took part; and the final scene in St. George's Chapel, were impressive manifestations of national and world-wide sorrow. But the spontaneity and universality of the mourning of the first days in London seem in the retrospect hardly less impressive than these solemn pageants.

The effect produced on the political situation at home was at once perceived. At a time of keen political dissension an event had occurred which called forth among all men, irrespective of party differences, a common sentiment—an emotion which united them in one feeling as Englishmen. The difficulties were of course in no degree removed. But the atmosphere for the time being was changed, and men were now in no mood to quarrel. Outside the ranks of actual political combatants there was in truth little desire for a great constitutional struggle which was likely perhaps to produce advantage to one party or the other in the state rather than to promote the public benefit. Then there was a universal feeling that it was unfair to the young King, if it could be avoided, to compel him to begin his reign with a political crisis of the first magnitude. Statesmen shared and responded to the universal sentiment. This was no time to repeat the fierce struggle of a general election, on the very same register moreover as that on which the recent appeal to the people had taken place. It was clear that to begin with Parliament ought to devote itself to the work that imperatively required to be done—settling the Civil List, passing a Regency Bill, framing a new Budget,

voting supply—before taking up the hotly contested subject of Constitutional Reform. So it has been wisely decided. And for the present, so far as Parliament is concerned, the very important questions of the control of national finance by the House of Commons, of the relations and respective provinces of the two branches of the legislature, and of the constitution of the House of Lords stand adjourned.

It is now the general hope that the time that has been given for reflexion may lead statesmen on both sides of politics to do their very best to find some common ground on which to settle the important differences that have been raised. In the January and April numbers of this Review we have discussed, without attempting to minimise, the far-reaching consequences of the action taken by one party and of the claims made by the other. The House of Commons cannot, we think, give up in any degree its supreme and unfettered control of national finance. The second chamber, we hope and believe, will refuse to surrender general legislative authority to the uncontrolled power of a majority of a single House of Commons. Within these limits it may perhaps be difficult, but it is certainly not impossible, to find a solution. Leading statesmen, Liberal and Conservative, have met to talk over possibilities in private, and in a quieter atmosphere than that which the excited rhetoric of extreme partisans in the press and on the platform have left for public discussion. Whether any complete and rapid solution will come from the present conference of party leaders may well be doubted ; but it can hardly be that good will not result from the frank interchange of opinion between ministers and ex-ministers of the Crown, who, necessarily to some extent looking at matters from their party standpoints, are yet rightly regarded by the public as patriotic British statesmen.

King George has succeeded to the throne at a moment of political difficulty ; but there is every reason to believe that he will face times of crisis, when they arise, with the same courage, wisdom, and patriotism that distinguished King Edward and Queen Victoria. That the Crown will play its part constitutionally and for the highest interests of the country no one doubts. We hope there is not less reason for feeling confident that the statesmen who now advise, or who expect soon to advise, the sovereign will show themselves the equals of their predecessors ; men who, in times certainly not less anxious than our own, have known how to steer the ship of state into safety ; and by means of timely and well-considered, if far-going, reform to give fresh vitality and strength to our old constitution.

Art. I.—DEVELOPEMENT OF TRAVEL IN ITALY.

1. *The Book of Italian Travel.* By H. Neville Maugham. London: Grant Richards. 1903.
2. *The Italian Renaissance in England.* Studies by Lewis Einstein. New York and London: Macmillan. 1902.
3. *An Itinerary,* etc. By Fynes Moryson. Reprint in 4 vols. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1907, 1908.
4. *The Diary of John Evelyn, with Introduction and Notes.* By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan. 1908.
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6. *The Englishman in Italy: a collection of verses.* Arranged by G. H. Wollaston. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1909.

The story of Italian travel is interesting in more than one way. It helps the traveller of to-day to be content with his lot and not to regret the 'good old days.' It has a deeper meaning for the thoughtful, suggesting, for example, the strange transmutations of human taste, and, on the other hand, the tendency of old mental attitudes and even old modes of experience to recur during a long process of developement. It links itself on to European history, and it might form an attractive chapter in the history of modern culture.

The materials for such a history exist in abundance in the records left by the travellers, who have always had a strong disposition to write some kind of memoir of their wayfarings. Their records help us to understand not merely the conditions and the fashion of an Italian tour, but the aims and mental attitudes of the travellers.

Italy has been more invaded by the foreigner than any other country. The motive of the invasion was often anything but a curiosity to see the country's marvels. Yet one may surmise that something akin to our admiration tempered even the fierce attitude of those barbarians who visited Rome as her conquered vassals or later as her vanquishers. Ampère tells us of a Gallic visitor to Rome in the fifth century who left behind him some valedictory lines. In the same century a scholar from Lyons made a kind of classical tour in Italy, marking some places made memorable by the footsteps of the illustrious dead.

Later on, the sentiment towards the ruined pagan Rome was more profoundly modified by a feeling for the Christian relics. This seems to apply to visitors like Charlemagne and our own King Alfred, who went to Rome in the guise of pilgrims.

The pilgrim forms an important link in the stages of developement of the traveller in Italy. Even the pilgrims who went to Jerusalem crossed a part of Italy, and to this extent became travellers in the country, helping to map out itineraries or routes with what looks to-day a wondrous fashion of naming towns. Through the papal establishment of Jubilees the bands of pilgrims became at once enlarged and concentrated, and we read of 200,000 of these sturdy wayfarers visiting Rome during the Jubilee of 1300. Their journeys were organised much as the personally conducted tours to Italy of to-day are organised. Since their special aim, in addition to the more severely religious exercises, was to see the sacred relics, they naturally extended their inspection of things to the wonders of pagan Rome. This combination of curiosity about the sacred and the profane is clearly reflected in the guide-book of the medieval pilgrims, the celebrated 'Mirabilia urbis 'Romae' (said by some to date from the end of the twelfth century), which served as a general *vade mecum* for the visitor. So far as we can now ascertain, it dealt largely with profane antiquities treating these for popular purposes with a quite delightful freedom, as when Pheidias and Praxiteles are metamorphosed into two 'philosophers.'

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries brought noteworthy changes to Italy, adding to its value as a land to travel in. It was then that Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch planted the first three goodly trees in the grove of Italian literature; then too that the pioneers of modern Tuscan art, Duccio, Cimabue and his disciple Giotto, were painting. One wonders whether any of the English emissaries who were sent to Italy in those days to get money for needy monarch or other purpose. or any of the English students at 'fair Padua, nursery of Art,' or at Bologna, had a glimpse of this earlier Renaissance. It is pleasant to fancy that Chaucer, who twice visited Italy (in 1373 and 1378), getting as far as fair Florence, may have caught a drop of the spray thrown forward by the new wave of culture, even if he did not meet Petrarch. His visit, due to an official attempt to bring about a commercial connexion between Genoa and some English port, was the first of a long series of visits by English writers who drew literary profit from Italy.

The coming of the fifteenth century marks another stage in the unfolding of Italy's new life, the fuller and more resplendent

Renaissance. Florence continued to be the chief centre of the art movement. Yet it was only in the second half of the century, when to the feeble attractions of the new art more potent ones were added—that of the universities famous for the cult of the new humanistic lore, and that of the magnificent courts of Lorenzo and the rest—that Englishmen began to flock to Italy. A new type of traveller now appeared, the itinerant scholar who came to hear the renowned teachers of Greek.

It was a strange moment in the history of Italy when the air was bright with a light as of spring-green, with new ideas and new experiments in life and in art, but with a light which showed livid against a dark cloudbank of lawless lust of power, sinister intrigue, and a perfectly callous cruelty. From the eager English scholars who then visited Florence, Ferrara, and Bologna, among whom were earls and high ecclesiastics to be, we can gather but little as to how the spectacle impressed them, even as to whether they saw anything of the shameful side of the papal or ducal court to which some of them had the *entrée*. A few at least had an eye for stately pageants. John Free, for example, tells his patron not only of the four days' celebration when the humanist Aeneas Sylvius was made pope, but of the famous aquatic pageant of the 'Bucentaur' at Venice when the Doge went out to wed the Adriatic, casting a ring into its waters. Some too combined with their studies a visit to classic scenes—Robert Fleming loitering in Tivoli to write his 'Lucubrationes Tiburtinae.'

The pilgrim-sightseer continued to be a prominent figure among the foreigners in Italy. When we read in the 'Itine-'raries' of W. Wey (1458 etc.) the fatherly advice about preserving one's health, practising due economies, and being a match for the rascally patrons and boatmen of the Venetian galleys, we seem to be getting already near the times of our familiar Baedeker.

With the arrival of the sixteenth century we have a group of conditions still more favourable to travel in Italy. For one thing, the stir of travel was in the European air, the recent voyages of Columbus and Amerigo to the west and of Da Gama to the east having stimulated the spirit of far-ranging adventure. To this influence must be added the increased attractions of Italy. The Italian Renaissance had now reached the hour of its full tide, and the new stream of culture had overflowed from the university to the palace, carrying away courtier as well as scholar. Pope and duke competed one with another

both for literary and artistic talent, and for the antiquities which began to be treasured.

The new Italian culture had begun to infiltrate itself into the English gentleman, as we may see in the sentiment for Italy cherished by that eager humanist, Sir Thomas More. That country indeed was now looked upon by our courtiers as the land of refined manners, of taste and of learning. The language became a fashionable accomplishment. As a consequence of this there grew up among our young noblemen a passionate desire to visit the country, which is illustrated in the story of Sir Thomas Wyatt overtaking the British ambassador to the papal court when sailing down the Thames and getting permission to join him. Soon after the accession of Henry VIII. (1509) a tide of travel set towards the peninsula.

Political conditions were just now favourable to travel in Italy. The tranquillity in England which Henry VII., a lover of peace, had managed on the whole to keep unbroken promised to endure. But a new kind of diplomatic warfare between the English king and the pope was soon to disturb the happy state of things. After the breach between the two was complete, the English traveller was unable for some time to gain the necessary royal permission to visit Rome.

Other difficulties for the traveller to Italy at this time came from the long struggle between the Emperor Charles V. and the French king. The learned Coke, sent by Henry (1529) to consult the Italian canonists as to his divorce suit, touches on delays caused by the feud.

The early part of the sixteenth century was a time of peculiar interest for the visitor to Rome. In 1508 Michael Angelo was in the city beginning his elaborate decoration of the Sistine Chapel; and about the same time Raphael also was called thither to paint his famous frescoes in the Vatican and later to complete the architectural renovation of Rome begun by Bramante. The state of the ruins of ancient Rome at this time may be seen by a glance at the drawings in Ch. Huelsen's work, 'The Roman Forum.'

English travellers in Italy during the first half of the century dwell much on the spectacle of Rome. W. Thomas, who seems to have been in Italy from about 1545 to 1550, wrote a guide-book, 'The Historie of Italie,' in which he gives a pretty full account of the antiquities of the city. He was, apparently, very accommodating, 'falling in love' with fruits as a substitute for meat, and delighting in the loving company of the Italians. Another visitor, Sir Thomas Hoby, in his 'Booke

'of the Travaile' (travelled 1549 etc.), strikes that note of warm admiration subdued by an undertone of regret which the spectacle of Rome's decaying magnificence has drawn out from so many visitors. A great Frenchman who visited Rome at this period (1532–36), François Rabelais, was too much interested in the living spectacle—the feuds of princes, the reception of the Emperor Charles V in Rome, etc.—to pay attention to the fate of ancient marbles.

The reign of Elizabeth marks the culmination of the influence of Italian culture and manners in England. Our countrymen were now keenly interested not only in the antiquities and in the gay spectacles of the courts, but in the new art and literature. This widening of interest helped to extend the impulse to Italian travel, and facilitated the excursion by securing to the traveller some knowledge of the Italian language.

We now note the emergence of a new variety of traveller in Italy, the young gentleman who was to spend some years on what came to be called the Grand Tour, which, in its more common form, was a journey through France and Italy. Coming at the end of the university course, it was in a manner a carrying on of the scholar's visit of the preceding century. But his chief object was to perfect himself in modern accomplishments, to benefit his country by observing other people's customs and institutions and to imbibe the atmosphere of refined manners, art, and culture of the Italian court.

If his parents allowed him, the young Englishman might carry out this tour alone, aided by introductions to our ambassadors and distinguished Italians. A well-known example of this freer kind of tour is that of Sir Philip Sidney (1572–75), who passed much of the ample time allotted to Italy in Venice, where he studied, in addition to Italian history and literature, music and astronomy, and among other acquaintances got to know Tintoretto and Veronese.

But not many of the young Elizabethan noblemen resembled that paragon of virtue, Philip Sidney. The travelling 'governour' or tutor was called in to guard the inexperienced young feet when they left the native shore, his presence serving to emphasise the educational function of the tour. The seriousness attached to the expedition is seen in the elaborate preparation bestowed on it. Not only was some time spent on arriving in the country in mastering its language, the young Telemach was 'coached up' for his tour by help of descriptive works in Italian and Latin. One tutor told his pupil's father that he had taken with him over sixty such 'Relations.'

Even when safeguarded by the presence of a 'governour' the

idea of a tour abroad, and especially in Italy, for a youth of twenty or so seemed alarming to many. To begin with, the English humanist had by no means adopted the looser code of morals prevalent among Italians of the Renaissance. Rumours of these lax manners reached England and gave rise to apprehensions in parental and other bosoms. This fear was reinforced by another, that of the Romish Church, which after the Reformation was looked upon as an unholy thing, as another wily Circe lying in wait for the unwary feet of youth. The attitude of hostile suspicion towards the tour in Italy was of course greatly intensified by the new movement of Puritanism.

Among the early protestations are those of two schoolmasters, Roger Ascham (who himself had visited Venice), in the 'Scholemaster,' and Richard Mulcaster, in the 'Positions.' Divines protested still more warmly. Turler, for example bitterly complained that our countrymen usually brought three things with them out of Italy—'a naughty conscience, an 'empty purse, and a weak stomach.' The adoption by the traveller in Italy of foreign manners, including vices, was satirised by some of the Elizabethan writers—among others by Shakespeare in the lines :

> 'Report of fashions in proud Italy ;
> Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
> Limps after in base imitation.' *

A noisy dispute thus arose respecting the comparative good and ill effects of continental travel. The 'governours,' actual and potential, naturally took a prominent part in it, judiciously supplying a forcible argument for their office by at once enlarging on the benefits of the Italian tour and treating the dangers as real but surmountable under proper guidance.†

For a fuller knowledge of what these young gentlemen saw in Italy we must go to other sources than their own Journals, to the local guide-books, for example, such as the 'Speculum 'Romanae Magnificentiae' (1575) with its plates of the Roman antiquities, some in their ruined state, others as they would look if restored.

Fuller accounts of travel in Italy at this time are furnished by French writers. Du Bellay (in Rome 1547 etc.) makes us feel in his rather stilted verses, 'Des Antiquitez de Rome,'

* 'Richard II,' ii. 1, cf. 'As You Like It,' iv. 1 ; also Marlowe, 'Piers Gaveston,' Thos. Heywood, 'The English Traveller,' and Thos. Nash, 'Jack Walton.'

† The engagement of a tutor is said to have added from 130*l.* to 200*l.* per annum to the cost of the journey.

how little the sixteenth-century embellishers of the city had done to diminish the poignant sadness of the spectacle of the ancient ruins. Montaigne, who visited Italy in 1580–81, brought a less sentimental attitude to these scenes. For him the splendid ruins were nothing but the sepulchre of a city, and the real Rome was all court and all nobility, the place in which the foreigner instantly felt at home. He loved things like the 'Bucentaur,' the stately barge which the Duke of Ferrara had had built for his young wife, Margherita Gonzaga of Mantua, and he enjoyed such popular sights as the execution of a celebrated bandit and the performance of a mounted acrobat.

Fynes Moryson, who in his 'Itinerary' describes his four years' continental tour (1591 etc.), gives us the first complete account of an Italian tour by an English gentleman. He was twenty-three years old when he obtained his licence to travel —presumably alone—from the masters and fellows of his college. Entering Italy from Austria, he spent a winter at Padua getting up the Italian tongue. Setting out from here, he passed along the Adriatic side of the peninsula through Ferrara, Bologna etc. to Loreto; thence through Spoleto, Narni etc. to Rome; from the capital along the old road *via* Velletri, Terracina and Gaeta (where it coincided with the ancient Via Appia) to Naples. The return journey followed the same route as far as Rome, after which it diverged to the Mediterranean side, passing through Viterbo, Siena, Florence, Pisa and so to Genoa, Milan etc. This itinerary—taken often in the reverse order—became fixed as the complete tour in Italy. *À propos* of the escort with which the Pope supplied him in crossing the Campagna, he makes the interesting remark that his Holiness was more inclined just now, after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, to protect the Englishman. He was less fortunate when passing from Florence into the Spanish state of Milan, where he had to go on foot in disguise. Like other travellers in Italy, he repeats the stories of the miracles of the saints told him by the officials. He was sufficiently in touch with the Italians to pick up their proverbs. He even tried to find an excuse for the extortionate innkeepers. A glimpse of Italy's smiling landscapes is indicated in his reference to the 'sweet walk' between Pisa and the sea.

If we wish to know what the best men of the time thought of Italy we must turn from the professional 'Directions' of Sir J. Stradling and R. Dallington to such a work as Sir Henry Wotton's 'Reliquiae Wottonianae,' wherein a cultivated gentleman and lover of Italy and her art jotted down some impressions of the country in which he had spent five years.

Wotton had a genuine interest in ancient places, as may be gathered from the fact that in returning from Naples he took wherry so as to see Neptune (Nettuno) and Ostia. He advised others as to the best way of visiting Italy, one of these being 'Mr. Milton.'

With the seventeenth century there came further changes affecting Italian travel. At home the occasional hindrances from wars during the century could not have been serious. Our relations with the papal court continued to exclude permission to visit Rome, though this prohibition was relaxed by the time that Evelyn travelled. In Italy the several states remained divided, and feuds between their foreign rulers may have introduced now and again unpleasant obstacles to the traveller's progress. But the chief impediments imposed on the traveller by the disunion of the Italian states came from the difficulties of passing from one territory to another, with their separate systems of imposts, of laws, of coinage etc. The danger of spreading grave contagious diseases gave rise to a fruitful cause of delay in bills of health. The Inquisition, introduced in the previous century, was now referred to as a menace to the English traveller in Italy. So far as one can see, the Italian people were well disposed towards travellers, some of these, as Coryat, instancing cases of kind attention. The *entrée* into the houses of noblemen appears to have been accorded at least to gentlemen of rank, and a distinguished scholar like Milton might count on a welcome from the learned.

By this time the meridian hour of the Italian Renaissance had passed, and with it much of the glory of the great names in learning and in art. Yet the influence of it was still a vital one. Italy had, moreover, done much to reconstruct and embellish Rome and other towns. She began then to develop the more lavish and imposing baroque manner both in her architecture and in her painting, which won full appreciation from the foreign travellers.

In spite of the greedy hand laid on them by the cinquecento spoilers, the ancient buildings of Rome still presented an aspect of noble picturesqueness. Broken columns and obelisks might then be seen lying on the ground, and many fragments were of more imposing proportions than they are to-day.*

In England the widening influence of the Renaissance and other changes conduced to an increased desire to visit

* See for example a drawing of the Forum of Nerva in 'Vestigii delle Antichità di Roma,' etc. (1606), p. 6.

Italy. Young Englishmen of the upper class continued to visit the country, and in larger numbers. Many of them had a fair knowledge of ancient Rome and a genuine interest in its monuments. With respect to modern art, they were indifferent to the primitives and to the pre-Raphaelite craftsmen generally. The achievements of Raphael and Michael Angelo they accepted largely on authority, though not without occasional misgivings. But their praises were reserved for work which shows the decline of Italian art—for the sculptures of Bernini, for the florid style of architecture and painting then coming into vogue.

One great interest of the traveller was still the pageants in Rome, Venice and elsewhere. Besides the great Church functions, he took note of the marriage of Venice with the Adriatic, the Venetian Carnival, and the Corso in Naples. Among less imposing sights which drew his eye were the Italian game of ball, the artificial birds and organs of the Villa d'Este worked by water, the veils and the high shoes of Venetian dames. The curiosity of the traveller was directed also to new and quaint customs, from such trifling ones as taking snuff in St. Peter's, up to the more important one, the peculiar mode of counting the hours from one to twenty-four, at that time setting out not from the fixed hour of midnight but from the variable hour of sunset.*

We learn a good deal from the travellers as to the way they journeyed. They seem to have gone for the most part in pairs or in larger parties. The crossing of the Alps by the Mont Cenis or Simplon route was a serious business, especially when an unfavourable season was chosen, and we have a number of lively descriptions of the experience, the 'horrid 'and fearful crags,' the narrow galleries with poles to prevent men and horses from falling, the rough mountain inn, and delays such as that described by Evelyn when the peasants were enraged by the killing of a goat by a dog belonging to his party.

The route along the Riviera, if it evaded these discomforts supplied others. Owing to the badness of the road a rowing and sailing boat (felucca) was commonly taken at least for a part of the way, Evelyn keeping to the land as far as Cannes from fear of Turkish pirates. In following the customary route in Italy the traveller would carefully explore some places which we pass by to-day, e.g. Loreto, a show-place for relics, whereas he would pass with scarcely a glance others which

* See 'The Englishman in Italy,' p. 288.

we find attractive, such as Ravenna. Land was sometimes abandoned for sea, in spite of risks from the pirates, e.g. from Genoa to Lerici or further south. A waterway was also found in rivers and canals, over parts of the route from Padua to Ferrara and Bologna, and the scholarly traveller might imagine himself imitating Horace's mixed mode of travelling in his famous journey from Rome to Anxur (Terracina).

The mode of travelling was either by horse or by carriage, a low vehicle with moveable hood (calash), the one mode being sometimes exchanged for the other, according to the state of the roads and to the supplies forthcoming. The carriages are described by more than one traveller as almost as uneasy as carts, and the horses as hardly more satisfactory. Special arrangements might be made with the drivers (*vetturini*) for the journey from Rome to Naples and back, by which for a lump sum the latter agreed to supply food for man and beast. The number of inns was certainly not large, Naples boasting of only three. The prices were apt to be regarded as extortionate, and Sir John Reresby recommended the visitor to dine at the ordinary or "*al paste*" (*al pasto*). In Rome and other large towns rooms were sometimes taken, the host being required to find the linen and dress the meat which travellers purchased.

In their sight-seeing the travellers were aided not only by the books which they carried with them but by local guide-books, of which Rome offered a considerable number, a 'Roma 'Antica,' a 'Roma Moderna' and others. Local *ciceroni*, moreover, according to Misson, offered their services at all the places visited except Venice.

The travellers themselves produced a fair number of books, some of which, as the quaint volume of Sir Thomas Palmer (known as the 'Traveller'), were of the old pattern of dry logical treatise, others more in the form of a narration of personal experiences. Tom Coryat's well-known 'Crudities' (1611)* is an entertaining example of the latter type. His five months' rush through France, North Italy, Switzerland, Germany etc. is an anticipation of the ways of the modern transatlantic visitor to Europe. He picked up a good deal of information on the road, telling us, among other things, of the traveller's liability to have any excess of luggage confiscated to the prince or magistrate of the territory entered. He opened his eyes with boyish wonder at the forks used at the

* This book has also been recently republished (1905) by Maclehose, Glasgow.

Italian table, quaintly suggesting as the reason of the strange custom that 'the Italian cannot by any means indure to have 'his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not 'alike cleane' *; and at the fans carried by men as well as by women. His daring experiment in quick travelling was smiled upon by fortune, and the reader may wonder whether James I.'s 'privileged buffoon' was more pleased with the attentions of Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador in Venice, who took him about in his own gondola, or with the heavy sheaf of mock panegyrics which he managed to extract from English *literati* and to print in his book.

Coryat's embodiment in his travel book of the learned Kirchner's Oration on the benefits of travel illustrates the continuation of the controversy of the sixteenth century. Bacon in one of his pithy essays distilled the true wisdom of the subject, urging the traveller among other things to leave his prejudices at home, and to form lasting personal connexions in the country visited. The note of alarm was still rung by stern anti-papists like Bishop Hall in his 'Quo 'Vadis?' (1617); while a more discriminating exposure of the dangers of the continental tour for unripe boys was made by Purchas and others.

The early part of the seventeenth century saw more than one illustrious English writer in Italy. Thomas Hobbes twice travelled there as governor to pupils who were, we will hope, better behaved than the one whom Ben Jonson had some years before taken with him to France and who had made a degrading exhibition of his bear-leader in the street. Hobbes met Galileo at Florence, and with the light of Italian skies received flashes of his new philosophic ideas. A more interesting visit is that of Milton, who, in 1638–39 at the age of thirty, —the ideal age perhaps for Italy—traversed the peninsula as far as Naples. We can see that the fair and storied land touched him on many sides and profoundly, even though he has veiled from us much of what to the strictly trained young Puritan must have been a glowing romance. Though made much of by the enthusiastic *literati* of the Academies, he excited a less friendly sentiment when, heedless of the advice of Fynes Moryson (who made pretence of going to mass) to conceal one's religion, he openly confessed his Protestant faith to the friar with whom he travelled to Naples. He enjoyed, we may be sure, speaking the musical Italian, a tongue, he tells us in his 'Tractate of Education,' which a

* Coryat is said to have introduced the Italian fork into England.

boy 'may have easily learnt at any odd hour,' having himself perhaps so picked it up from his Italian school friend.

Another type of frequent visitor to Italy at this time—a sort of journeyman tourist—was the painter represented by Vandyck and Velasquez. A combination of the aims of the tourist and the man of business involving a longer residence in the country is illustrated by James Howell, whose work 'Instructions for Forreine Travel' (1642), though sadly confused in form, contains some shrewd advice to the continental traveller based upon intimate personal knowledge. Among other results his book helped to send the English tourist to Siena as the place for learning the Italian language in its best form—the *lingua toscana*.

The first narrative of an Italian tour by an Englishman worthy to be called literature is to be found in Evelyn's 'Diary.' His journey in 1644, when twenty-four years old, with a Balliol friend reads like the tour of happy youths to whom all new things are interesting, and extortionate innkeepers and other nuisances count as nothing. The tide of youthful energy seems to run through its pages—especially those chronicling the seven months' indefatigable exploration of Rome, which offer to those conversant with the Rome of to-day some curious puzzles in identification. Though he shows the limitations of the art-taste of his time, as in dismissing buildings like S. Paolo fuori le mura and St. Mark's of Venice as 'Gotiq,' he is one of the first to note such things as the beautiful fountains of Viterbo, and the fine view from the balcony of the Belvedere in the Convent of S. Martino at Naples—a prospect doubly starred by that connoisseur in views, our worthy Baedeker. Did he, one asks oneself, happen to look down over city and bay at midday and to hear all the bells clang out, their dissonances softly muffled as by some spirit of joyous jubilation in the air?

Another youth (said to be under twenty) who visited Italy about this time was John Raymond. He surpasses Evelyn in his quaint misspellings, e.g. 'filoaco' and 'filouca' for felucca. He has a pretty fancy for Roman gardens, vowing that Villa d'Este shall be the model for his country seat. His comic drawings, e.g. of a group of men and horses climbing Vesuvius, are the precursors of what one may find to-day in the strangers' book of an Alpine inn.

The Restoration marks a noticeable decline in the gloomy diatribes against travelling on the Continent. The restored monarch had himself been abroad, and his return ushered in a new revival of interest in Italian travel, as we may see by a glance at the 'Diary' of Mr. Samuel Pepys, who thought an

account of Rome such as he got from his friend Mr. Brisband ' the most delightful talk a man can have of any traveller.'

The second half of the century gives us the impersonal guide-bookish type of manual. The most important examples are ' The Voyage of Italy ' (1670), by the Catholic divine and much-travelled tutor, Richard Lassels, and ' A New Voyage to ' Italy,' by Francis Maximilian Misson, a Huguenot refugee and travelling tutor, whose book was translated into English in 1695. These are characterised by a wide range of information and intimacy of knowledge, and they long held a high place as standard guides. They indicate an extension of the Italian tour which now began to include such an out-of-the-way place as Caprarola, with its fine Renaissance palace. They illustrate the inevitable duty of the traveller to carry out exact observation by bidding him equip himself not only with ' prospective ' glasses,' but with a graduated cane and fifty fathoms of thread for making measurements of statues, columns etc.

The eighteenth century effected a still larger extension of travel in Italy. The conditions were, to be sure, not altogether favourable to a continental tour. The disturbed state of Europe during the prolonged wars of the century, in which not only England but to some extent Italy was involved, must have added to the delays and to the perils of the expedition. They had the result too of repartitioning Italy, placing her states yet more firmly under the tyrannous rule of Austrian, Spaniard and Frenchman.

Italy was no longer the centre of European culture, nor did her courts allure the foreigner with so brilliant a display of learning and artistic achievement as of yore. Yet Venice at any rate, though declining in art as well as in political power, preserved her pageants, and was indeed one of the show places of Europe, with its Carnival spectacle including bull-baiting and the rest. As a whole moreover the country held out to the foreigner the tempting bait of its new gorgeous buildings and paintings. The arts of antiquity displayed their remains more generously. A good deal of antique sculpture had now been collected into palaces and museums, more particularly the Vatican and the Uffizi—some, as the Palazzo (or Villa) Albani, being then more accessible than they are to-day. Towards the end of the century excavations had partly uncovered Hadrian's Villa as well as the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Roman Forum continued to present its neglected but picturesque appearance, as may be seen by a glance at the plates in such works as ' Roma Antica

'e moderna' (1745), the splendid volumes of Vasi's 'Delle 'Magnificenze di Roma antica e moderna' (1747), and of Piranesi's 'Le Antichità Romane' (1756), where the massive ruins are seen wreathed with exuberant weeds and flowers and their feet caressed by the peaceful shepherd and his flock.

Attracted by all this visitors arrived in larger numbers, representing a wider diversity of rank and of interest. As the 'Spectator' tells us, ladies now began to travel in Italy. By the end of the century too the tourist was supplemented by the foreign resident, an English colony of some size having formed itself in Rome.

These eighteenth-century travellers looked upon Italy as the great treasure house of the only art they recognised—classical art, whether ancient or modern. They travelled as illuminated connoisseurs of art, amply furnished with intellectual as well as with material standards of measurement. Boswell hit off their aims when he wrote that he wished to travel, not as 'milord' but as 'a scholar and man 'of elegant curiosity.' The aim was half aesthetic, half scientific—to find specimens of correct or elegant art. The naïve point of view frequently adopted is illustrated in Smollett's condemnation of Michael Angelo's sculptured Pietà in the Vatican and Keysler's condemnation of Raphael's painting of Bathsheba bathing in sight of David's army, as immodest. *En revanche* they extolled Domenichino, Guido Reni, and the other fashionable painters of their day in what now strikes one as unmeasured language.

The craze for observing and jotting down notes of things extended to shows, curious customs and other matters novel to the traveller. At Rome among other stately functions noted is the Possesso or entrance of the newly elected Pope into the possession of the Lateran. Interesting accounts too are given of the proceedings of the Conclave, to which the witticisms of Pasquino and Marforio still supplied a merry accompaniment. Even popular entertainments began to be noticed—for example, the recitals from Ariosto and other poets of chivalry still to be heard in Southern Italy.

Among the social customs remarked is one which long piqued the curiosity of the British traveller, namely the Italian gallant (*cicisbeo* or *cavaliere servente*), which had the teasing fascination of something at once mysterious and shocking till Mrs. Piozzi, and later Byron, came to the aid of insular ignorance and made the custom more intelligible.

The attitude of the traveller towards natural scenery was still largely one of indifference. Even the Italian gardens

were 'execrable' in the eyes of Smollett—because, forsooth, of their many evergreens. The type of landscape which the travellers really admired was the vine-festooned plain of Lombardy.

Coming now to the journey itself, we learn from these travellers more respecting the crossing of the Alps. Keysler and others furnish a full account of the manner of taking Mont Cenis on the back of a mule, or in a *chaise à porteurs*, or, when snow is deep, in a sleigh. The number of carriers required by each passenger was determined by the syndic at Lanslebourg, who was wont jocosely to measure the stranger's weight with his eye, one corpulent Englishman having twelve porters assigned him in this way. Arrangements were made with *vetturini* as to the charge for the whole journey from Lyons or Geneva to Turin, which included, apparently, lodging and board except 'breakfast.'

The route through Italy began to be varied by stopping at new places, such as Bergamo, Brescia, Pavia, Parma, Piacenza, Modena in the north; Forli, Ancona, Narni and Civita Castellana on the southward journey to Rome; and the convent at Fossa Nuova on the road from Velletri to Terracina, where Thomas Aquinas died. Ravenna began to attract more attention, even though there was as yet no proper appreciation of old mosaics. Those who like Addison had more feeling for antiquity began to go out of the beaten track visiting places like the famous river Clitunno (Clitumnus).

The accommodation offered by inns seems to have remained scanty enough, a convent being sometimes resorted to in the Apennines. Some, as Smollett and Sharp, describe them as uncomfortable and dirty; and even Baretti, an Italian, speaks of the lying touts, one trying to secure the traveller for his own inn by saying that the one asked for had been burnt down. The Piazza di Spagna and its neighbourhood had already become the centre of the tourist world in Rome.* The heating or 'airing' of rooms was effected by large braziers (*caldani*), for which an Englishman may still be thankful when he happens to stay at Frascati during a prolonged *tramontana* in the winter.

The visitor to Rome had now the services of the 'Anti-'quarian' for posting him up in the antiquities. We are not told whether this instruction included the enlightening of

* One traveller sets down the cost of five rooms as sixteen sequins (*zecchini*) per month—something near 6*l*. The board cost each person a sequin and a half *per diem*.

the stranger respecting the ' trash ' which began to be offered him as specimens of the antique. Almost every town had by this time its local guide-book describing everything, good, bad and indifferent.

The general character of the eighteenth-century books of Italian travel can be guessed from what has been said. It was an age of diary-writing, and, as we may see from a letter of Johnson's to the daughter of his friend in Rome, every traveller in Italy was expected to keep something in the nature of a methodical record. The style of the books reflects the attitude of the writers—that of a cold critic who strictly confines himself to noting and cataloguing. The result reads almost like the jottings of an inventory, only that it has much less emotional comment than a salesman's list. There is in it as little of fine analysis as there is of description—in the sense of a vivid presentation of an object as a whole. Of any imaginative interpretation of what is seen there is as yet no trace.

The first book to be noted is Addison's ' Remarks on ' Several Parts of Italy ' (travelled 1700 etc.), which gives a pleasant glimpse of the eighteenth-century gentleman and scholar in Italy. He may now and then shock us, as when he cheerily dismisses the richly decorated Renaissance Carthusian monastery of Pavia as Gothic ; and he sometimes amuses us when his aesthetic canons fail him in sight of the Cathedral of Siena, and still more when he deplores the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in rearing these ' barbarous ' buildings. Yet we follow him sympathetically as he journeys from Rome to Naples by way of Terracina and returns by boat *via* Monte Circeo to Ostia, exchanging, as he tells us, Horace for Virgil as guide.

Another distinguished English visitor to Italy early in the century, Bishop Berkeley, travelled as a tutor to a young Scotch laird in 1717 and 1718. His tour pluckily embraced an exploration of Sicily on foot. He directed a minute curiosity to such things as the precise changes from moment to moment in the smoke issuing from Vesuvius, and the exact variations in the crops in the soil over which he tramped. His searching mind pried too into the pretensions of a certain dance as an antidote to the bite of the tarantula. The ignorance of the eighteenth-century traveller respecting the Italian peasantry is strikingly illustrated in Berkeley's hasty generalisation *à propos* of the pretty action of a boy who made a present of some herbs to one of the company in a church, refusing payment : an incident, he thinks, ' not to be ' matched in Italy.'

A book of travel by an unknown writer, E. Wright,* who journeyed in France and Italy in 1721–22, marks the changes which Italian travel was now slowly undergoing. Among other things it speaks of growing taste for purchasing statues and pictures. It tells an amusing story of how the party on leaving Ravenna got a double *fede* or bill of health—one to say they were in good health to frank them on their road, another to say they were ill, so that they might get *grasso* (meat). The writer, when describing the lava stream of Vesuvius, actually resorts to a simile comparing it—possibly in ignorance of glaciers—with the Thames after a great frost when frozen into irregular and rugged heaps. He illustrates the slow progress of taste in painting by mentioning Correggio.

With this growth in intimacy of knowledge there appeared also a tendency towards specialisation in the Italian travel-book. This is seen in the publication of 'An Account of the 'Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings and Pictures in Italy,' by John Richardson, a portrait painter (1722).

In even a short sketch of Italian travel one cannot omit the interesting figure of Montesquieu, whose 'Voyage en 'Italie' (travelled 1728 etc.) illustrates at its best the wide-ranging scientific curiosity of the eighteenth-century traveller. It is full of shrewd observations on mechanical contrivances, social customs etc. He pokes his French fun at the English craze for carrying off pictures, statues etc.; maliciously adding that, happily, they rarely take what is good.

The travels of the college friends Gray and Walpole (1739) have left a disappointingly meagre record. Walpole was wanting—even for that age—in the feeling which makes wandering in Italy a delight. The one thing he might have cared for, elegant and entertaining society, he failed to find. Gray was a very different sort of person, and his feeling for Nature was in advance of his age, discerning even in the Alpine scenery which repelled our ancestors 'something fine remaining 'amidst the savageness and horror'—even though he was far enough from our point of view when we feel gloriously uplifted by the lofty peaks.† He has a pretty touch when

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* It is not unlikely that E. Wright, who shows a remarkable familiarity with Italian affairs, was the son of the painter John Michael Wright recorded in the Dictionary of National Biography, who resided in Italy and established his son in Rome as a teacher of languages.

† Mr. Gosse calls Gray, surely with a touch of hyperbole, the first of the Romantics ('Gray,' p. 32).

he speaks of the cascade of Tivoli, 'tumbling headlong down 'like a heedless chit.' Still fresher is the expression of an Englishman's delight in the Neapolitan children, 'a jolly 'lively kind of animals,' the little brown ones 'jumping about 'half naked, and bigger ones dancing with castanets while others 'play on the cymbal.'

The 'Letters from France and Italy' of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are noteworthy as the attempt of a woman and of one who had made her home in Italy to register her impressions. Intrinsically they have but little value, though they give us an amusing picture of the farcical aspect both of the raw young 'bears' and the ignorant 'leaders' who then overran Italy. Her remarks on the precious guide-books produced by the latter are scathing. The difference in point of sociability towards the natives between the eighteenth and the twentieth century Englishwoman in Italy may be seen in the attitude of this resident in an abandoned castle at 'Louvere' (Lovere) compared with that of a lady who has recently described a similar domestic experiment.*

The fashion of sending English youths to Italy with tutors was no longer seriously opposed. Such an absurd plea for insular stay-at-home patriotism as that of the versifier Gilbert West 'On the Abuse of Travelling' (about 1748) could, one supposes, only have been read by a few elderly and abnormally fidgety aunts. Yet the idea of taking boys in their teens to Italy was apt to be ridiculed—e.g. by Steele in the 'Spectator,' where he speaks of the absurdity of taking a boy from school 'to travel in his mother's lap'—a paper which Johnson in one of his morose fits pronounced 'quite vulgar.'† Some grotesque consequences of the custom are exposed in a curious pamphlet, 'The Bear-Leaders, or Modern Travelling stated 'in a proper Light' (1758). The tour of 'Bear' and 'Bear-'Leader' is here described as 'a progressive cause of Laughter.' The 'governour' is selected not for his qualities but for his cheapness. He and his charge when introduced to one another begin by starting back in mutual astonishment, and later acquire a coarse fondness for one another expressed by horse-laughs, or alternate thumps on the back.

Towards the middle of the century English art-students were to be found in Rome, among others, Joshua Reynolds (in 1750), who was bold enough to set traditional form at defiance by caricaturing Raphael's 'School of Athens.'

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* See 'Home Life in Italy,' by Lina Duff Gordon.

† Henry Morley's Edition of 'Spectator,' pp. 533, 534.

The re-establishment of European peace in the early years of the second half of the century appears to have been followed by a large efflux of the English nobility on the grand tour through France and Italy. Among a number of books which now appeared was the 'Letters from Portugal, Spain, 'Italy etc.' of Christopher Hervey, who was one of the first to penetrate into the secluded parts of Italy, sojourning at Bibbiena in the Tuscan Apennines, where he climbed the Monte Alverna to the convent where St. Francis of Assisi had done penance.*

A new type of guide-book now made its appearance, planned on a larger scale and having more of the orderly arrangement of our own guides. A good example is 'The Grand Tour' of Dr. Thos. Nugent (3rd edition, 4 vols., 1778), written, he tells us, not for the 'sedentary reader,' but as a companion for the traveller. The gradual extension of the Englishman's tour is implied in references not only to Perugia and Perugino's work, but to Orvieto, Gubbio, and even the Etruscan remains at Chiusi. Another book of similar aim is 'The Gentleman's 'Guide in the Tour through Italy,' by Thos. Martyn, a Cambridge don (published anonymously in 1787), in which the author throws light on the way of preparing books on Italy by assuring us that he only consulted the works of the 'esteemed writers' after looking over extracts from his own journal. This gentleman, by the way, was inhibited by the Neapolitan court from proceeding with an English translation of the 'Antiquities of 'Herculaneum,' an Italian work which had recently been issued for presentation only.

The English traveller of this period was well supplied with literature, including foreign books, some of which were accessible in English dress. Among these were J. G. Keysler's 'Travels' (1758), the six volumes of the Abbé Richard's 'Description Historique et Critique de l'Italie,' and the eight volumes of Father Lelande's 'Voyage d'un François en 'Italie' (1769).

It is refreshing to pass from these somewhat stale and dull records to the lively impressions which Oliver Goldsmith has left of his tour in Switzerland and North Italy (in 1755–56) scattered about in his various writings. If his wanderings did not carry him further south than Florence, they brought him into friendly contact, not only with the universities and

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* 'Alverna' (or 'Alverno') is Dante's 'crudo sasso, intra Tevere ed Arno,' Paradiso, xi. 106; and Wordsworth's 'Laverna' in 'The Cuckoo in Laverna.'

monasteries, where he was wont to earn his passage by learned disputations, but presumably with the Italian peasants. The sound of his flute as he passed down the southern slopes of the Alps may be said to have heralded the fuller delight of many a later traveller.

The coming age of specialisation of knowledge in the traveller is presaged by the famous researches of Winckelmann in Italy (1755–58), who came to examine the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Paestum. What a stride forward his researches meant is seen by comparing them with Richardson's book, said by Winckelmann to have been the most complete work up to his time.

Dr. Johnson, who himself wished and even planned to go to Italy, had many friends who were Italian travellers. Among these was Giuseppe Baretti, a naturalised Italian, whom he liked and had helped by giving evidence in his favour in a police court. Baretti's principal book, an 'Account of the 'Manners and Customs of Italy,' was an answer to the 'Letters 'from Italy' of Samuel Sharp (1765 and 1766). These letters are chiefly remarkable as an exhibition of two of the least amiable characteristics of many British travellers in Italy at the time, an attitude of insular superiority—a disparagement of everything Italian, from its climate to its people and their customs, as being immeasurably inferior to the English pattern —and an unblushing flunkeyism. He grossly misrepresents the manners of Italian society, and writes about the grievances of peer and peeress in having to lie in uncomfortable Italian beds, as if he were the *avant-courier* of a prince returning to his dominions and for whom everything is ill-prepared. This pretentious and ignorant performance was fine quarry for a man like Baretti, who knew his Italy better than his England, and he gave the slanderer of his country the trouncing which he had richly deserved. The only excuse for Sharp is that he was out of health, and though a physician, evidently one unable to heal himself.

The year 1763 saw a curiously contrasted couple of famous Englishmen in Italy, Tobias Smollett and Edward Gibbon. The 'Letters' of Smollett present us with the not infrequent and mournful spectacle of a traveller in Italy whose ill-health blackens almost all his impressions. As Mr. Seccombe sparingly remarks in his Introduction to the 'Letters,' they give us 'an unrivalled picture of the seamy side of foreign travel.' At Rome Smollett had the doubtful pleasure of meeting Laurence Sterne, the fellow-novelist whom he had censured. Edward Gibbon thought a year's reading at Lausanne not too long a

preparation for understanding Rome. His account of how the first idea of his great work thrilled through him as he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol is one of the undying utterances on Italy.

The last decades of the century produced books of Italian travel by women, who were beginning to take their place among the discerning appreciators of Italy. The 'Letters' of Lady Anne Miller (travelled 1770–71), though they show little of the finer appreciation, may entertain the reader of to-day, pitched as they are to a considerable extent in the rollicking key of a schoolgirl amused at everything new and strange. This lady gave a feminine turn to the metric craze of the time by ruthlessly measuring the fair Venus di Medici from the roots of her hair to her heel. She tells some good stories, as that of the awkward fix she was put into in a Roman drawing-room when the Pretender walked up and addressed her.

A more enlightened insight into Italian character and life is revealed in the 'Observations and Reflections' of Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Mrs. Thrale (travelled in 1784 etc.). The book has outlived the caustic remarks of the supercilious detractor of Italy, Horace Walpole, and even to-day, when read after the many depressing diaries of the century, has the charm of a cultured feminine perception. It has moreover the germ of a style—so painfully lacking in most of the productions of the period. This lady's eye caught something of the picturesque side of the rugged scenery of the Alps, and she writes prettily of the little towns sticking on the cliff, with the light clouds sailing under their feet. With a rare breadth of observation, she notes the intellectual shrewdness and arch penetration in the faces of the friars, and even the eloquence of the beggars who force their deformities on the traveller's eye.

In the 'Letters' of W. Beckford, who was in Italy about the same time (1780–82), the reader's ear catches yet more clearly the distant notes of the coming traveller's song of delight on entering the Italian land. When he is approaching the Venetian state execration at the villainous roads is drowned in admiration of the picturesque valley overgrown with juniper and strewn with fragments of rock, where he feels compelled to halt and climb the crags and feast his eyes on the gorgeous flowers and butterflies. He shows himself well in advance of the age of the illumination when he expresses delight in the hazy vapours through which the sun casts an oblique and dewy ray. It is he who first records that happy repose of spirit with which Italy blesses the lover of her solitudes, attained by him in the Apennines when after tying up his horse to a

cypress tree he stretches himself on the ground among the arbutuses and looks out over the sea, and then enjoys a frugal lunch of a bunch of grapes and chestnuts.

Other than English travellers in Italy about this time need not detain us. De Blainville's 'Travels' (1757) show a certain feeling for antiquities, though they are chiefly occupied with institutions, customs and church ceremonies. He illustrates the mechanical sort of observation of the time by counting the rows of seats in the amphitheatre at Verona and challenging the figures given by Misson and others. Duclos' 'Voyage en 'Italie,' which shows a worthy sentiment for the antiquities of Rome, adds the curious bit of information that Misson's book had been put on the Index.

Of German writers we may pass by the pathetic futility of the visit of Herder ('Reise nach Italien,' made in 1769 and 1770), the traveller who, if he had not been consumed with *Heimweh*, might have revelled in much that Italy could have shown him of the primitive stages of life and culture. Nor need we dwell on the 'Travels' of the Count Leopold Stolberg (travelled in 1791), a work of the prevailing eighteenth-century pattern, with its air of rather pompous detachment, its dreary lists and the rest, and only rarely betraying a note of German *Schwärmerei*, as when he speaks of 'the heavenly 'beauty' of an Assumption of Guido Reni. The Olympian figure of Goethe cannot fail to impress as after years of longing he surveys Italy with a large serene vision. Like other beauteous maidens, Italia obligingly contributed to his culture, breathing on him her delicious calm. But even this universal genius was bound by the fetters of his time, and he is apt to amuse, if not to irritate, the reader of to-day by growing enthusiastic over things like the Grotto of S. Rosalia outside Palermo while remaining coldly insensible to so much that we of to-day regard as part of the choicest treasure of Italy.

But before the closing years of the century and the coming of Napoleon to frighten off the travellers from the North, Italy was destined to be visited by one Englishman who should give her in clearer utterance the new note of joyous greeting. The foot tour of the Cambridge undergraduate, William Wordsworth, with his Welsh college friend, through France, Switzerland and the North of Italy (in 1790), which is described in the noble lines of the Sixth Book of the 'Prelude,' * brought a new temper into the traveller's survey of continental nature, as may

* Written between 1799 and 1805.

be seen in the verses on Como—that 'serene accord of forms 'and colours.' *

Italian travel in the nineteenth century is a large subject calling for separate treatment. A word or two indicating the main directions of its development must suffice here.

The rush of travellers following the peace of 1815 was very much a continuation of the eighteenth-century traditions. 'Milord Inglese' continued to roll leisurely into Italy in his *calèche* (or calash), and Heine outlines his appearance with a touch of ironical admiration. He brought much of the old point of view with him, as may be seen by a glance at 'The Greville 'Memoirs' (vol. i. chap. viii. and following), where as late as 1830 the old laudation of Domenichino, Guido Reni and the rest is chanted with no diminution of fervour. But the figure of the gentleman tourist was to become less conspicuous. Napoleon had left behind two fine roads across the Alps, and Italy became more accessible. In the augmented band of visitors we find more English and other men of letters; among these Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Kotzebue, W. Savage Landor, Samuel Rogers, Stendhal, Thomas Moore—in themselves a motley collection illustrating striking differences of temperament and point of view and (with the exception of Rogers' overrated and banal verses) supplying a rich diversity of impression. Soon after there arrived the pair of great English poets, Byron and Shelley, in whose poems and letters we have perhaps the world's finest descriptive eulogies of the land and its monuments. Later there followed Lamartine with his elegiac verses, the stricken Keats who had no time to sing even his swan song on Italian soil, the mocking sentimentalist Heine, the contemplative musician Mendelssohn, Scott—too old and frail to receive Italy's benediction, the Dane Hans Christian Andersen—an early example of a loving delineator of the Italian people, the ill-yoked pair George Sand and Alfred de Musset, and others, who contributed in their several ways new and more individualised impressions of the country. By the 'thirties English painters were to be found in Rome in force, among these Turner and Eastlake, both of whom left pictorial memorials of their visit to Italy.

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* Wordsworth's impressions are to be gathered from the 'Prelude' and the 'Descriptive Sketches' (Lord Morley's Edition of 'The Works of Wordsworth,' p. 10). His later tour in 1820 is recorded in 'Memorials on a Tour on the Continent,' op. cit. pp. 580 ff. A description of the Simplon Pass comes into both records.

The old type of guide-book diary lived on in such books as Marianne Starke's 'Travels,' its pages sprinkled with stars in the manner of Baedeker; and in more chatty records such as Lady Morgan's 'Italy,' the Countess of Blessington's 'The 'Idler in Italy,' and Lady Murray's 'Journal of a Tour in Italy.' These entertaining books tell us a good deal of the tourist life in Italy at the time, mentioning among other doings of the Englishman in Rome his establishment of a pack of hounds.*

But a new type of guide-book was appearing, taking on more of the character of a specialist's work. Early in the century excavations had begun in Rome and its neighbourhood, and antiquities now fell to the pen of the expert. Among the English books on the subject were 'Remarks on Antiquities' by James Forsyth, a 'Classical Tour through Italy' by John Chetwode Eustace, and 'A Classical Tour through Italy and Sicily' by Sir R. Colt Hoare. The germ of our more authoritative general guide-book appeared in the 'thirties in the shape of Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers on the Continent.'

By the middle of the century forces were at work destined to have a profound influence on travel in Italy. The movement of the Risorgimento had begun to take practical shape in a fierce and sustained struggle for freedom, and English visitors like Clough were on the spot to watch and to breathe at least a silent 'God-speed!' The national awakening was accompanied by a new forward bound in industrial developement. Railways began to be constructed, some following the old carriage routes, others diverging from these to the loss of two most interesting stretches of country, from Florence to Rome through Viterbo and Bolsena (famous for the miracle pictured by Raphael), and the magnificent route from Rome to Naples which follows the course of the ancient Via Appia along the foot of the Volscians. The growth of a finer and more intelligent feeling alike for natural scenery and for the work of men's hands, including earlier and more naïve forms of art, added a new and more potent motive to the quest of Italy.

Among those who now flew to her from the North were writers whose warm love and deep insight have helped to stimulate and to guide the more serious tourist of to-day. It is enough to recall the names of Ruskin, the great revealer of the beauty of pre-Raphaelite art, and an invaluable guide in spite of a confusing fickleness of preference; and the Brownings, who by making Italy their home got closer to her heart.

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* It is the Italian who now announces the 'Caccia di Volpe' in the Roman newspaper.

The rapid popularisation of the tour among Englishmen is illustrated in the appearance of new varieties of travel book. The holiday tripper was beginning to rush across Italy and to air his undigested impressions, as in the anonymous volume, 'Trip to Italy during the Long Vacation' (1844). The newspaper correspondent too shot across the peninsula for copy, and so we have got Hazlitt's 'Notes of a Journey,' Charles Dickens's 'Pictures,' and T. A. Trollope's 'Impressions of a 'Wanderer.'

The growth of specialism in Italian lore is indicated in the appearance of such works as Lord Lindsay's monograph, 'History 'of Christian Art' (1847), and G. E. Street's 'Brick and 'Marble of the Middle Ages' (1855). The illumination of travel in Italy by a deeper scholarship is seen in J. J. Ampère's volume 'La Grèce, Rome et Dante' (1850), as well as in such letters as those of Dean Stanley.

To these more learned contributions must be added the impressions left by imaginative writers, frequently worked into their verse or prose fiction. It is enough to name Tennyson, Th. Gautier, Paul Heyse, N. Hawthorne.

With the 'sixties and the partial triumph of the cause of Italy's independence we enter on a period of a still wider diffusion of enlightened regard for Italy. It was then that J. A. Symonds first fell in love with the land whose towns he has so deftly pictured for us against their romantic historical background. It was then too that Henri Taine brought to bear on Italy and its art that method of observation, at once finely appreciative and broadening into a large scientific comprehension, which he afterwards made the foundation of his theory of art.

With the 'seventies there came the completion of the unification of the long-sundered states of the peninsula. The same year in which 'Italy entered Rome' the Mont Cenis tunnel was opened, and the tour to Italy fell to the category of commonplace performances. It was then too that a systematic excavation of the Roman Forum began to be carried out, and 'New Rome' to be constructed at the cost of the delightful Villa Ludovisi and other treasured heirlooms of the past—which Mr. W. D. Howells has recently assured us he cheerfully accepts. Since then much has been done for the benefit of strangers, not only by erecting new hotels, but by gathering into the safety of museums and picture galleries the precious things of art, by extending excavations, by exposing to view long-covered frescoes and so forth. The world has responded, sending its crowds of visitors not only

from Europe but from America. This wider influx has made an end of the predominance of the English traveller, and reduced 'milord' to the rank of a barely discernible figure, destined to live on perhaps in novels from the pens of democratic worshippers of titles who desire to give something of the old-world glamour to their imaginary flittings across Europe.

Art. II.—GREEK THOUGHT AND MODERN LIFE.

1. *What have the Greeks done for Modern Civilisation.* By John Pentland Mahaffy. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1909.
2. *Problems in Greek History.* By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan. 1892.
3. *Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects.* By S. H. Butcher. London: Macmillan. 1904.

Professor Mahaffy in one of his lectures on the Greek influence on modern civilisation observes that he does not stand before his audience 'a pedant, seeing nothing but the 'greatness of his favourite study, but as a plain man estimating 'the history of the past in the light of common-sense.' Certainly the last word we should think of applying to Professor Mahaffy's treatment of his subject is the term 'pedantic.' For fifty years, as he tells us himself, he has been a devoted student of Greek ideas and the Greek culture, and the surmise with which he concludes his lecture, that 'there are probably few 'men who have lived longer and more intimately with the 'old Greeks' than he has, is, we may concede, a reasonable one. Yet there is nothing in the least pedagogic and scholastic in his method of research. His admiration of the Greek genius, stimulated by the consciousness of its effect on modern thought and modern life, has been widened and deepened by the recognition, which years of study have brought, of the far-reaching nature of that effect and of the many results and consequences it has had a hand in. It is, in short, as a living and presently active force that Professor Mahaffy values the Greek influence. With the antiquarian standpoint, which consists in verifying knowledge and investigating facts quite independently of their subsequent significance and bearing upon the human lot, the author of the present work has nothing in common whatever. He is interested in things, not because they happened but because they were important, because they are still powerfully affecting and influencing us. Secretly, in our hearts, we are all in agreement with him. We feel it necessary in these days of special research to do obeisance to exhibitions of mere scholarship, but a sense within us warns us all the time that those ideas only possess a vital interest which time has endorsed and which still tell for something in our own lives. We hear much of 'making the past live'; but only so much of the past will ever live as lives in the present in the lives and characters

of each one of us. Only those nations and races and epochs will preserve any freshness and reality for us which have originated or contributed something towards the thoughts and motives which give life its meaning to-day.

This point of view, the broadly human point of view, is Professor Mahaffy's. Nothing could savour less of pedantry than the method he adopts, but yet his method, too, has its own perils and temptations, perils and temptations which the present work seems to us by no means to have entirely escaped. If Professor Mahaffy steers clear of the delusions of the specialist who has immersed himself in a single subject he sometimes falls a victim to the more generous delusions of the enthusiast who, convinced of the vital influence and significance of his subject, sees traces of that influence in all he looks at, and even on occasions declines to see anything else. 'What have the Greeks done for Modern Civilisation?' is the title of his latest book, but it might better stand: what have the Greeks *not* done for modern civilisation? It is not, we think, an exaggeration to say that in Professor Mahaffy's estimation everything that has happened to us of any value is the gift of the Greeks, and, we might almost say, the exclusive gift. Later ages have added little to it and other races have meddled only to deface. The best of what we have and are is Greek. True the Greeks 'did not discover the powers of steam or electricity,' though they 'carried out in mechanics works that no modern builder, 'with all his vaunted control of nature, has yet equalled'—a very doubtful statement we may remark in parenthesis after allowing all credit for the scale of Doric masonry—but, as Professor Mahaffy truly enough observes, it will be found 'even 'in the following necessarily brief and popular sketch that, 'as regards *thinking*, the Greeks were as supreme in science as 'in other departments.' Not Greek form only, we are told, but Greek thought 'has been the greatest and the clearest 'that the world has yet seen.' Professor Mahaffy would perpetuate to all eternity the old distinction between Greeks and barbarians. All that other races have done well the Greeks did better; nay, the performance of others, alloyed as it is by their own foolish fancies, is but a Greek model more or less spoilt. It was so Rome dealt with Hellenic ideas, and in this respect no distinction is apparently drawn between art and literature. Virgil, 'a very great poet,' as Professor Mahaffy generously permits him to be, 'frames every one of his works on 'Greek models, and translates even from second-rate Greek 'work.' Horace, too, 'a very great artist,' Roman though he is, 'prides himself on having made Greek lyrics at home

'in his country,' while as for Lucretius, 'whose reputation for 'originality among modern critics is mainly due to the total 'loss of the original which he copied,' he himself 'claims as 'his main credit that he had ventured to reproduce a yet 'uncopied species of Greek poetry.' On the same page as that on which Rome's pretensions to originality are thus summarily disposed of the following sentence occurs: 'I will 'merely remind you how a fresh wave of Greek influence, 'coming into Romanised Europe in the fifteenth century, 'caused such a revolution in literature and art as to be called 'a new birth (Renascence).'

From these few examples the reader will gather the drift of the critical method pursued in these lectures. It too often consists in identifying, in the art, literature, and science of post-Greek civilisations, evidences and traces of Greek influence and forthwith annexing all such territories in the Greek name. The problems which exercise modern philosophy exercised also the philosophers of Greece, therefore modern philosophy is a feeble imitation of the Greek. The architectural style of the Eastern Greeks crept sporadically into Europe, therefore Norman architecture is but another name for Byzantine; Greek culture affected Roman, therefore Roman literature is a broken echo of Greek; Greek studies were fuel to the Renaissance, therefore they were its sole cause and origin. Certainly there is no doubt about the Greek being found supreme in Professor Mahaffy's pages, but it will perhaps occur to those readers who test their ground as they advance and decline to be led forward blindfold that there is a certain lack of balance and proportion in such a treatment of the subject. Enthusiasm is certainly a more gracious and disarming weakness than pedantry, but it runs a common danger of failing in justness of representation. In tracing the impulses in later ages which may be directly referred to Greece and marking their blending with other currents of thought and their effect upon these it is evident that the first condition of progress must be a mind not only susceptible to the meaning of all kinds of shades of ideas, spiritual, intellectual, esthetic, political, and so on, but also a mind free from the least taint of prejudice or bias; a mind that can measure delicately without spilling. The task of distinction is so subtle and difficult that only the steadiest hand can hope to succeed at it, and a steady hand is just what Professor Mahaffy seems to us to lack. The very word Greek is a jog to his elbow, and instead of half a dozen drops there comes a splash. What better instance could there be than that last mentioned. The studies of all of us have now and again circled about the

Renaissance. We have all been led to speculate on its causes and various elements. Was it a natural ripening of the human mind, analogous perhaps to the fruiting period in plant or tree? It would almost seem so, because in Europe generally, and especially is this the case in those parts of Europe most separated from the Italian influence, there is clearly discernible a certain secularisation of the mind and a tendency of thought to concern itself seriously with mundane interests and studies, and this at a time long prior to any possibility of direct classical influence. Following the outburst of Gothic spiritual enthusiasm a mellowing process, or process of mental expansion, is evidently taking place over Europe and leading directly towards the culmination of the Renaissance. But then, again, this very process of expansion brings the mind of the later age in contact with classical intellectualism, and forthwith the old wine is poured into the new bottles and pre-existing ideals are accepted by people who are themselves attaining to the point of view from which those ideas were originally discerned. How much of the result is due to growth and how much to classical prompting? A critic of discernment, we are very confident, would not deny the importance of either source. A Renaissance of some kind there would have been even if Rome and Athens had never been rediscovered, but the actual shape and form given to Renaissance ideas was none the less largely due to Rome and Athens. No critic could desire a more delicate task than to distinguish, in the general growth of European intellectualism, the influence of the Greek refinement leavening the mass of it, as the music of a silvery-toned violin threads the hubbub of an orchestra. But Professor Mahaffy does not even attempt to distinguish. The Greeks were concerned in the business, therefore the Greeks are to have the whole credit of it. The Greek influence 'caused' the Renaissance and there is an end of it. Such an assumption, however flattering to the race which Professor Mahaffy delights to honour, is really destructive of the very object he professes to have in view, which, we take it, is not a eulogy but a reasoned and considered estimate.

The reader may think we harp unduly on a single point; if, however, he reads the present book he will find that the issue we have raised is an example of its author's customary manner and indicates a prepossession amounting to a confirmed bias. This, we cannot help feeling, is the more to be regretted because it is unnecessary. Our debt to the Greeks is so great, the ideas and suggestions we derive from them are still so fresh and operative in their influence on life, that there is really no need

to obscure the issue by over-statement. The more exactly the account is scrutinised the better for the Greeks. At the same time it is asking too much of us to admit that the sum of civilisation since the Greek epoch has been an irrelevance or a backsliding. Apparently this is Professor Mahaffy's deliberate conviction. His idea is that the way of progress, of happiness, of deliverance from present perplexities and discouragements leads direct to Athens. We are to aim at another and more perfect renaissance of Greek ideas, purified from the dross with which succeeding ages have overlaid them. They will satisfy all our needs, spiritual and intellectual. The speculations of Stoics and Epicureans may be thought antiquated,

'but as the teachers of ethical types, as the expounders of what the highest human wisdom finds in its search for happiness, those two schools have fixed the types of civilised men for all time. Every man in this audience'—Professor Mahaffy was lecturing at the Lowell Institute in Boston—'is born either a stoic or an epicurean, or what is perhaps far more common, alternates from one to the other according to circumstances. In its simplest form the great question is: Are we to live for duty, or live for pleasure—not of course mere vulgar pleasure of the senses, but that refined balance of intellectual and moral pleasure which you will find best explained in my old friend Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"; or else are we to seek for our standard outside ourselves, in the laws which the Moral Governor of the world has established for its welfare, and co-operate with Him in the promotion of His great ends.'

Whichever line we take we cannot better classical instruction.

'If the time should ever come when men will no longer be led by revelation, when they will reject miracle and prophecy, and determine to be led by the mere light of reason . . . there will still remain the ethical types which Zeno and Epicurus have crystallised in their systems'

for their guidance and instruction. Thither, to those wells of crystal thought, let us betake ourselves, and that with the least delay possible, or we too, like the later Roman Empire,

'with all our science, with our increase of material knowledge and our restless running to and fro, may sink into an ugly, tame, joyless conglomeration of societies, for whom new discoveries supply hosts of new conveniences, but no return to the happiness and the contentment of a simpler age. Our purblind toothless children'—a Harrow cricket eleven, for example, or an Eton crew—'may have their congenital defects vamped up by science, and without it we should indeed be stranded upon the reefs of despair. But happiness does not lie here.'

No, it lies in the recovery of 'the joys and beauties of life, 'enhanced by art and protected by the refinement of a sound 'education. This,' adds Professor Mahaffy, 'was the aspect of 'human happiness which is most perfectly represented, so far 'as the world has yet run, by the Greeks. To them let us 'turn for enlightenment. Once and again the Greeks have 'exercised this vast and beneficent influence; is it in vain to 'hope that even still it is not exhausted, but potent to cure the 'ills of men?'

It is natural, loving the classical ideal with this abandonment, that Professor Mahaffy should entertain as strenuous an aversion for the later influences which have arisen to stand between us and it. His sentiments towards medieval Christianity and the medieval Church are about analogous to those of a Puritan or Presbyterian towards humanism and the Renaissance. They are edged with a hate which is half jealousy. Not only are such institutions contemptible in themselves, but they stand between us and a recognition of the true path of progress. It was the decline of the Greek rationalism which ushered in 'the heyday of miraculous images, of relics with 'power to cure, of pilgrimages, of intercessions, of all that 'mental degradation which the medieval Church, far from 'repudiating, used for its own purposes,' and it is the lingering effects of those melancholy superstitions which still dull our sense to the full beauty of classical intellectualism. Were it not for prayer and penance and other such odious tricks we might all be discussing the doctrines of Zeno and Parmenides in the right mood of cultured serenity. Naturally, as the embodiment of the medieval spirit, Gothic art comes in for its share of flagellation. 'The Gothic fane was no doubt the 'ideal gloom wherein to worship a relentless God and his 'tortured Christ'; whereas 'the Renaissance palace was a 'place of light and gladness, wherein men could read with 'amazement the epic of Homer, the tragedy of Aeschylus, the 'comedy of Aristophanes and learn from them what human 'culture had once attained.' We arrive by degrees at some notion of Professor Mahaffy's ideal. Everything that stands between us and Greece is to be abolished. For Amiens and Salisbury we must substitute imitations of the Parthenon like the one at Edinburgh, and for the gospel of Christ the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes.

A difficulty we have in dealing with Professor Mahaffy's book is that it opens up so many topics that we scarcely know which to pursue. Perhaps we cannot do better than to turn to that one in which the Greeks enjoy an especial pre-eminence, the

subject of art, and see what Professor Mahaffy has to tell us about that. In spite of its inherent obscurity art is always a fascinating theme, for it is the means through which the life of every age discloses itself with most vividness. This, moreover, is particularly true in regard to the Greeks, whose clear-cut, rational way of thinking made of the element of form in art an instrument exactly suited to its own view of life. Greek art exhibits the full perfection of the Greek genius, but it exhibits also, if we may venture to say so, the limits and boundaries of that genius. Professor Mahaffy, in his chapter, or lecture, on Greek architecture and sculpture quotes in order to refute a passage from Professor Villari which we also will quote.

'The problem,' says Professor Villari, 'set before the famous sculptor Donatello, at the dawn of the Renaissance, could not be solved by the mere study of ancient art. The Greeks had no means of expressing Christian spirit or emotion. Their quest was for outward beauty of form, and their nature, being simpler, more spontaneous, and more harmonious than ours, could be adequately expressed in marble. They had no experience of the mental maladies, the tortures of remorse, or the whole inner life created by Christianity. In their times, no ascetics, no hermits, no anchorites, no martyrs, no crusaders, no knight-errants had appeared in the world. But in Donatello's day all things were changed; the faculties of the human mind had been altered and multiplied. Therefore a new art was needed to represent the new inner life. Assuredly Christ and the Virgin cannot be chiselled in the same way as a Venus or an Apollo. Outward beauty was no longer the sole aim of art. It was now bound to express character, which is the mind's outward form. Even the very soul of man, with all its load of new struggles, sorrows, and uncertainties, must show through the envelope of marble. Was this possible, and if so, to what extent? That was the question put to Donatello.'

It would be difficult, accepting art as an expression of life, to sum up more perfectly the differences at the root of ancient and modern art than is done in the above passage. The very word classic, with its suggestion of clear articulation and sharp definitions, is suggestive of a point of view, or habit of mind, strictly limited in range. Can we reassume those limitations, can we confine those 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' which have come to us from other than Greek sources, within the strait waistcoat of classical definitions? There are many of our readers who must know—do any not know?—of the load of new struggles, sorrows, and uncertainties which spiritual consciousness has thrust upon humanity. But of these very sufferers from such causes how many are there who would wish to revert to the classical standpoint and accept only so much of

life as is explicable and intelligible to the rational faculty? How many are there who do not feel that the cause of the new disquiet is due to the fact that, as Professor Villari puts it, the faculties of the human mind have, since the classical epoch, been altered and multiplied, and that, as a consequence, a voluntary return upon the classic simplicity would be tantamount to a betrayal of the cause of mental and spiritual development which we all have more or less consciously at heart. Who does not know, in short, that the pains we endure are growing pains, and that the way lies forward and through them, not back to an earlier state of being, even though that earlier state seems in many ways a happier state than this?

These are the thoughts which Professor Villari, in the passage above quoted, puts before us. Life has lost, he tells us, the old classical simplicity. It has grown more complex, richer in spiritual emotion, and, for that very reason, more baffling and enigmatical. It is this difference in life which lies at the root of the difference between modern and classical art. Classical art could master the contents of classical life and easily express it. It is therefore a perfect and complete art. But modern art cannot as yet master the contents of modern life. How should it? The modern man himself is bewildered and distraught by those contents, and what can his art do other than reflect his bewilderment and distraction? This is Professor Villari's line of thought, and it is a profoundly significant one. How does Professor Mahaffy deal with it? In the first place he has a fling at his old bogey, medievalism, which he conceives is responsible for the contrast between Donatello and Phidias. 'It is 'only too true,' he observes, as if he were so far in agreement with Professor Villari,

'that the Middle Ages, from which Donatello's generation was emerging, were a period of spiritual gloom and depression. But this was due not to the larger troubles and experiences of men, but to the spiritual tyranny of the Church, which had distorted the sweetness and benevolence of the Gospel of Christ to include a hideous engine of torture. The clearest picture of this odious manufacture of artificial horrors may be seen not only in the many grotesque representations of the tortures of hell, which were anything but grotesque to the public of the Middle Ages, but by attending a medieval play, which has been brought out in Boston, as well as in London—the play called "Everyman," which magnifies the horrors of death by representing the Deity as a gloomy tyrant, served by a greedy and heartless Church, which exacts half a man's fortune for the boon of saving him from eternal torments.'

We may remark in passing that Professor Mahaffy's interpretation

of medievalism suffers, perhaps, more than any other part of his book from the wholesale, slapdash method of judging which is characteristic of his style. The habit of representing institutions as living apart from their age and developing characteristics of their own—characteristics in the case of the medieval Church of greed, cruelty, and spiritual tyranny—independently of contemporary life, is itself a very fruitful cause of distorted views of past ages. Was the medieval Church what Professor Mahaffy represents it to be—a cruel ogre, dwelling apart from men and nourishing itself on their superstitions and terrors; or was it an institution which, sustained by contemporary life and receiving into its ranks a constant influx of all classes of the populace, necessarily and inevitably reflected the emotions, ideas, and habits of thought which were current in that age? But, putting that aside, where, we should very much like to ask, are we to look for and find that cloud of impenetrable gloom and horror which, as Professor Mahaffy is never tired of insisting, envelopes the medieval epoch? Was that epoch—the epoch from which Donatello and the Renaissance were emerging—really 'a period of spiritual gloom and depression'? Was it really haunted by a vision of 'artificial horrors,' whether invented by a 'greedy and heartless Church' or evolved by its own diseased imagination? Curiously enough, we find very little in the real life of that time to correspond with Professor Mahaffy's picture of it. The medieval age, the age of Gothic art, was no doubt in many ways credulous, and in many respects rude and semi-barbaric. It was an age of fierce and strenuous action, and of literal, sometimes, as it strikes us, of childishly literal faith; but do such words as 'gloom' and 'depression' accurately apply to it? The boroughs and rising towns of those days, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are the nurseries of our English liberties. They tingle with the strong spirit of a proud and independent citizenship. We find it rather hard to distinguish in their aspect any particular marks of superstitious horror and spiritual tyranny. The art of the age throbs with the vitality it derives from life. If ever an art was inspired by a general spirit of eager enthusiasm and gladness it surely was the art we call Gothic. Professor Mahaffy thinks differently. We have quoted his opinion of Gothic architecture. He holds that 'gloom' is its prevailing characteristic, and that its ruby and azure twilights are infected with the spirit of a 'relentless God' and a 'tortured Christ'; but we can scarcely think that this interpretation is a just one. Rather we are inclined to agree with Ruskin that the mounting Gothic lines seem to embody

or cast in stone an impulse of prayer which is at once confident and joyful.

But really when we turn even to the dens and strongholds of the influence Professor Mahaffy most hates we only find the gloom he talks so much of vanish once more like a desert mirage as our steps approach it. Cher-Lieu, Joyeux-Lieu, Clair-Lieu, Val-de-Paix, Font-Douce, Bon-Repos, Nid-d'-Oiseau, Reposoir, l'Aboundance, La Joie are the names of some of the chief hotbeds of the prevalent cruelty and terror. It was at the Sweet Fountain, the Valley of Peace, the Happy Meadow, that the crafty bigots dwelt whose machinations cast so black a shadow over the life of the period. How wrong are they who maintain that the name is the thing! But doubtless names so gentle and attractive were but a sign the more of the inveterate cunning of these double-dealing priests. Doubtless, too, the pretence they set up of enlightened study and an affection for learning may be referred to a like origin. 'Mental degradation' is, according to Professor Mahaffy, a conspicuous sign of the age we speak of. We should not have perceived it ourselves. Intellect during the medieval age is certainly to a large extent undeveloped and unexercised, but we should certainly not have described it as degraded. However, to Professor Mahaffy it is degraded, and he figures its degradation, and the general state of ignorance which prevails, as battened upon and turned to their own account by the cunning monks who have somehow or other managed to palm themselves off as the tutors of their age and whose monastic seclusion is still thought of as the haunt of all that was disinterestedly thoughtful in those centuries. No doubt Professor Mahaffy has read the correspondence which remains to us of Anselm and his contemporaries. He will find a collection of extracts in the first volume of Montalembert's 'History of Monasticism.' Can he read those letters, full as they are of the most intimate personal affection and tenderness and of unfeigned delight in the life of the cloister, and deny that the monks of that age at least believed themselves to be happy? What are we to think, then, of all his strictures, or from whence does he derive the terrifying colours in which he paints an epoch hateful to him for its anti-classic tendencies, and which he longs to make hateful in itself? Where is all this horror and terror and oppression and gloom and the rest of it? The truth is Professor Mahaffy's picture of medievalism is a picture of a life that never existed. It will not bear a moment's investigation. Touch it anywhere you like and it goes all to tatters. It would be impossible to imagine an example of literary judgement in which personal bias had been allowed

a sway more entirely unmitigated by a disinterested consideration of the facts.

In answer then to Professor Villari's argument comparing and contrasting the contents of Renaissance and classical art, Professor Mahaffy observes that there was indeed a difference, but that this difference was due not to any enlargement of ideas but to the legacy of terror which the medieval epoch bequeathed to the Renaissance. It is quite a mistake to suppose, we are told, that anything new in modern life, any experience or conjectures of a spiritual kind were claiming at Donatello's hands an outlet which they had not sought at the hands of the Greeks. All that had really happened was that Donatello's ancestors had been frightened by the thought of hell fire. That was the only change that had occurred.

'Apart,' says Professor Mahaffy, 'from this imported gloom, it is in my opinion false to say that the Greek was not just as experienced as any modern man in the great problems and the inevitable sorrows of human life. The whole of Greek tragedy consists in the representation of these dolours, and if Professor Villari wants proof that the terrors of conscience, the agonies of remorse, were perfectly known to the Greeks, I ask him to turn to the picture of the tyrant's soul in the eighth book of Plato's "Republic" or to Xenophon's Hiero.'

But this has nothing to do really with the point at issue. No doubt the Greek was subject to much the same joys and sorrows as the rest of the human family. If you pricked him he would bleed. If you tickled him he would laugh. He was possessed likewise of a conscience, and when he did wrong was as subject to fits of remorse as other people. But this is not what Professor Villari is driving at. What Professor Villari has in his mind is not the outward accidents and experiences of human life, but a certain change which has come over the human soul. The soul, since the days of the Greeks, has passed through a process of probation. It has been brought to the front and in manifold ways forced to exert itself. Spiritual provender has been dealt out to it. It has been tried in great crises and has been brought face to face with the eternal and the divine. And out of this stress and struggle it has emerged quickened, sensitised, and, as it were, more susceptible than of old to spiritual suggestions and visitations. 'The faculties 'of the human mind had been altered and multiplied,' is the way Professor Villari puts it. But what is it that has altered them? 'No ascetics, no hermits, no anchorites, no martyrs, no crusaders, no knight-errants had appeared in the world' as

it was known to the Greeks. Professor Villari points to the whole sum of the spiritual experience of the Middle Ages. This it is which has brought spiritual things more within reach of the human consciousness. This is what has altered and multiplied man's faculties, which has quickened the eyes and ears of his soul and brought him more immediately into touch with a whole family of ideas which formerly were only viewed from afar. There is such a thing as spiritual gloom; but there are also such things as spiritual joy, spiritual peace, spiritual rapture. Look into the medieval age: is it not evident that all these are present? If signs of spiritual gloom may be detected in that life to which classical life was a stranger, signs as plentiful of spiritual peace and spiritual rapture are also discernible of a quality little known to classical thought. Professor Villari is evidently right. The quality of the human intelligence has certainly undergone a change in the interval between Greek art and Florentine, and the Middle Ages are a phase in the working out of that change. On the whole, too, the movement has been in the direction of developement. Something has been lost since the Greek age which the world will have to recover if it can, but something in the way of spiritual consciousness has come to us which we must certainly do our best to preserve also. And has not this change in life necessitated a corresponding one in art? Are not Professor Villari's words true that 'a new art was needed to represent the new 'inner life'? Was it not a fact that Donatello had to reckon with that 'Christ and the Virgin cannot be chiselled in the same 'way as a Venus or an Apollo'?

We are obliged to say that, in face of an explanation like this, an explanation which explains so much and adjusts itself so spontaneously and naturally both to classical and modern life and art, Professor Mahaffy's disquisitions on priestly tyranny and the fear of hell fire scarcely seem to us charged with any especial significance. The comparison thus courted is indeed a perilous one. Professor Villari is a critic of the first order. He possesses, what we spoke of at the beginning of this article as so necessary to the critical intelligence when dealing with subjects of the present kind, a mind not only susceptible to the meaning of all shades of ideas, spiritual, intellectual, esthetic and political, but also a mind free from the least taint of prejudice or bias. The consequence is he is drawn by a sort of natural attraction towards views which are pregnant and significant. It is a pity that Professor Mahaffy did not more carefully survey and consider the ground of combat before challenging so redoubtable an antagonist. But indeed no amount of surveying could probably

have made much difference. He is pledged by the very nature of his estimate of the Greek civilisation to take the line he has taken. There is a profound and radical distinction between the idea of an influence regarded as a fixed point or end for which to strive and regarded merely as an ingredient or concomitant, however precious and highly valued, in the sum total of human endeavour. Value the Greek genius as highly as you please, it will still follow that, so long as you regard it but as an ingredient, but as one strand among many of the strands which make up the great cord of human conduct, there will still be room for other ingredients, other strands. You will not be forced to reject anything. You will not be forced to reject the mystical promptings of the East, or the spiritual aspirations of medievalism, or the patient exactitudes of modern science, or any other branch of investigation whatsoever in which man has sedulously laboured. And not denying those efforts of the past, it must follow that we shall look with hope upon the future ; for such a view as we have suggested must tend to countenance all earnest effort even of the most diverse kinds. The less we reject, the more we can accept. But the moment any favoured influence, singled out from the rest, becomes an objective, all this is changed, since the erection of a particular motive into a positive ideal involves the rejection of all other motives, more especially, of course, those which are in any way in conflict with it.

We have found it interesting to compare in this connexion Professor Mahaffy's point of view with that of another great lecturer who of late years has been interpreting the Greek spirit to American audiences. Professor Mahaffy in one of his earlier books—his ' Problems in Greek History '—observes that as regards our debt to the Hebrew race ' there has been great ' exaggeration, and it has not yet been sifted and corrected, as ' in the case of Rome.' He goes on to remark that a popular delusion still exists that ' while we owe all we have of intellectual ' and artistic refinement to the Greeks '—the assumption and especially the word ' all ' are in the author's most characteristic manner—yet ' in one great department of civilisation, and that ' the highest, we owe them nothing, but are debtors to the ' Semite spirit—to the clear revelation and the tenacious dogma ' conveyed to the world by the Jews. Like many such truisms,' Professor Mahaffy adds, ' this statement contains some truth, ' but a great deal of falsehood.' He then promises to revert later to the question and show ' how far the prejudice in favour ' of the Semite has ousted the Greek from his rightful place.' The point being of fundamental importance, we have hunted industriously through Professor Mahaffy's works to discover

his solution of it. Briefly to sum up the results of our investigations, we find in the first place that all indications and discernible traces of Greek thought in spiritual matters, whether conveyed in philosophic systems or individual speculations, which can be in any way related to the developement of the religious idea in the West, are invariably treated as the decisive and moulding causes of that developement. St. Paul's stoicism is the inspiration of his faith; the Alexandrian tone of St. John's Gospel is its one notable characteristic; the Hellenistic influence on early Christianity eclipses all others. There is never, that we can discover, any attempt made to detach the Greek contribution and consider its value in relation to the whole. If any Greek contribution at all can be detected, it immediately devours all its rivals and remains in solitary possession of the field. What, for example, does the reader make of the following sentence: 'The Cynic ostentation of independence, of living 'apart from the world, free from all cares and responsibilities, 'found its echo in the Christian anchorite, who chose solitude 'and poverty from higher but kindred motives'? Presumably Professor Mahaffy knows something of the history of asceticism, of its universality, of its invariable association with the idea of spiritual vision. He knows that it is in the East a constant factor in life; that the Hebrew seers were ascetics who dwelt 'in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth,' and doubtless he has heard of the communities of Judean monks, such as the Essenes and the Therapeutists, who in Egyptian deserts or by the shores of the Dead Sea carried out similar austerities with a similar object. In short, Professor Mahaffy must be aware that the Christian anchorite had behind him plenty of examples of the life he meditated which would be far more likely to appeal to his sympathy and imagination than the theories of the Cynics. We may probably in this particular instance conclude that the Greek contribution was nothing at all, yet Professor Mahaffy treats it as the originating cause.

In the second place we find that when we come to the post-Alexandrian epoch, the ideas in which the Greeks trafficked between East and West are treated as so much Greek property. Certainly, even if we allow for the fact that it had outworn intellectualism, the rapid and easy assimilation of Oriental speculations by the Greek genius was an extraordinary proof of its receptivity. Compare the results in ideas of our intercourse with the East and the Greek intercourse. Through Greek channels Eastern thought flowed westward with a freedom which by degrees changed the very texture of the Western temperament. Through English channels it refused to

flow at all. Nevertheless, this transmitted thought was not, like intellectualism, of Greek origin. The Greeks learnt it, but they did not produce it. Their claim upon it is a secondary claim.

For Professor Butcher's treatment of the religious contribution of the Greeks we must refer the reader to his lecture on 'Greece and Israel' in the Harvard series. We may allow ourselves to quote, however, a few of the opening lines.

'Two nations,' Professor Butcher points out, 'Greece and Israel, stand out from all others in the history of the world, and form a striking contrast as representing divergent impulses and tendencies of human nature, different ideals of perfection. In this, however, they are alike, that each felt itself to be a peculiar people, marked off from the surrounding races by distinctions more ineffaceable than those of blood—by the possession of intellectual or religious truths which determined the bent and meaning of its history. . . . Between Greeks and barbarians, between Israel and the Heathen there could be no intimacy, no union. For many centuries the work of the Hellenes and of Israel went forward at the same time, but in separate spheres, each nation unconscious of the other's existence. . . . In process of time each people burst the narrow limits of its own nationality, and in dying to itself, lived to mankind. *Morientes vivimus* is the epitome of each history. The influence by which both Jews and Greeks have acted on all after ages is one which has survived the outward forms of national existence; it belongs to the mysterious forces of the spirit. Through humiliation and loss of independence they each entered on a career of world-wide empire, till at length the principles of Hellenism became those of civilisation itself, and the religion of Judea that of civilised humanity.'

How different, we cannot but feel, is the critical atmosphere of a passage like this to that breathed by Professor Mahaffy. The Harvard lectures, we should say, if they do not aim at so exalted an estimate of the Greek genius as the Boston ones, yet they really attain a higher one, for they convince us as they go by their thoughtful discrimination, instead of rousing our opposition by the extravagance of their demands. Professor Butcher claims much for the Greek influence, but he does not claim that it is everything. There are precious elements in our life which are not of its contribution. In short, the Greek influence, in Professor Butcher's estimation, is one of the ingredients, as we said, of the life of the present, and therefore, though of inestimable value, the recognition of its value does not involve the rejection of any other part of our inheritance.

We wish Professor Mahaffy had been more moderate in his demands, not quite so eager to seize the lion's share on all

occasions, less confident and grasping in his manner, and able sometimes to qualify a statement or admit an exception. He writes as if he thought that a certain percentage of his demands would be agreed to, and that the more he claims the more on the whole he will get. But we doubt if it is so. On the contrary, the obvious onesidedness of such a manœuvre tends to rouse opposition in the reader's mind, and from being asked to give more than he ought he hesitates to give even that which is due. What the Greeks suffer, however, is nothing to what other races and other epochs have to endure. The reader will remember into what injustice towards classic art and thought Ruskin used often to be drawn by his exaggerated devotion to the faith and arts of the Middle Ages. He had laid it down that Gothic architecture was not only the most beautiful that ever had been, but the most beautiful that ever could be. Gothic architecture, and in its main outlines the life which Gothic architecture stood for, became to Ruskin a goal or point of fixed excellence at which to aim. What was the consequence? Not only was every opposing ideal, as the Greek ideal, the Renaissance ideal, the modern scientific ideal, treated with a quite unjustifiable contempt, but Ruskin's own outlook upon life and upon the future became tinged with depression and melancholy as the difficulties in the way of reviving the medieval point of view gradually forced themselves upon him.

So, too, it is with Professor Mahaffy. His idolatry of the Attic interpretation of life not only makes him unjust to every other; not only makes him, as we have seen, miss the whole purpose and meaning of the medieval epoch in history; it also breeds the usual inevitable pessimism in regard to the present and the future. Rarely have we met with a writer so contemptuous of the chief interests of contemporary life. 'Little 'modern men of science,' 'modern philosophic jargon,' students of physics who 'are degenerating into mere mechanics,' our 'tame and prosaic race'—on almost every page this contempt shows itself; but it shows itself most openly in dealing with that motive which is most distinctively modern—the motive of confidence in the future of a democratic ideal. It is upon this point that the forces of modern life tend to concentrate, and we think that, without a doubt, the present age, when it comes to be appraised in history, will be described as the age which, in the face of innumerable discouragements and undeterred by the jibes and mockery of a great many clever and fastidious people, set itself to getting the democratic ideal, or idea of human liberty, really started as a practical working concern. We should describe that, rather than any form of intellectual,

spiritual, or esthetic activity, as the chief endeavour of our age; and also we should say that it was that with which Professor Mahaffy is most out of touch. It need scarcely be pointed out that the end held in view in the present work, the assimilation of Greek ideas and the Greek culture, involves rather exceptional gifts as well as a more or less elaborate education. Salvation, according to this teaching, must therefore necessarily be reserved for what Professor Mahaffy calls the 'aristocracy of intellect,' while the 'vulgar public,' as he bitterly describes the people, need not trouble themselves even to hope to be saved. Accordingly his sympathies are more and more drawn off from the obscure many to the elect few. Some degree of wealth and leisure are requisite for the attainment of the true Attic taste and culture. The factors therefore which tend to supply wealth and leisure are to be commended. Slavery, for instance, is probably a good thing on the whole; for not only are inferior races best controlled by those of superior intelligence and education, but the labour of such people is most profitably employed in ministering to the needs of their superiors, and so confirming them in their superiority. Tinkers, too, and cobblers, and other such poor wretches, whose 'low handicrafts' require 'all their time and 'leave them no leisure to educate themselves or to learn higher 'things,' what should they have to do with self-government and ideas of liberty? Let them, too, labour for their betters. Professor Mahaffy is quoting Aristotle, but quoting him with an approval which makes the opinions expressed his own. 'From 'Homer to the Anthology,' he tells his hearers, 'you can find 'great poems and splendid fragments that will exalt you into 'the higher world,' the world, he significantly adds, 'reserved 'for those who can lay aside material cares.' There, he continues, 'there you will enlarge the wealth of your souls; there you will 'enter upon the heritage left you by those that had attained 'and taken possession of the ideal to which all our love of beauty 'tends as its goal.' If Greek studies are 'the noblest part of a 'liberal education,' it certainly is not, in Professor Mahaffy's estimation, because they draw us into closer relation with and open up the meaning of the life of our own age. On the contrary, it is because they secure for us a position of aristocratic isolation apart from that life. Never was he more impressed, Professor Mahaffy tells us, with this exalting influence of Greek studies

'than in visiting, three or four years ago, a little collection of old Greek fragments gathered from private owners, and exhibited by

the Burlington Art Club in London. They were small things, bronze statuettes, busts, ornaments, vases, but no intelligent man could avoid the strong and instant conviction that all was essentially patrician art in the highest sense. There was not a plebeian note in the whole exhibition.'

For our part, we should be inclined to think that a critic had paid a heavy price for all the culture and refined ideas he had succeeded in amassing who had reached the standpoint from which what is meritorious in art can be described as patrician, not plebeian.

Whatever you do, then, according to Professor Mahaffy, learn Greek, for in that language the only treasures worth attaining to are locked up. Not in a participation in the interests and activities and duties and faiths that are living in living society shall we find a solution of life's perplexities and obscurities, but in mastering a dead language and poring over the achievements of an extinct civilisation. Such an idea of progress must necessarily sever the holder of it from all that is healthiest and most vital in modern life, and from his contemptuous references to contemporary thought and action, contemporary science and contemporary politics, it is evident that it is having this effect even on so robust a character as Professor Mahaffy.

We have spoken at some length on what we conceive to be the defects of the present work; but this seemed necessary. Professor Mahaffy, without being exactly perhaps an authority among authorities on the subject of Greek culture, is certainly an authority among laymen. The range of his reading is immense, the number of topics his thought touches on is prodigious. At the same time he writes in a popular style, familiarly and vigorously. Such a writer is bound to have considerable influence and to be widely known. He certainly does not need a signpost to indicate his existence and whereabouts to the general reader; rather he needs a danger-flag to be waved in front of him lest a guileless public should too passively accept his estimates and conclusions. We have made some attempt to act that part, to show in what degree these estimates and conclusions are open to question; to show also at what point Professor Mahaffy quits the right road for the wrong, and how this action of his brings him into false relation, not with the Greek ideas only, but with contemporary ideas also. At the same time it would be altogether unfair to one who, as he himself says, has 'carried the 'torch of Greek fire alight through a long life,' to end there. We have after all a very great deal to be grateful to Professor Mahaffy for. He has not, we think, very accurately defined and

valued the contents of Greek life, but he has somehow contrived to bring that contents within our reach and made it accessible to us. He has this signal merit, that from the way he treats his subject he at once establishes his readers on a footing of familiarity with it. If, for him, Greek civilisation has sucked the life out of modern, at any rate it has itself, as a result, assumed an added vitality, an added significance. We said to start with that there was in the present book not a grain of pedantry, that its author realised his subject intensely as an active force in life and valued it indeed only in proportion to its activity. We add now that he has studied widely, and that he thinks and writes intelligibly and vigorously. This is no slight praise. A writer so endowed will act as a stimulus. Just now we likened Professor Mahaffy's passion for Greek things to Ruskin's passion for medieval things. We might carry the parallel a step further. Of all writers on art, Ruskin is the most influential that has written in the English language. But he is so not because of the actual information he imparts, which is often of a doubtful character; nor because men trust his judgment and critical fairness, for they have learnt rather to distrust both; but because he possessed, in far larger measure than any other art critic, a consciousness of the immense stores of human interest inherent in his subject. Thus he will frequently describe a picture or piece of sculpture from, as one cannot but now feel, an altogether distorted standpoint, a standpoint which inextricably confuses ethics and esthetics and interchanges the valuations of both to their mutual discomfiture. But none the less his realisation of the significance of art as a human language, his instinctive perception of the aspirations and passions which pour themselves forth in that medium, render his analysis twenty times more valuable because twenty times more stimulating than that of many a much more accurate as well as more highly trained critic. The mission of such writers seems to be less to inform than to excite interest. They do not discriminate, they do not separate the wheat from the tares. But they fertilise; they are like the sun which shines on the just and unjust or the showers which nourish weeds as well as crops. They make things grow. How many of the ideas that vitalised the art of the last half of the nineteenth century were due to Ruskin we wonder? Quite possibly three-quarters of them.

We have no intention of equalling Professor Mahaffy with Ruskin; but his merits are of a like order. They consist not in exactitude of statement and analysis, but in the way in which he draws the subject into the light of everyday interest and living

experience. His chapter on Greek politics, sociology, and law is a remarkable instance of this kind of treatment, and so is all he has to say about the study of Greek and the necessity and feasibility of raising it from the position of a 'dead' language which infects with its own mouldy influence the deeds and events which it describes, to that of a living chronicle of a real state and a real people. We are in entire agreement also with Professor Mahaffy's definition of the general scope of education and with his distrust of the specialising tendency which is so marked a characteristic of modern study. After describing the varied culture which constituted what the Greeks meant by education, he adds that

'so far as we have departed from it in our education; so far as we have substituted hurry for deliberation, quantity of facts for quality of knowledge, miscellaneous information for systematic thinking, so far we have rendered modern culture impotent to rival their excellence.'

The reader will probably not need to be reminded of Professor Butcher's vigorous vindication of the same conclusion. 'From 'the outset Greek thinkers looked slightingly on that multi-'farious learning which holds together a mass of unrelated 'facts.' With all their insatiable love of knowledge they

'had no respect for mere erudition. Wealth of thought, not wealth of learning, was the thing they coveted. . . . Heraclitus, Plato, Aristotle, all speak in similar depreciatory terms of mere "polymaths"—men of multifarious learning, untouched by the quickening force of reason.'

Any amount of study may result in no real enlargement of the mind.

'In order that learning may become wisdom, two conditions must be satisfied. First, the fact must be assimilated and interpreted; the formative power of thought must work upon the material of knowledge. And, secondly, learning must be humanised.'

It must, that is to say, be made accessible to and shared with humanity, for 'true learning is bound up with human fellowship.' Finally, the difference between Greek and modern education was that

'to the Greeks education was primarily a training of faculty that should fit man for the exercise of thought and the duties of citizenship. The modern world looks rather to the acquisition of some skill or knowledge that is needed for a career; it thinks more of the product than the process. Acquaintance with facts counts more with the modern; mental completeness and grasp are primary with the Greek.'

It is the same thought as Professor Mahaffy's, only more developed.

Who can read a book like the Cambridge History and not wish that its authors had permitted the formative power of thought to work a little more upon the material of knowledge? Who can read the scientific and philosophical works of specialists without wishing that the desire to humanise learning had been a little more consistently kept in view? Who does not know the modern man of learning, cut off from life by the very means which should have opened up more of life to his survey; 'shut up within a charmed circle,' as Professor Butcher says, 'in possession of a secret hidden from the many'? In so far as his treatment of Greek thought and art tends to throw open the subject to the healthy circulating air of public interest and curiosity we are heartily in sympathy with Professor Mahaffy and have confidence in the value of his work. But we part company with him at a certain point. When he talks of 'the supremacy of Greece and its right to a spiritual empire 'over cultivated men,' * or of the attainment of the Greek culture as 'the highest aspiration of our worldly perfection,' † he passes the bounds. To turn a past epoch or past civilisation into a fixed objective at which to aim, is to blind ourselves to the original impulses and endeavours of our own age. It is to force ourselves to deny and reject those very ideas in contemporary life which are destined to be the best part of our contribution to the experience of the world for the sake of an artificial ideal which never can be realised. Professor Mahaffy, in a passage we have quoted, speaks of Pater as his 'old friend,' and there is sufficient resemblance in the intellectual standpoints of the two men to account for a considerable mutual sympathy. Pater's doctrine of life, as a kind of epicure's feast, comprising the most delicate dainties culled from all ages and climes, stood effectually between him and a virile sympathy with contemporary life. True his gaze was not fixed exclusively on any one epoch, but pastured luxuriously on all that was most inviting in history, dwelling, perhaps, with a particular and languishing fondness on the comely—to use his own favourite word—figures and scenes of the Renaissance. But his ideal of culture was essentially a thing removed from the present and divorced from living interests. It is on that account that his influence is an enervating one and that he is reckoned, on the whole justly, among the decadents. In an age of criticism like the present, when analysis and appreciation

* Problems in Greek History, p. 216. † Ibid. p. 207.

seem ends in themselves, we are subject to this temptation, and there is need to guard against it. Let us remember, if we find ourselves inclined to make a fetish of Greek culture, that the Greeks themselves would have been the first to despise us for our lack of independence. Education and culture, literature and art, were the means by which Greeks enlarged their sympathy with contemporary life and fitted themselves for the duties of citizenship. None have treated more scornfully than these consummate poets and consummate artists the literary and artistic connoisseurs and coteries who allow literature and art to sever them from the living interests and purposes of their own age and country. To make the best use of the Greek influence involves a wholesome confidence in ourselves and our mission, for it is by those who face the future confidently that the share of the Greeks in the future will be turned to most account.

Art. III.—THE TRAINING OF A STATESMAN: CHATHAM'S YOUTH.

1. *A History of Eton College.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte. London: Macmillan. 1899.
2. *Reminiscences of Oxford Men.* Ed. by L. M. R. Couch. Oxford Historical Society Publications. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.
3. *The Works of Alexander Pope.* By Elwin and Courthope. 10 vols. London: Murray. 1871–1889.

[And other Works.]

In a recent number of this Review an attempt was made to trace some of the family influences that went to form the elder Pitt's character, with especial reference to his remarkable grandfather, the Governor. His own education and early associations are also worthy of closer study than they generally receive, for they may help to explain some traits in his mysterious nature which have hitherto baffled comprehension.

I.

William, the fourth child of Robert and Harriet Pitt, was born in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, on the 15th of November 1708. He suffered from no lack of companionship in his early years, for he was fortunate enough to have a troop of brothers and sisters in the house all very much of the same age as himself. His eldest sister Harriet was only four years older than he, Thomas and Catherine were separated from him by two or three years only, and within four years of his birth came two more sisters, Elizabeth and Anne. Most of their early childhood was spent at their parents' beautiful house at Old Sarum on the edge of the Wiltshire Downs, with its avenue of trees leading down to the Avon; but occasionally they went for a visit to London to stay with the Governor in Pall Mall, and sometimes perhaps with the old grandmother, Lady Grandison, who had a house in Jermyn Street. The Governor was devoted to the 'infantry' as they are called, and even during one of his bitter quarrels with their father in 1715 and 1716, when the two were hardly on speaking or writing terms, 'he is extremely 'kind to your children,' General Stewart writes to Robert from London, 'and making the girls very fine, which Mrs. Cholmon-'deley [their Aunt Essex], with care and kindness, manages

' for them.' But though the Governor always welcomed his grandchildren, he did not encourage frequent absences from their father's roof, holding, so he tells Robert, ' that all children ' are best under the eye of their parents.'

At the early age of ten William was sent to Eton in company with his brother Thomas, no doubt on the advice of the Governor, whose own son John had gone there ten years before. At that time Eton shared with Westminster the almost exclusive privilege of educating those sons of peers and men of family who were not taught at home by private tutors. Dr. Godolphin, Provost of Eton from 1695 to 1732 and a munificent benefactor, was uncle of the powerful Whig minister, and in his own person well maintained the College's aristocratic dignity and connexions. Much also was due to the energy of Andrew Snape, headmaster from 1711 to 1720, who by the time he left had brought the numbers up to the unprecedented figure of 399. He was a Tory and High Churchman, and his zeal for the school did not blunt his ardour as an ecclesiastical controversialist. He is chiefly remembered now for the large part he took in the Bangorian controversy against the latitudinarian bishop Hoadley ; and one of his assistants, Thackeray, was forced to resign owing to his sympathy with the bishop. Snape naturally attracted the attentions of the Whig pamphleteers of Grub Street, one of whom said of him :

> ' Pride and ill-nature seasons all his stile,
> Each paragraph o'erflows with pedant bile,
> His every period, crabbed and severe,
> Smells of the birch and terrifies the ear.'

But he may well have influenced his boys, for he loved them, and, in parting from them in 1720 to become Provost of King's, ' made a most affectionate speech to the scholars which drew ' tears from their eyes.' His successor, Henry Bland, who was headmaster during the greater part of Pitt's Eton career, was of the opposite school in religion and politics, but displayed the same unscholarly zeal in extraneous controversy. He was a great friend of Sir Robert Walpole, for whom he arranged the meeting with the Spanish adventurer Ripperda at his house, and whose administration he supported by Whig pamphlets. These brought him under the lash of Pope's satire, but the minister was not ungrateful and rewarded his services with the rich deanery of Durham. He was also accused of holding the Arian heresy, a charge to which undue importance need not be attached, since it was then commonly made in the heat of theological disputes. Under two such headmasters the Eton boys

of the time could not have missed learning some of the subtleties of religious and political contention; although, with the contrariness natural to healthy and intelligent schoolboys, they probably differed whole-heartedly from the views held by the authority for the time being constituted over them.

In those days the education at Eton was severely classical from the lowest form, where nothing but Latin Grammar was taught, to the sixth, where Latin and Greek authors alone were studied in school hours. The only time devoted to such necessary lessons as spelling, mathematics, and geography was on half-holidays, when they were taught by inferior masters. But although the course of study was restricted, the intellectual discipline was thorough; and after allowance is made for the difference of fashions in teaching, the ideal of Eton education seems to have been then very much what it still remains: to give a minimum of good sound groundwork and leave plenty of scope for the developement of a boy's genius during his leisure hours and under his tutor's direction. Whether he was

> 'on earnest Business bent;'

or if his delight was

> 'to cleave
> With pliant Arm Thames' glassy Wave
> . . . . .
> To chase the rolling Circle's Speed
> Or urge the flying Ball;'

to take a course of 'Jawing and Blackguard' from 'My Lord the 'Bargeman,' or to loaf at 'The Christopher' and the coffee houses, Gray's stately verse and Horace Walpole's more intimate and no less enthusiastic prose prove that opportunity was not lacking.

At an early age William Pitt showed promise of ability. His uncle Lord Stanhope, the soldier and statesman, who died before he was thirteen, was impressed by his spirit and used to call him 'the young marshal.' But already that spirit was in a measure confined by a weakly frame; for at the early age of sixteen he is said to have suffered from the gout. This circumstance helped to keep him to his books and to produce those habits of industry and that capacity for rapidly assimilating any subject which were so marked in his character. Starting in the lowest form but one in 1718, when he was ten, he followed the normal course of gaining a remove almost every half-year, until he reached the sixth; in that respect he was a great contrast to his brother Thomas, who began four forms above him. In a letter to their father of

February 1722–1723 the two boys' tutor, Burchett, after lamenting Thomas's loss of time by negligence, especially in the study of Greek, and expressing a somewhat chastened hope of his ability to profit by a university course, concludes with this very different verdict on William :

'Your younger son has made a great progress since his coming hither, indeed I never was concerned with a young gentleman of so good abilities, and at the same time of so good a disposition, and there is no question to be made but he will answer all your hopes.'

To the same year belongs the earliest extant letter of William himself, interesting as a confirmation of Burchett's high opinion of his industry and capacity. It is docketed by his father ' From my son William, Sept. 29th, received Octr. 10th, 1723,' and runs as follows :

' Eaton, September the 29th.

' Hon^{ed} Sir,

I write this to pay my duty to you, and to lett you know that I am well. I hope you and my mama have found a great benefit from the Bath, and it would be a great satisfaction to me to hear how you do ; I was in hopes of an answer to my last letter, to have heard how you both did, and how I should direct my letters to you ; for not knowing how to direct my letters has hindered me writing to you, my time has been pretty much taken up this three weaks, in my trying for to gett into the fiveth form, and I am now removed into it ; pray my duty to mama and service to my uncle and aunt Stuart if now att the Bath. I am with great respect

Hon^{ed} Sir,

Your most dutiful son,

W. Pitt.'

A year later the Governor, who saw a good deal of him about this time and was no lenient judge of his descendants' parts, pronounced him ' a hopefull lad,' and, almost echoing his tutor's words, told Robert he had no doubt ' but he will answer yours and all his friends' expectations.' At this period the idea that he should enter the Church and settle down to the family living at Abbots Anne was mooted by some of his relations, but not pursued. This is hardly to be regretted, even though the Church thereby lost one who would doubtless have proved a vigorous and magnificent bishop.

Pitt left school in the middle of 1726. He kept no tender memories of Eton in after-life. None of his own three sons were sent there, but were all educated by a tutor under their father's eye. The reason of his antipathy to the school may be seen from a remark he once made to Lord Shelburne,

'that he scarcely observed a boy who was not cowed for 'life at Eton; that a public school might suit a boy of 'turbulent disposition but would not do where there was 'any gentleness.' His delicate constitution probably prevented him from taking a vigorous part in school games and adventures, and this inability alone would have made him unpopular among the other boys and somewhat lonely. Moreover, though it is obviously untrue that he himself was cowed for life, he had a rare claim to speak for those with a gentle nature, for none was tenderer than his own. How tender it was appears from the extraordinary devotion he aroused among his early friends, from unguarded words of his sister Anne, from his perfect marriage, and from his own and his children's mutual love. Yet in later days, to those who knew him but slightly, he appeared a composition of unapproachable pride, of affectation and of parade; and no doubt the tendency thus to cloak his dearest feelings had its origin in rebuffs he endured at Eton. For the very sympathy of such proud and tender souls makes them peculiarly sensitive, and throws them back upon themselves to take refuge in a reserve alien to their nature. Nevertheless, in spite of Pitt's own regrets Eton gave him such a training in the Classics as he would hardly have obtained elsewhere; it taught him method and industry, and no doubt fostered his gift for politics and oratory; and though it left him possibly an unhappier man than he would otherwise have been, the deep tenderness of his nature stood the test and remained unscathed, so that for all his pomp and circumstance he was to the end a more human person than his son.

To Eton also he owed his first connexion with many of those with whom he had lifelong dealings. When he went to the school in 1718 he found there two of Sir Robert Walpole's sons and the two Foxes, afterwards Lord Ilchester and Lord Holland, a Hanbury, better known by his later name of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, one of the St. Johns, and three sons of Lord Townshend, all Oppidans like himself. Henry Fielding, George Lyttelton, Wyndham, Robert Grenville, afterwards Lord Temple, and his brother George, Sir Francis Dashwood, a future president of the Hell-Fire Club and Legge's incompetent successor at the Exchequer in 1762, and Pratt, who became Lord Camden and the upholder of British liberty, were later contemporaries. At one period there were four grandsons of Governor Pitt together at Eton, William and his brother Thomas, the young Lord Stanhope, and a fourth, probably a son of Lord Londonderry. Among all these Pitt's special friends at Eton are reputed to have been George

Lyttelton, the scholar and politician, Henry Fielding, the novelist, Hanbury, wit and diplomatist, and the future Chancellor Pratt, with all of whom he kept up a more or less close connexion in later life.

A circumstance which must have given a premature impulse to his self-dependence was his early loss of almost all those akin to him to whom he would expect to look for loving counsel and guidance. In the two years 1726 and 1727, before he was nineteen, five deaths followed in rapid succession. First in January 1726 came that of his old grandmother, Viscountess Grandison, from whom, if he owed her nothing else, Pitt doubtless inherited his love of parade. The funeral was characteristic. Having married a Villiers, she was entitled to rest in the great Duke of Buckingham's vault in Westminster Abbey, and thither her body was borne with all imaginable pomp after lying in state for three days in the back parlour hung with rusty velvet. Her coffin was covered with crimson velvet edged with gold lace; four dukes acted as pall-bearers, assisted by eight earls, all cloaked; sixteen mourning coaches and seventeen noblemen and gentlemen's coaches, with a footman to every coach door and eight branches to every coach, besides forty men on horseback each with a branch, came in the procession, which was duly marshalled by the heralds. They, however, were sadly impeded in their business by 'a silly undertaker (the upholsterer to the 'family).' Five months later her second husband, General Stewart, who was much broken by her death and had spared no expense at her funeral, also died. He was a sensible, kindly man, who had often acted as a good friend to Robert Pitt and his family when relations with the Governor were strained. But the greatest loss to William was the death of his grandfather the Governor on the 28th of April of the same year. He had bought Swallowfield in the year that William went to Eton, and used often to drive over to the school to fetch the boy and some of his 'comrogues' to spend the Sunday with him or to put him up on his way to and from his home at holiday time. The old man evidently loved the boy, who had no one else of such ripe and varied experience to advise him, and no one of all his kindred with so much insight into his character and sympathy with his ideas. In the following January his other grandmother, the Governor's widow, also died. Finally, on the 20th of May 1727, shortly after William had gone to Oxford, his father Robert died suddenly, leaving him of the older generations only his mother and two uncles and an aunt with whom he had little intercourse. Of his mother nothing more is heard beyond the bare mention of her death in Paris on the 21st of October 1736.

At the time of his father's death he was already at Oxford, where he entered Trinity College in January 1726–1727. Trinity may have been chosen as Pitt's college because Lord Stanhope, the only close relation who had been to either university, had been a commoner there. One other yet greater Whig statesman had been a member of the College, as Pitt was reminded thirty years later in the dirge on the death of George II., addressed to him by Thomas Warton, fellow of Trinity and Poet Laureate. The poet begs him not to refuse

> 'This humble present of no partial Muse
> From that calm bower which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
> In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
> Where first the form of British Liberty
> Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
> That form whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
> In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw.'

The Oxford of the early eighteenth century was hardly the place to choose for musing on the form of Liberty. At no time was our ancient University more stagnant and illiberal. Almost the only vestige of an idea left there was the obstinate Toryism of men like Hearne and Dr. King, and even their Toryism had perforce to content itself with such mild acts of insubordination as the setting of a penitential psalm in cathedral on George I.'s birthday or describing him in their private diaries as 'the Duke 'of Brunswick, commonly called King George.' The state of learning was lamentable, according to the uncontested testimony of men so different as Bishop Burnet in 1714, Amhurst (*Terræ Filius*) in 1720, Whitefield in 1732, Adam Smith in 1740, and Gibbon in 1754. In 1720 none of the University professors, except those of Poetry and Music, gave any lectures, and it is reported that when three curious and adventurous spirits assembled to hear a Divinity lecture the professor dismissed them from the unwonted task with the observation 'Tres non 'faciunt collegium—Valete.' That this state of things was not mere satirist's exaggeration is proved by Adam Smith's equally emphatic statement that 'In the University of Oxford the 'greater part of the public professors have, for these many years, 'given up altogether even the pretence of teaching.'

But even in her most degraded state, no less than when the official ideals have been more worthy of her ancient reputation for scholarship, Oxford has never entirely lost her singular gift of stimulating what is best in the young generations succeeding each other so rapidly within her gates. This is due partly to the sense of freedom without responsibility that the ancient

Universities give at the only stage of a man's life in which he can really enjoy it, when he is suddenly released from the stern discipline of school—in Pitt's day the schoolboys coming to Oxford immediately cut off their hair and wore wigs—and before he has felt the call to undertake the still sterner duties of life ; partly to the sudden commingling from all quarters of so many of the most eager and most spirited of the nation's budding intellects ; and partly to that persistent bias to range over the whole realm of inquiry and to attempt

'rerum cognoscere causas'

which comes from her philosophic and humanistic traditions. Even in those dark days of Oxford, when all the testimony unites in condemning the sterile material of the University course and the almost inconceivable apathy of the tutors, forces for the nation's awakening were maturing there. At Christ Church, where Pitt's solemn and respectable friend George Lyttelton had preceded him by a year, the two Wesleys had already begun their life's work by taking spiritual and material consolation to the poor and the prisoners in Oxford—much to the scandal of the dons, who disliked any such exhibition of enthusiasm—and were even awakening religious feeling among a small band of undergraduates. Another contemporary of Pitt who came up a year after him had his thoughts turned seriously to religion at Oxford, although he

'was generally seen lounging at the college gate [of Pembroke], with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting up to rebellion against the college discipline . . . which in his maturer years he so much extolled.'

Richard Graves, also a Pembroke man, tells us that about this time there were four sets at the University : first, the sober little party of students who read Greek and drank water ; then the jolly West-country lads who drank ale, smoked tobacco, punned and sang catches ; thirdly, the gentleman commoners, 'bucks of 'the first head,' who drank port-wine and arrack and concluded with claret, a set appropriate to another of Pitt's Oxford contemporaries, Robert Henley, who is reported to have laid the seeds of his gout by his excessive drinking at the University ; and lastly, 'the flying squadron of plain, sensible, matter-of-'fact men, confined to no club but associating occasionally 'with each party. They anxiously inquired after the news of 'the day and the politics of the time.'

Pitt, as a gentleman-commoner, was entitled to associate

with the set of 'bucks of the first head'; he also wore a silk gown and a velvet cap to distinguish him from ordinary commoners and scholars, and had the privilege of dining at high table and, if he chose, of imbibing port with the Fellows and listening to their scandal and Tory politics. He is much more likely, however, to have attached himself to the flying squadron of anxious inquirers after the news of the day, from taste, and because his means would hardly have permitted constant libations of port-wine, arrack, and claret. His University dues and battels, it is true, probably did not exceed 20*l.* a term; but his father allowed him no more than 150*l.* or 200*l.* a year until his death, whereupon his allowance was reduced to 100*l.* His health also inclined him to a studious life, for at Oxford, as at Eton, the gout tormented him—a calamity which, according to Lord Chesterfield, proved a blessing in disguise, since 'he 'employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper 'either procured or allowed him in acquiring a great fund of 'premature and useful knowledge,' while 'his constitution 'refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbade him 'the idle dissipations, of youth.'

Pitt's fidelity to his classical studies is attested by a Latin poem on the death of George I. sent up for the prize offered by the University during his first year. The hexameters of which it is composed do credit to Pitt's knowledge of the classical Pantheon and his familiarity with the Mantuan bard's language and sonorous rhythm, but they show no trace of genius. Still there is a touch of originality in his suggestion that

> 'Vel Berecynthia Mater
> Centum enixa Deos!'

might envy the new King George II. and his Queen Carolina their 'inclyta progenies'; and some precocious acumen is apparent in the courtly phrase which hints at the new King's dependence on his consort's judgement; while it is characteristic that even in those early days he should have picked out 'Libertas 'atque Alma Themis' from so many possible gods as 'praesentia 'numina Angliacae gentis,' a belief which remained till the end the basis of his political system. Pitt did not win the prize, but was beaten by William Murray, a young B.A. of Christ Church, with whom this was not destined to be his last encounter.

Pitt's ideal for a course of university study has been defined by himself in some letters addressed many years later to his nephew, Thomas Pitt;

'you are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning

and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter ; not a pedant who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action.'

Elsewhere he reiterates his view of the proper object of learning for a man in his own position:

' When I name knowledge, I ever intend learning as the weapon and instrument only of manly, honourable, and virtuous action upon the stage of the world, both in private and public life, as a gentleman, and as a member of the commonwealth, who is to answer for all he does to the laws of his country, to his own breast and conscience, and at the tribunal of honour and good fame.'

In the main outlines, therefore, one may well hazard the belief that the course of study laid down for the nephew at Cambridge in 1754 was very much the same as Pitt's own system of reading and of life during his short time at Oxford and in the succeeding years, although the riper experience of middle age no doubt suggested modification in details. He attached great importance to the training of the memory, and disapproved of commonplace books as tending to impair it ' by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on ' paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided ' and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials.' And his advice extends to more important parts of life than study. Friendships at college, he says, should be formed with men much older than oneself, ' scholars, whenever you can, but ' always with men of decent and honourable lives ' ; profiting by the example of such men, one should beware of taking up hasty opinions or of mistaking prejudices for principles, but learn from intercourse with them modesty of demeanour and true politeness, which Pitt happily defines as ' benevolence in ' trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, ' hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life.' Above all one must hold fast by that ' sheet anchor of happiness, religion,' whereof the essence is ' not subtle, speculative opinions, but ' an active vital principle of faith.'

During his nephew's schoolroom days Pitt had recommended Homer as well as Virgil : ' they are not only the ' two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your ' age to imbibe ; lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, ' love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, ' humanity, and, in one word, virtue in its true signification.' But at the University, Greek was at first entirely banned. Latin was the only classical language allowed, and of Latin no poets save Virgil and Horace ; and in addition only Tully's moral

treatises 'De Officiis,' 'De Amicitia,' and 'De Senectute,' his 'Philippics' and 'Catiline Orations,' and Sallust. Towards the end of the University course Demosthenes was added, to complete the oratorical training begun by Cicero:

'arm yourself,' he wrote, 'with all the variety of manner, copiousness and beauty of diction, nobleness and magnificence of ideas of the Roman consul; and render the powers of eloquence complete by the irresistible torrent of vehement argumentation, the close and forcible reasoning and the depth and fortitude of mind of the Grecian statesman.'

Pitt's sparing recommendation of Greek authors was no doubt based on his own experience, for, like his brother Thomas, he was never good at Greek; and though he is said to have imitated Demosthenes's arrangement in his speeches, his knowledge, even of that author, was chiefly derived from a translation. French was encouraged, notably Molière's plays, but no Italian.

In his view of the sciences proper to be learned at the University, Pitt regards chiefly what will prove of most advantage to the public man. To discipline his mind, Euclid, Logic, and Experimental Philosophy are needed, and to supply it with the power of forming just judgements on politics a thorough course of English and foreign history, supplemented by a knowledge of Geography, is advocated. Locke is naturally chosen as the groundwork both for experimental philosophy and for English history; and among the notebooks preserved with Pitt's papers is one containing an elaborate analysis of the reasoning of the 'Essay concerning the Human Understanding.' In moral philosophy Locke's great service to the men of the eighteenth century was to create a confidence in their own understanding and their ability to judge of facts; to use Pitt's own words, he taught us that we must 'use our own 'reason and not that of another, if we would deal fairly 'by ourselves and hope to enjoy a peaceful and contented 'conscience.' Thus a determination to pierce through shams and see the essence of questions was one of the lessons learned by Pitt at Oxford and retained throughout his life. For constitutional questions Locke's treatises on Government and on Toleration were the justification of the Revolution principles and the political Bible of the eighteenth century, and they were evidently pondered over deeply by Pitt. Locke's theory of the perfect balance of the English Constitution with distinct functions for the three constituent members of the Legislature, King, Lords, and Commons, his triumphant defence of our polity on utilitarian grounds, and his vindication of

religious tolerance on civil grounds, are apparent by their fruits in almost every speech and action of the Great Commoner. Even in details Pitt showed his intimate acquaintance with the Oxford philosopher, witness his letter to Warburton re-echoing Locke's exception of Roman Catholicism from general toleration Acts as 'a subversion of all civil as well as religious liberty,' and his quotation of the first paragraph of the chapter 'Of 'Prerogative' in his speech defending the embargo on the export of corn.

The study of history, and English history almost exclusively, appeared to Pitt the main business of his scheme of education at the University. Most of the histories he recommends have a very obvious Whig bias, or, as he expresses it, are 'on the 'true principles of our happy Constitution.' Some compendious history of England was to be read in leisure hours, to settle in the mind a general chronological order of events, and then Burnet's 'History of the Reformation' in the abridged version was to be carefully digested. Nathaniel Bacon's 'Discovery of 'the Laws and Government of England,' much of which was inspired by Selden, is mentioned with approval, and appears to have had influence in forming some of Pitt's own opinions, thoroughly in harmony as they were with such sentiments as these:

'The King oweth Allegiance both to the Law and the People; different from that of the people's in this, that the King's Allegiance is due to the Law that is originally the People's Election; but the People's to the King under a Law of their own framings.'

'The best honour of the King's work is to be *Nobilis Servitus* . . . or, in plain English, Supreme service above all, and to the whole.'

After Elizabeth's reign, the growth of the revolution sentiment was to be traced in Welwood's 'Memoirs' and Burnet's 'History of My Own Times,'* and, though with considerable caution, in Clarendon. Sir John Davies's excellent and quaintly worded 'Discourse,' published in 1613, which he justly praises for its 'depth and extensive knowledge in state matters and 'settling of countries,' was Pitt's main authority for Irish history, in which he was specially interested; for his uncle, Lord

* Among the subscribers to Burnet's 'History of My Own Times' in 1724 appears a Mr. William Pitt. It is possible that this may have been one of Pitt's cousins, but it is tempting to believe, and not inconceivable, that even as an Eton boy he may have wished to possess a volume of the great Whig bishop.

Grandison, was a large landowner in a country which always found Pitt a ready sympathiser with its grievances.

This is the scheme of University education placed before his nephew by Pitt. In the main it was clearly the scheme he had already set himself at Oxford and in the years immediately succeeding his time there, although in his own case there were a few additions worthy of remark. As we should expect, books instinct with a tone of moral elevation made a peculiar appeal to him. Of Plutarch's 'Lives' he said that he had never perused a book with equal instruction; of the 'Spectator,' and especially Mr. Addison's papers, he speaks with commendation; Shakespeare, especially Henry IV. and V., he loved and was fond of reading aloud, but characteristically cared little for the passages of buffoonery, and in later life would hand those over to some other member of his family to read. Sermons also seem to have attracted him; above all Barrow's, which he knew almost by heart, Abernethy's, and those of a now forgotten worthy, Mr. Zachariah Mudge of Plymouth, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which appeared in 1739. At one period of his life, probably when he had finally committed himself to a parliamentary life, he is said to have learned an English dictionary by heart, to enrich his vocabulary.

It is obvious from this sketch of Pitt's ideas of education and of his training that he was not a man of much various and general knowledge. In many respects it is a narrow scheme of work, even judged as a purely utilitarian preparation for the orator and public man. A remarkable omission is that of any modern history except that of England and Ireland, and hardly any appreciation is shown for the claims of art and general literature. Pitt himself had an eye for beauty and for the glory of nature, at any rate as adapted by man, and he loved the country and country-folk, especially in his declining years, but, to judge from his studies, he attached no great weight to the æsthetic sense nor regarded the love of poetry and of sensuous beauty as in themselves worthy of cultivation.

Perhaps the reason for this may be found in another characteristic apparent in Pitt's training and early life. There is no trace in it of a sense of youth and of the joy of life.

'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth' is a text quoted by him with special emphasis and in its most ascetic interpretation. It was said of the younger Pitt that he was never really young, and this saying seems to have been almost equally true of his father. Nowhere is there a sign of that careless rapture in the passing hour or of that self-abandonment which gives to youth its happiest moments and its greatest charm.

Such moments have their uses in forming a man's character: they make it more supple and more ready in after-life to turn aside the blows of Fate and return with lightness and undiminished vigour to the fray. This faculty was never Pitt's; he was brave and steadfast and unfaltering in upholding before his countrymen what seemed to him noblest, but one may well believe that he might have spent less of his life as a voice crying in the wilderness, had he not missed some of the softening influences of youthful carelessness.

But in spite of its limitations it was a noble ideal and a noble training. There is nothing mean or paltry in this up-bringing,

'Guided by faith and matchless fortitude.'

We can trace in the books he read the origin of that sustained dignity of language which marks every letter he wrote no less than every speech with which he held the Senate spellbound; we can trace too the origin of that intense, almost passionate, belief in England's greatness, that knowledge and love of her ancient traditions and her happy Constitution, and that overmastering sense of duty, all which accompany his life with that deep-toned harmony peculiar to him and Cromwell alone among our statesmen.

II

The gout proved so great an infliction to Pitt at Oxford that he was obliged to leave without taking his degree, probably after only a year's residence. His income was then no more than 100*l.* a year, left him by his grandfather's will, with a prospect of a sixth share of his father's property after his mother's death. This share must have amounted to some 200*l.* a year more, but did not fall in until 1736. After leaving Oxford he set out on a tour in France and Italy, partly in the hope of curing his gout, partly in accordance with the usual practice of young men of family in the eighteenth century, whose education was hardly thought complete without a year or two spent in travelling on the Continent. There was good reason for this form of training for those who intended to take a part in politics or in cultivated society. Travelling was then so tedious and expensive a business that the one grand tour of the young man often afforded him his only chance of understanding anything of continental conditions, manners, and points of view. In the words of Mr. Nugent, the ingenious author of a guide to the Grand Tour through the Netherlands, Germany, Italy, and France, this was a custom

'visibly tending to enrich the mind with knowledge, to rectify 'the judgement, to remove the prejudices of education, to com pose the outward manners, and, in a word, to form the com- 'plete gentleman'; while George Lyttelton, who started a year before his friend Pitt and remained abroad for over three years, committed to verse a no less unctuous appreciation of its advantages:

> 'Me other cares in other climes engage,
> Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
> In various knowledge to improve my youth
> And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth.
> By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
> Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
> The useful science of the world to know
> Which books can never teach, or pedants show.'

Pitt's own brother, Thomas, had been sent abroad by the Governor immediately after leaving Eton, with an allowance of 700*l.* a year, but he had wasted all his time at Luneville, the petty court of the Duke of Lorraine, where he had professed himself straitened by his father's reduction of his income to 500*l.*

It is uncertain whether Pitt had any addition to his own meagre income of 100*l.* for his travels; but it is most probable that it was eked out by his brother, who had inherited Boconnoc and a considerable income after his father's death in 1727; for the Pitts, though far from being an harmonious family, seem always to have treated one another generously in money matters. Certainly the 100*l.* would not have gone a great way, since the journey from Calais to Paris alone cost nearly 10*l.* Too little is known of this part of Pitt's life. He is said to have travelled through France and part of Italy, and from the only reference to his journey abroad extant in his letters or speeches he must have passed through Lyons.

'I remember at Lyons,' he said in a famous speech delivered twenty-five years later, 'to have been carried to see the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone; the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and, though languid, of no depth; the other, a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But they meet at last, and long may they continue united,' he concluded with an eye to his political comparison, 'to the comfort of each other and to the glory, honour, and security of the nation.'

On his return to England about 1730 or 1731 he found the way to advancement opened by eager friends, whose admiration for him disposed them to do all they could to advance his career. Lyttelton, above all, whose serious bent of mind, real

scholarship, and turn for commonplace verse gave him a considerable reputation among the young men of wit and fashion in the political world, was enthusiastic in proclaiming his friend's capacity. In some trifling verses on Good Humour composed at Eton he noted that

> 'This magic power can make e'en folly please,
> This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace
> And sweetens every charm in Coelia's face.'

When Pitt was only twenty the bonds between the two had been drawn closer by the marriage of Christian, Lyttelton's eldest sister, to Thomas, Pitt's brother, on which Lyttelton writes to his father :

> 'I heartily congratulate you upon my sister's marriage and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P. had a fortune equal to his brother so that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M. ! [his sister Mary]; but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit which the world will not think them much the richer for.'

George Lyttelton was, no doubt, instrumental in bringing Pitt to the notice of his uncle, Lord Cobham, for his two cousins, Robert and George Grenville, also Pitt's contemporaries at Eton, who were more closely connected with that uncle, were hardly out of the *status pupillaris* when Pitt came back to England, Robert being then on his travels and George at Christchurch.

Sir Richard Temple, created Lord Cobham at George I.'s coronation, with remainder to his sister Hester Grenville, had distinguished himself in the Queen's wars, notably when in command of the expedition which captured Vigo, and had all the coarse, roystering bluffness of the hardened old campaigners of that time. In addition to his real merits as a soldier he had political ambition and pretensions to literary and artistic taste. He patronised Congreve and Gay and was a friend of Pope's. In the grounds of his country seat of Stowe in Buckinghamshire he initiated the practice of building monuments to his dead friends and temples to abstract virtues, pursued with so much zeal by his successor Lord Temple and commented upon with so much grace by Horace Walpole. A monument to Congreve, who died in 1726, is noted as having been in the most execrable style. Above all he loved to think of himself as the patron of youthful merit, and to act as mentor to his clever nephews, the Grenvilles and Lyttelton, who, with their connexion, Pitt, soon became known as the Cobham cousinhood or Cobham's cubs. These characteristics are summed up in

Shelburne's saying that Cobham passed his time in clapping young men on the back, and in telling stories at table which nobody else would tell in private. At this time he was Governor of Jersey, an island which he is not known to have visited, and Colonel of the King's Own Regiment of Horse, then commonly known as Cobham's Horse and after 1747 by its present title of 1st Dragoon Guards.

Pitt's fervent patriotism, his energy and his love of action, may well have disposed him to think that the army offered the best field for his capacity. Moreover, it so happened that a commission in the regiment of his patron, Lord Cobham, provided an avenue to Court favour and would certainly not hinder the political ambition he also cherished. Not long, therefore, after his return to England he received his commission, dated February 9, 1731–1732, as cornet in Cobham's Horse. Though occasionally called upon to repress civil disturbance and support the dynasty against riotous sympathisers with the exiled Stuarts, the regiment was mainly employed in sharing with the Life Guards the duty of attending the King's person and other members of the Royal Family on journeys or ceremonial occasions. Owing to these functions its officers were chiefly drawn from young men of good family, and the price of their commissions was higher than in most other regiments. The duties of a cornet in Cobham's Horse probably consisted in little more than keeping up an agreeable appearance and not getting drunk before one o'clock in the afternoon, the hour after which, as Macaulay observes, court-martials were not allowed to continue. His pay was equally small, amounting to eight shillings a day, of which six shillings was devoted to the maintenance of his two horses and his servant.

From the first Pitt took his military duties very seriously, and set himself, as he afterwards told Lord Shelburne, to read every military book on which he could lay his hands. The number of such books of any value was not then very great. There were of course many dissertations on the military art of the Greeks and Romans, most of them pedantic and unilluminating; and dry technical books, such as Turner's 'Pallas Armata or Military Instructions,' which were more concerned with the structure of an army and the mysteries of gabions, fascines, and counterscarps than with practical lessons of tactics and strategy. There were also accounts of William III.'s and Marlborough's campaigns, such as D'Auvergne's 'Relations of 'the Campaign in Flanders and the Spanish Netherlands' and Thomas Brodrick's 'Compleat History.' Brodrick's work, published in 1713, must have been familiar to Pitt from his

childhood, for among the subscribers to it appear George Pitt of Stratfieldsaye, and Pitt's father and grandfather, all three of whom increased their subscriptions for the privilege of having the Pitt family arms engraved on the border of one of the maps, where they are still to be seen. None of these books, however, give much more than the dry bones of the subject; but two of the works which cannot have been neglected by Pitt in his appetite for all available military treatises were well calculated to stimulate the future war minister's ideas of strategy. The first is Montecucoli's volume of Memoirs published in French in 1704. The author was a general in the imperial service, who fought during the latter half of the seventeenth century against Gustavus Adolphus and the Turks. His reflexions are copiously illustrated from his own experience in these wars, and his pithy disquisitions on subjects such as arms and equipment, the composition of armies, and so forth, are very different from the pedantic instructions usual in military manuals. 'Il n'y a point de 'mot qui exprime si proprement la nature du bagage que le 'mot latin *impedimenta*, qui signifie embarras, empêchement,' for example, conveys in humorous form a truth worth considering by commanders; and his pertinent instances of the influence of sea-power, of diversions to check an assailant, and of sudden raids afford precedents for some of Pitt's own methods of conducting war. The other notable work, by the Marquis de Feuquières, one of Louis XIV.'s generals, was for over a century esteemed one of the best books on military art, and would even to-day repay study for its judicious statements of military problems and the ample commentary on them drawn from the campaigns of Turenne, William III., and Marlborough. Both these writers envisage war with the eye of the great commander. Feuquières goes further and takes account of all those moral and political considerations which must weigh with the statesman directing hostilities.

But even the best books are poor things compared to the instruction of those who have actually borne a part in war; and in opportunities for obtaining this instruction, Pitt, with his zeal for military knowledge, was fortunate. In 1730 the countryside of England was still full of the old soldiers who had fought under the Great Duke or even under the Great Deliverer; and Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy,' published thirty years later, shows how long-lived was the fascination of the war-like reminiscences and military jargon in which Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim luxuriated. The wars in the Netherlands and in Flanders were then something more than a glorious tradition—

they were a personal and a living memory to half the population. On all sides Pitt would have heard every siege and every battle of these wars fought over anew by veterans who had triumphed at Blenheim or lain before Lisle, and no doubt he heard from such old campaigners many original views of means whereby our strategy might have been mended and our victories improved. Such common talk would have given him the atmosphere of the camps and of war: from his own relations and friends would have come an insight into the considerations that move a great commander in the field or in council. From the Governor he would have gained some notion of the difficulties of Indian wars; and from Lord Stanhope, Lord Cobham, and above all from their friend Lord Peterborough, so apt a pupil would have caught the secret of the commander's flashing eye and lightning-like intuition. He may even have learned to appropriate some of the Great Duke's calm mastery from his talks with the grim old Duchess Sarah, who loved the young man for his spirit and his devotion to England.

His studies, and still more his duties as cornet of horse, left him ample leisure to gain the firm footing in the social and political world necessary for the development of his genius. In 1733, when he was about to enter this world, it was divided into two distinct camps, so opposed to one another that social intercourse between the two was almost as impossible as political agreement. On the one side was the Court of George II. and Queen Caroline, of which the annals and the scandals are to be found at full length in the Memoirs of the Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Hervey. The great strength of this camp was that it represented the established government of the realm, and had all the valuable patronage and most of the territorial influence of the great Whig landowners on its side. Its mainstay in Parliament was the cunning and experienced old statesman at the head of the government, Sir Robert Walpole, who then stood almost alone in supporting the weight of office, for he had gradually lost or discarded all the men of ability who had once been his colleagues. Carteret, the most brilliant though most ungovernable foreign minister of the century, had been superseded in 1724; Pulteney, able and ambitious, but unstable, had owing to personal pique withdrawn his support in the same year; Townshend, Walpole's loyal and capable brother-in-law, had been driven to resign in 1730 because the first minister envied the pre-eminence which his knowledge of foreign affairs gave him. To replace these Walpole had gathered in his cabinet men of second-rate ability, who neither supported him efficiently nor served him with that devotion which was the least that might

have been expected from their mediocrity. The secretaries of state were William Stanhope, Lord Harrington, a cousin of Pitt's uncle, Lord Stanhope, a brave soldier and a successful diplomatist, but as a minister 'absolutely nothing—nobody's 'friend, nobody's foe, of use to nobody and of prejudice to 'nobody,' and the Duke of Newcastle, whose deficiency in political sagacity was less apparent while a statesman of Walpole's prudence and force of character restricted the scope of his vagaries and whose unrivalled power of organising favourable elections made him of some strength to the ministry he supported. Besides these were ill-natured nonentities such as Lord Wilmington and the Duke of Dorset; the Duke of Grafton, a vainglorious Lord Chamberlain, 'the natural cloud of whose 'understanding, thickened by the artificial cloud of his mistaken 'Court policy, made his meaning always as unintelligible as his 'conversation was unentertaining'; and the brilliant Vice-Chamberlain, whose controversial gifts, loyalty to Sir Robert, and political acumen were, unfortunately, lessened in value by the bad blood his biting tongue engendered. But though Sir Robert found little support in his colleagues, in the King and Queen he had allies who for many years enabled him to snap his fingers at all the talents of the opposition. Of the two Queen Caroline was the master spirit. Fond of power from a consciousness of her own capacity to exercise it, she would willingly forego its show, and governed her husband by an apparent submission to his authority. The old King George I., who was shrewder than his son, recognising this quality in her, used to speak of her as 'cette diablesse Madame la Princesse.' With a woman's wit and sympathetic understanding she appreciated the conversation of men cleverer than herself, especially divines of unorthodox tendencies. Unfortunately for her husband and for Walpole, she died in 1737 of a cruel illness heroically endured. George II. himself had considerably greater merits as a King than are generally credited to him. Like all the monarchs of his race, except his eldest great-grandson, he had a strong sense of public duty and, to a limited degree, a just idea of where that duty lay. He had proved his personal bravery in the War of the Spanish Succession and was to prove it again at the expense of his discretion at Dettingen; and he resembled other princes of his house in combining some discernment of his officers' military qualities with an exaggerated and meticulous attention to the uniforms and trappings of his soldiers. He had no subtlety of perception and no statesman-like views, but he had a considerable share of that blunt common sense on which his adopted subjects pride

themselves. He also possessed to the full that quality of dogged obstinacy, often degenerating into narrow prejudice, which is not alien to the English character and which in his case proved to have a serious influence on Pitt's career. To his obstinacy he added a choleric but not malevolent temper, characteristic of such short, strutting, self-satisfied men. He had little love for England or the English, and much preferred his native Hanover, with his obsequious little court at Herrenhausen, where every inch of his kingship was flattered and magnified. In his habits he was regular, in his expenses parsimonious, and in his pleasures no less dull and unromantic, if more discriminating, than his father. At his levées he never shone in conversation and was rarely gracious; more often he cast a gloom over his courtiers by sulking over some tremendous trifle.

Few Courts indeed have been more tedious and uninspiring than his. Even Lord Hervey's wit and the Queen's sprightly flow of talk could not dissipate the gloom, which after their death within six years of each other must have been almost intolerable. This dreariness also had its pathetic side, especially during the last years of Walpole's ministry, when the Prince of Wales was in almost open rebellion against his parents, and the ablest men had fled to his camp, leaving the Court a solitude. Even the most respectable tastes of the King and Queen were turned to ridicule. Because they admired Handel they were left to sit freezing at his empty Haymarket Opera, whence my Lord Chesterfield once hastily withdrew, fearing indiscreetly to intrude upon their majesties' privacy; while the wits would only applaud Handel's rival Buononcini. But for all his dulness George II. served a good turn to the English nation in maintaining a standard of stolid solidity, vastly more effective against the designs of discontented Jacobites than would have been a wittier and less calculable monarch.

Pitt as an officer in a favoured regiment, and from his family connexions, could no doubt easily have acquired royal favour and political success through the dismal avenue of the Court. His father's service as Clerk of the Green Cloth would have made his name familiar to George II., the Stanhopes were his kin, his maternal uncle, Lord Grandison, had been raised to an earldom on account, says the Peerage, 'of his personal merits 'and noble descent'; and the only extant letters of his mother asking for a lordship of the bedchamber for her brother, show that she was a person of some account in the circle of Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales. His sister Anne, who inherited all the parents' good looks, and shared with William the legacy of passionate vigour, masterfulness, and a somewhat dour and

disconcerting wit left to the family by the Governor, cast in her lot with the ruling powers by accepting in the year 1733 the post of maid-of-honour to the Queen. This appointment no doubt helped Pitt to keep in touch with the Court, for Anne was his favourite sister, and, though the two had their violent quarrels, hardly surprising between two people 'qui se ressemblaient,' as Horace Walpole observed, 'comme deux gouttes de feu,' they never lost their mutual esteem. At this period their relations were particularly tender, according to the testimony of a MS. poem addressed to Miss Pitt, and preserved in the Suffolk papers. After alluding to Anne's careful and circumspect behaviour at Court,

'By Honour, Reason, and by Suffolk led,'

the verses express a lively gratitude for her sympathy with the loss of the writer's sister and proceed :

'May never Wound like that thy bosom tear,
The only shock it has not strength to bear !
May I in dust insensible be laid
Rather than War thy brother's life invade,
Rather than live all helpless to sustain
My own Despair and thy more tort'ring Pain !
. . . . . .
Long shall he live and every Hour improve
His fame and merit, our Esteem and Love,
Live in the Senate or the Field to stand
Firm and unshaken for his native land,
Live to admit a Rival in your Heart
To yield a Husband ev'n the warmer Part,
To see the Wife and Mother's happier Fame
Compleat whate'er adorns your Virgin Name.'

Incidentally these atrocious lines have an additional interest in attesting the high hopes held of Pitt's future and the expectation that he would distinguish himself in Parliament, at a time when he was not even a member of the House of Commons.*

But in spite of some temptations to join the Court party Pitt chose the rougher path of opposition. It was the natural course for a young man of spirit when he found that

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* The verses occur in B.M. Add. MSS. 22629. They were most probably written in 1733 or early in 1734, since in August of the latter year Lady Suffolk retired from Court. Pitt was not elected to Parliament until 1735.

Anne never yielded to a husband the warmer part.

all the best brains of the country were on that side; and, as Lady Louisa Stuart observed, 'opposition . . . is almost 'always a much more sociable body than the partisans of 'Government. The part of attacking raises people's spirits, 'gives them the spring of a vigorous courser on rising ground, 'makes them all hope and animation.' The opposition centred round Frederick Prince of Wales, who ever since his belated arrival in England in 1729 had been discovering fresh causes of disaffection to his royal parents, the earliest being the inadequacy of his allowance from the King. Being supported in his complaints by the leading members of the opposition, he gradually identified himself with all their measures. He found a grievance in his sister's marrying before himself in 1733, especially since his own marriage with Carlyle's lively Wilhelmina of Prussia, with whom he was madly in love though he had never seen her, had been quietly thrust into the background. In the same year also he allowed his private secretary, Bubb Dodington, to keep silent in the House about the Excise Bill, and his Groom of the Bedchamber, Townshend, to vote against it, and on all occasions he showed distinctions to Lords Cobham, Stair, and Chesterfield, some of its most violent opponents. But though able to inflict cruel wounds on his parents by his favour to the opposition, the Prince personally gave little strength to his own side. He was weak and ill-educated, susceptible to the grossest flattery and utterly incapable of holding any elevated views on affairs of state.

The real organiser of the opposition was Bolingbroke. In all English history there is hardly any figure more pathetic than that of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the clinging charm of whose name seems exactly fitted to his wonderful genius. Exuberant in all the manifestations of his nature, he had scandalised the town in King William's reign by his extravagant and dissolute life, as he had captured the imagination of his countrymen under Queen Anne by the brilliancy of his intellect, by his speeches, one of which Chatham's son would rather have recovered than the best compositions of antiquity, and by the audacity of his political career. When Pitt first came under his influence the blight of twenty years' exile and disgrace had settled upon him. Though he never seems to have become soured by misfortune or quite to have lost his buoyancy of nature, he then presented that saddest of spectacles—a man, who had once as a leader been petted by Fortune and courted by his fellows, reduced to secure his audience by courting those younger or inferior in attainments to himself. Carteret and possibly Pulteney alone of that band of 'Patriots,' to whom he

was the pontiff, were fitted to consort with him on equal terms in their meetings at Dawley or in Pope's villa at Twickenham ; and they only used his talents to serve their own momentary ends. The spring of Bolingbroke's activity at this time was personal hatred of Walpole, to whom he owed the bitterness of a favour in his recall from exile and the lasting injury of exclusion from political life in Parliament. But, though personal in its origin and often factious in its manifestations, Bolingbroke's hatred was in the main turned to national ends.

While it is difficult to exaggerate Walpole's service to the country in accustoming the people to a stable and quiet government under the new dynasty, his system had a grave political defect in encouraging the belief that opponents of his ministry were enemies of the state. At one time there was some ground for this belief, since there was a real danger that the opposition should become identified exclusively with rebels on the one hand, whose main object was to restore the Roman Catholic dynasty, and on the other with discontented Whig politicians, preoccupied not with national interests but with their own thwarted ambitions. Bolingbroke's merit was to attempt a fusion between these two classes on the ground of a common national policy in harmony with the existing constitutions : the extreme Tories he taught to understand that a change of dynasty was no longer possible even if desirable, and individual malcontents among the Whigs that personal pique or a desire for office were not a sufficient basis for opposition. He thus completed Walpole's system of making the administration national and constitutional by forming an opposition equally national and constitutional in the aims it professed. However malevolent in their origin and short-sighted in practice the 'Craftsman's' attacks on Walpole's Excise Bill of 1733 may have been, they at any rate trained the Whig and Tory allies, who abetted him in these aggressive tactics, to treat politics from a practical standpoint and to formulate a broad and consistent policy.

To inspire this new creed of opposition Bolingbroke himself was pre-eminently fitted. Though wanting in stability and persistence and superficial in his writings, he was an adroit politician, while his knowledge of domestic and foreign affairs was grounded on long practice and constant study of new circumstances. Of the elder men who helped him with their experience the most capable were Sir William Wyndham, William Pulteney, and Lord Carteret. Wyndham was a Tory, but, as Bolingbroke told Lyttelton in later years, was the first of that party to cast off his feelings for the

Pretender and to take up the idea of a coalition against what seemed to him a bad government for England. He was respected on both sides of the House for his honesty and his judgement; 'he was,' said Speaker Onslow, 'the most 'made for a great man of any one that I have known in 'this age. Everything about him seemed great'; and Mahon adds the high praise that 'he deserved to be the rival 'of Walpole and the friend of St. John.' Pulteney, more infirm of purpose and less public-spirited, was nevertheless the ablest debater in the House, and, as a pamphleteer, second only to Bolingbroke, whose chief support he was on the 'Craftsman.' But Carteret was the finest genius of them all. An exquisite Greek scholar, speaking French like his own tongue and an accomplished man of the world, he had a real grasp of foreign affairs and as lofty a conception of England's place in Europe as Palmerston himself had in later years. When Pitt first came into Bolingbroke's circle, Carteret was in the full vigour of his great powers, and willingly imparted some of his own political lore to the young cornet in whom he must have recognised a kindred fire. The two afterwards parted company, but forty years later Chatham still recalled what he owed to Carteret in noble words of gratitude: 'In the upper departments of 'government Lord Granville had not his equal; and I feel a 'pride in declaring that to his patronage, to his friendship, 'and instruction I owe whatever I am.'

The Excise Bill of 1733 enabled Bolingbroke and his three chief adherents to create the formidable party against Walpole which finally compassed his downfall. The Bill was nowhere popular, and it was finally killed by the 'Craftsman,' which stirred up the agitation against it in the country to an unprecedented extent. This was Bolingbroke's first triumph, and Walpole proceeded to play into his hands by the savage revenge he took upon all his own supporters who had expressed disapproval of the measure. Instead of conciliating them after withdrawing the Bill as a concession to their views, he dismissed them all from their posts and threw them irrevocably into Bolingbroke's and Pulteney's arms. The dangerously witty Chesterfield had to yield up his staff as Steward of the Household, and the Duke of Montrose, with Lords Clinton, Burlington, Marchmont, and Stair, lost his place. Two officers, the Duke of Bolton and Pitt's patron, Lord Cobham, were even deprived of their regiments. Walpole's very success in the general election of 1734, when his henchman, the Duke of Newcastle, first displayed his unrivalled skill as a political manager, only confirmed the growing impression that Walpole's sole art in government

lay not in representing the popular opinion, but in securing personal pre-eminence by all the arts of corruption and the unscrupulous abuse of political pressure. Outwardly the Government was as strong as ever, and Walpole could still affect to laugh at his enemies' attacks. With all the power and patronage of the state at his back he sneered at the young 'Patriots,' as they were called, telling them they 'would soon come off that and grow wiser.' But his usefulness was passing, for his administration was losing any animating ideas, and his own policy 'quieta non movere' had lost the real political value it contained during the first twenty years of the House of Hanover.

Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Wyndham, and Carteret on the other hand opened out a field of inquiry and discontent which implied some life and energy. They began to ask the reason for institutions and lines of policy which the Government treated as accepted facts. What, for example, was the good of a standing army, at the very time when the fixed principle of Government appeared to be peace at any price, if it were not to bolster up an arbitrary power by 'those casuists in red who, having swords by 'their sides, are able at once to cut those Gordian knots which 'others must untie by degrees'? The outcry against an excise and excisemen gained much plausibility when it was seen what a powerful instrument for electoral corruption was provided by places in the Customs: the numerous tales of unredressed wrongs from Spain and the apathy of the government at France's apparent success in the War of the Polish Succession, the King's manifest preference for Hanover and Hanoverian interests and his contemptuous treatment of the Prince of Wales, all lent weight to the opposition clamours against a Government which during Walpole's last Parliament was content to enjoy command without the semblance of a vigorous national policy. Above all, the grinding dulness of the Court and ministerial circles, their gross and stupid pleasures, and their soulless indifference to all the nobler intellectual and spiritual cravings of the country, drove all the young men of promise and ambition into the ranks led by Bolingbroke. Pope, the poet of the age and the high priest of taste, writing to Swift in 1736, shows the spirit which animated the men with whom his friend Bolingbroke had brought him into touch:

'I have acquired without my seeking a few chance acquaintances of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I and the world have lost or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished

themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency and contempt of corruption.'

Rarely indeed in our history has such a galaxy of eager and public-spirited young men been gathered together for a common object as the youthful Patriots who learned their politics from Bolingbroke and his friends. The oldest of them was Chesterfield, just forty when he was dismissed by Walpole in 1734, and already experienced in the mysteries of Court etiquette and diplomacy. His wit and his cynicism in private life have often obscured to later generations his sound political sense and the important part he took in bringing to an end Walpole's ministry. The first two letters printed in the Chatham Correspondence show that he could inspire younger men with a conviction of his patriotism and statesmanship, and that Pitt himself turned for guidance to one who afterwards partly justified this confidence by his enlightened toleration and the wisdom of his government in Ireland. Among the younger men one of the ablest was Murray, whose success at the bar soon fulfilled the promise of his Oxford days, and who was made famous when barely thirty by Mr. Pope addressing to him one of the 'Imitations of Horace.' Quarendon, whom Lady Louisa Stuart remembered as Lord Lichfield, 'a red-faced old gentleman who had almost drunk 'away his senses,' was then 'a bud of genius fostered by the 'opposition chiefs as likely to prove the future pride of their 'garland.' Polwarth, Marchmont's son, noted for his impetuous honesty and independence and for the affection of Pope and Bolingbroke, was also of the band ; and Cornbury, to whom Bolingbroke addressed his 'Letters on the Study 'of History,' a great-grandson of the Chancellor Clarendon and grandson of Dryden's Hushai. With them Cobham, after his dismissal, finally cast in his lot, bringing with him his 'cubs,' Lyttelton, the Grenvilles, Robert and George, and young Pitt. The extraordinary regard in which the last was held by his fellows in this company, even before he had reached the age of thirty, is shown by the opinion frequently expressed of him by Lyttelton and by the following letter which Lord Cornbury wrote him in 1736 : 'For the good of others I form 'many wishes about you ; for your own I can wish you nothing 'but to continue the same man, whether Happyness or Vanity 'be your aim, that will secure either.' In a copy of verses addressed 'to Mr. Wm. Pitt' by the same writer, whose good feeling is superior to his poetical talent, he exclaims :

'Your Zeal shall animate, your Prudence guide,
And the true Patriot Band shall not despair.
Thou gallant youth whom storms unshaken find
While wisely steering in the adverse Gale.
May Heav'n with equal Prudence arm thy Mind
While prosp'rous Fortune swells thy spreading Sail.'

Nor was the band composed solely of men whose primary interest was political ambition. At times of political ferment, such as occurred during the concluding years of Walpole's administration and such as exists to-day, a wave of political feeling seems to carry along all that is best in the youth of the nation to think and talk of little but the urgent evils of our state and how to remedy them. The great Mr. Pope himself set the fashion in literary circles by entering whole-heartedly into the political schemes of his friend Bolingbroke. Largely by his influence his friends, Burlington, Cobham, Marchmont, and Chesterfield, were first attracted to the movement, and his own loyalty to it was confirmed in 1735 by a judicious visit to Twickenham of Frederick Prince of Wales himself. Later he made a meeting-place for the conciliabula of the opposition at his own villa, in that

'Egerian grot
Where nobly pensive St. John sate and thought;
Where *British* sighs for dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot from Marchmont's soul;'

and he expressed in the 'Epistle to Augustus' and the 'Epilogue' to the Satires' all that the most polished invective and irony in our literature could convey of the feelings of the opposition. All the other great stars of the literary world were on the same side; Swift of course sympathised; and Gay, before he died in 1732, had suffered persecution for the political innuendoes in his 'Beggar's Opera' and its unacted sequel 'Polly.' Thomson, author of 'The Seasons,' began in 1735 a tiresome poem on Liberty, of which, says Johnson, 'no man felt the want, and '. . . which was not in danger.' It was finished in 1736 and dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who pensioned the poet and employed him with Mallet to compose for performance at Clifden the masque 'Alfred,' notable for its ode, 'Rule 'Britannia.' Pitt had 'a sincere value for the amiable author,' and in 1743 busied himself with Lyttelton in getting his 'Tancred and Sigismunda' produced by Garrick at Drury Lane. Previously Thomson had endured the usual fate of opposition bards in having a play—'Edward and Eleanora'—rejected by

the censor. Too indolent and good-humoured to take politics very seriously,

'A bard . . . more fat than bard beseems,'

he yet enjoyed the society he found at Pope's villa, to which he often strolled from his own cottage at Kew.

Another, greater than Thomson, took a more active part in attacking Walpole. Henry Fielding, who in early youth had with Pitt worshipped learning 'in her favourite fields, where the 'limpid, gently rolling Thames washes her Etonian banks,' had come back from Leyden with no less ardour for the political fray than for the joys of conviviality. In 1735 he took the small theatre in the Haymarket and produced 'Pasquin,' which earned a great success, principally for its attacks on Walpole and 'Lord 'Fanny.' In 1737 another attack on Walpole in 'The Register' led to the establishment of the censorship from which Fielding and many others of the opposition suffered. Thereupon, Fielding turned to journalism, and, as Captain Hercules Vinegar in his paper 'The Champion' continued his anti-ministerial campaign. Fielding, for a different reason from Thomson's, was not thoroughly at one with the band of Patriots who formed the elegant society at Twickenham and at Stowe, for his Bohemianism was too ingrained for that; but the warmth of his relations with his old Eton comrades Lyttelton and Pitt, combatants in the same battle, is attested in the pages of his great novel.

Of minor poets there was no dearth among the members of the Prince of Wales's Court. One of his equerries, James Hammond, as man of pleasure 'the joy and dread of Bath,' in the words of his friend Lyttelton, and as a poet who sang the charms of Kitty Dashwood the Oxfordshire toast and died for grief at not being allowed to claim them as his own, had some ephemeral reputation. Another 'whiffler in poetry,' David Mallet, 'alias 'Malloch,' is better remembered in connexion with a contemptuous phrase of Dr. Johnson about Bolingbroke's unbelief. Glover, also a Patriot poet, is known for the name of his play 'Leonidas' and for his ballad on 'Admiral Hosier's 'Ghost,' and Brooke, a friend of Swift and of Pitt, who introduced him to the Prince, performed the patriotic function of writing yet another play, 'Gustavus Vasa,' doomed to extinction by the censor.

Three women, as different from one another as members of that amiable and capricious sex can be, were peculiarly identified with the Patriots. The terrible old Duchess Sarah sought their aid to satisfy a personal pique, and singled out two of

them, Chesterfield and Pitt, to benefit under her will. Her arrogance made her a bad counsellor, but in her grim way she showed shrewdness in her judgement of efficiency in patriotic effort. Lady Suffolk was as gentle as Atossa was savage, and, though she took no active part in politics, especially after her retirement from Court in 1734, in her pleasant home at Marble Hill, Twickenham, adorned for her by poets and statesmen, she made welcome Pope and all his friends, charming them with her amiability and her accurate, if lengthy, stories of events at Court. The third was Prior's and Gay's Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, Cornbury's sister, and the most impertinent and daintiest of rogues. She it was who had sent the saucy answer to the King, when he forbade her the Court for collecting subscriptions in his own palace on behalf of Gay's 'Polly' after it had been forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. Later she attacked the second estate of the realm, when they excluded peeresses from their debates, by spending half a day with the Duchess of Ancaster and other sprightly dames knocking at the doors of the House and then finally entering it by a ruse. Used from her childhood to the compliments and pettings of all the wits and poets, she was unspoiled by their incense and returned them the greatest benefit that can befall such high mortals by frankly teasing and rallying them and teaching them that a pretty woman has no respect for outward dignities. She even exchanged banter with the great Dr. Swift. She was an intimate friend of Anne Pitt, and among the Patriots specially singled out Pitt as worthy of her regard. The lightness and easy wit of the Duchess, joined to her sincerity and hearty loyalty to those she cared for, made her just the friend needed by Pitt at this stage of his life to drive out of him some of the stiffness and coldness which his early training had induced, to mellow him and render him more human.

Such was the society that helped to give clothing to Pitt's ideas during the last ten years of Walpole's ministry, the first ten of his own manhood. He was fortunate in learning to know so early most of the men with whom he would come into relation during his political career; fortunate, too, in being carried back to the traditions of the Revolution period by statesmen who remembered it and had ruled the country in the reign of the last Stuart. But no politician is a good politician who has thought and talked of nothing but politics. Here again Pitt was happy in his opportunities. With Burlington he could discuss points of taste, and the principles of architecture and of gardening —arts wherein his own advice was soon sought by his friends. With Carteret and Fielding he could cap classical quotations and

with Pope and his fellow-poets discourse on the arts of rhyme, in which he also dabbled, though with poor success. And, albeit rebels, all his companions were men and women of breeding formed to the usages of society and accustomed to command. For a weaker man this might have been a disadvantage in destroying his sympathetic insight into the needs of his countrymen; with Pitt it never had this effect, for to the end of his life he kept in touch with the workers of the nation. Eager and public-spirited as the life was, it was also pleasant. For the friends spent much of their time visiting one another at Lyttelton's Hagley, at Cobham's Stowe, at West's place in Kent, at Ambresbury, the Queensberrys' Wiltshire seat, and at Clifden's wooded hill above the Thames.

Thus the rigour and strenuousness of Pitt's early training at Eton and at Oxford were much mitigated in the fourteen succeeding years, when he was beginning to shape his own career. They were years which finally determined his bent, for during them he was elected to Parliament and was driven out of the army for a speech in the House. During them also he acquired those tastes for gardening and designing and that love of social intercourse which served to allay the solitude of his soul. He learned, too, much that he had missed at school—knowledge of humanity, whatever of suppleness he ever gained in dealing with men, and statecraft from the personal experience of rulers. Such years of pleasant relaxation mingled with a serious interest in affairs and men were no doubt the finishing touch to the inexplicable grandeur of the complete statesman as he was finally revealed.

Art. IV.—CLERICAL LIFE IN FRENCH FICTION.

1. *Un Prêtre Marié, &c.* By Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris.
2. *Le Maudit, &c.* By T. H. Michon. Paris, 1864.
3. *L'Abbé Tigrane, &c.* By Ferdinand Fabre. Paris, 1873.
4. *L'Empreinte.* By Édouard Estaunié. Paris, 1904.
5. *Lettres d'un Curé, &c.* By Yves Le Querdec. Paris, 1895.

Heinrich Heine, greatest of ironic humourists, playing with popular traditions, dwelt long on the fantasy of 'die 'Götter im Exil.' He has recounted the fate of his poor Olympian emigrants: of Mars pursuing the avocation of a common headsman, of Apollo tending his cattle under the mean disguise of a cowherd. He has inscribed a running commentary on the destiny of the Immortals divested of the purple, whose obscured radiance penetrated the rags of base vesture only to emphasise the abject condition of their fallen estate. But possibly a worse fate than any which befell the gods has befallen some amongst the great transcendental ideals of human aspiration. These too translated into action, embodied in the practices of the common herd, wander masked upon the earth, shorn of spiritual dignity, exposed to the scorn of those whose hearts have never worshipped upon the heights where ideals are born. These, no less than the gods, are exiles in their incarnation of dull clay, although with them also faint gleams of pristine brightness tell of the glories of the mountain top which was their cradle and their birthplace. Amongst such ideals the sacerdotal ideal in its abstract form, and released from accessories of dogmatic theology, has afforded a theme for many a writer who, without Heine's conscious design, as without his tragic wit, has pictured the travesty life offers of its own highest conceptions.

Setting aside the anthropological theories concerning the origins of primitive priesthoods, the instinct which from age to age has continuously exhibited its vitality in the appointment of a sacerdotal caste evolved in the Western world its distinct idea of a body of officials, into whose charge the community at large might entrust the care of what nations united by a common creed consider their spiritual welfare. From these administrants of the affairs of the soul the secular portion of mankind demanded from the first, with implied acknowledgement of their own inadequacies, some measure of more or less supermundane virtue. And whether the priest thus relegated to

more elevated spheres than his fellows was looked upon according to Catholic doctrine as the delegate and deputy of God above, in possession of certain divine monopolies, privileges, and prerogatives, or whether as in Protestant estimation he was regarded as the nominee of man below, a specific ideal of a divine detachment, a surrender of self to the greater glory of God and to the more perfect serving of men, attached itself to his character as the ministrant of holy things.

Borrowed no doubt in part from Eastern tradition, but modelled and modified by Western usage, the Catholic Church adopted and translated according to its own interpretation this instinctive idealism. The dogmas of councils formulated it. They subjected it to rules and discipline, stereotyped it in decrees, and not content with tracing its pattern from the sunrise heavens, cast it in a mould of iron drawn from the mines of earth. The Church issued the ideal as a law-book. Aspiration was reduced to obligation. And as religion crystallised into its institutional framework, the visions of ascetics were promulgated in the authoritative formulas of an autocratic hierarchy. In later centuries it was said 'l'homme de Manrèse commande 'les extases comme une manœuvre militaire.' Incorporated in officialdom the priesthood became an administrative department of an immense international organisation swayed and directed by a central despotism.

History recounts how the spiritual conception fared. The chronicle of the destiny overtaking great ideas holds few examples of more tragic interest. Apart from history, fiction, the *novella* of culture, the folk-tale of the people, mirrored with licence no ecclesiastical censure could curb the corruption of clerical life during the period when depravity, such as the 'Decameron' depicts, reigned amongst all classes, and the chief ground of astonishment would seem to be the fact that any standard of right doing, secular or religious, survived the flood-tide of vice. That it did survive, and more especially in relation to the sacerdotal ideal, the writings of the Renaissance testify. 'Croire au sacrilège est une manière de croire à Dieu.' And a living belief in the conception is attested by those who derided in the priest the sins they condoned in the secular. The main force, indeed, of popular satire vented itself on the clergy, upon whose degradation the gross *conte-à-rire* of the peasant and the culture-fiction of early vernacular literature dwelt with vindictive malice. The spectacle of the opposition exhibited between precept and practice offered an easy exercise to the coarse wit of the professional jester, gave point to the ribaldry of the buffoon, and envenomed the denunciations of authors, such as the Italian

Masuccio, in whose hands ridicule became the weapon of the moralist.

The day of the classic satirist expired. The faith which resented, the scepticism which mocked, the desecration of the ideal found new vehicles of expression. Modern writers, though rarely without bias of partisanship where the priest has been singled out for treatment as a central figure, have dealt with the main features of clerical life from a totally different standpoint. They have recognised the ideal as M. Michon expounds it by the mouth of a Jesuit neophyte:

> 'Je poursuivais un idéal. Avoir pris l'être tout entier, ses facultés puissantes, son expansion d'amour et de volonté, sa capacité d'intelligence, ses sens même, organes toujours si rebelles aux compressions combinées par la théorie ascétique; avoir réduit tout cela à n'être plus qu'un instrument docile à la grâce d'en haut; avoir tué l'homme charnel pour exalter l'homme spirituel et amener celui-ci aux délices ininterrompues de la contemplation et de l'amour, me semblait le but le plus élevé de la vie humaine, et je croyais pouvoir l'atteindre.' *

They have also recognised that scandals persisted side by side with that ideal: 'Tout cela est laid,' Stendhal, amongst anti-clericals, writes after treating of the professors, pupils, and methods of the seminary described in 'Le Rouge et le Noir,' 'et autant plus laid que le dessein est plus vrai. Ce sont ce-'pendant là les seuls professeurs de morale qu'ait le peuple, et 'sans eux que deviendrait-il?'

Stendhal's outlook has been shared by many of the authors whose works make up the sum of clerical fiction in France. Rousseau, the first in many fields, heads with his 'Vicaire Savo-'yard' the long train of sacerdotal figures. Other novelists followed fast in the wake of the great innovator. Stendhal's master-study, l'abbé Julio,† whose 'perfect incredulity was not 'altogether becoming in a future curé,' belonged to the minor grades of the priesthood. The old pastor of Verrières, pious, honest, guarding the interests of his poor to his own undoing; the upright and repellent Jansenist abbé, Pirard, conducting a single-handed resistance to devotional innovations: to Marie Alacoque, the Sacré Cœur, the Jesuits and his bishop; the urbane and courtly Parisian prelate of Besançon; the youthful bishop d'Agde in his sumptuous laces, rehearsing anxiously the part he is about to perform in royal ceremonial: 'il continuait

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* Le Jésuite.

† Le Rouge et le Noir.

' à donner des bénédictions, exécutées lentement mais en nombre ' infini, sans se reposer un instant,' before the mirror, lest his years should lend some aspect of frivolity to the gesture ; these and many other carefully discriminated types anticipated the creations of later authors. Stendhal's greater contemporary, Balzac, in his ' Curé de Tours,' presented a detailed sketch of provincial rivalries and of a moral nullity nourishing evils as contrary to any ideal as mortal sins ; while his ' Curé de Village ' was perhaps the initial letter to a type which modern fiction has familiarised : the character of the devout and humble shepherd of the fold, belonging, howsoever imperfectly, to the order of lesser saints with, it must be allowed, an admixture in large doses of the simpleton. Amongst these, Victor Hugo's Monseigneur Myriel may also take his place, whose noble lowliness of mind in his godward relationship was only equalled by his wide and tolerant humanity in relation to the sins and sorrows of his fellow-men. Every reader can recall the charm with which the great anti-clericalist endowed the episcopal figure in patched *soutane*, who retains the gaiety, the wit, the courtesy of the gay young émigré. Something of the play-actor maybe clings to the prelate in the little household where the old sister and the old servant bring the submission of saints to the holy caprices of their adored despot. But monseigneur has humour enough to laugh at ' ma grandeur,' and dignity enough not to fear the losing of it. In prayer beside the criminal upon the scaffold, at play with children, fearless, gentle, jealous of the non-christian virtue of unregenerate revolutionists, of doubtful rectitude in the appropriation of the value of sacred ornaments to the use of the poor, of undoubted unveracity in his replies to police investigation concerning the silver candlesticks of which the convict-guest has relieved his host, he is, in Hugo's summary, ' un prêtre, un sage, et un homme,' in whose eyes ' a rich priest ' is a contradiction in terms ' and whose possessions are possessed only as his Master's deputy : ' Ce n'est pas ici ma maison,' Jean Valjean learns from his entertainer, ' c'est la maison de Jésus-Christ. Cette porte ne demande pas à celui qui entre s'il a un nom, mais s'il a un douleur. Qu'ai-je besoin de savoir ' votre nom ? Vous en avez un que je savais—vous vous appelez ' mon frère.'

To the class of recalcitrants, recalcitrants in whom the man has, for the most part, effaced the characteristics of the priest, belong Barbey d'Aurevilly's melodramatic heroes, whom the Catholic reactionist, governed always by his pictorial extravagance, invariably presents not in the observance but in the flagrant breach of their obligations. Zola has extended the

gallery of portraits: his 'Rome' brings the princes and princelings of the Church in view, accomplished worldlings, ambitious politicians, whose thoughts and deeds, whether for good or evil, have little or no correspondence with the spiritual standard of their vocation. Reversing his methods of delineation, he has also in 'Le Rêve' outrivalled his forebears in romance. Monseigneur de Hautfort is a potentate as magnificent in spiritual royalty as Monseigneur Myriel in spiritual virtue. 'Mince et 'noble, ses yeux d'aigle luisaient, son nez un peu fort accentuait 'l'autorité souveraine de sa face, adoucie par sa chevelure 'blanche,' he passes with eyes of invincible youth fixed on the great rayed sun of the sacred vessel enshrining the Host, beneath the purple velvet of the gold-ringed canopy in the gorgeous pageant of the Fête Dieu. Or again at that hour when not less stately of mien the prince-bishop with his own hands bears the Viaticum to the little workgirl who lies in the unconsciousness of her slow dying, lit by holy tapers, anointed with holy oil; when touched by pity, in all the supreme pride of his ancient blood, the stern ascetic is minded to recall that flitting life to its joy of earth, and 'Monseigneur se rappelant les miracles de sa race—baisa Angélique sur la 'bouche.' It is an episode contrasting at every point with Flaubert's treatment of an identical scene in Madame Bovary, and might serve as a complete illustration of the different descriptive methods employed by the romantic emotionalist and the resolute naturalism of the impassive indifferentist.

In the hands of M. Michon, M. Yves Le Querdec, and M. Fabre, studies of clerical life became a *genre* apart: 'Depuis que 'vous avez inauguré le roman religieux vous avez derrière vous 'toute une légion de singes,' cries the confrère of the novelist hero in Michon's 'Fils de Prêtre.' With M. Michon the moral purpose dominated the aesthetic. A polemical modernist, he proffers excuse for his appearance—an anonymous appearance—as novelist: 'Comment un prêtre s'est-il décidé à écrire un 'roman? Le roman est la forme littéraire qui va le mieux aux 'esprits de notre temps. L'auteur a pris ce cadre comme 'Platon celui du dialogue, comme Pascal celui d'une correspond-'ance,' he explains in the preface to 'Le Maudit.' A thinker rather than a romance-writer, he is forced to propagate his ideas under the only form which will secure a popular hearing for his attempt to inculcate not the abolition but the transformation of the 'symbols' of Catholic creed and to unveil the incalculable injury to religion effected by spiritual tyrannies as well as by the suppression of the strongest of human

instincts in the enforced celibacy of the priesthood. The novels * his opinions inspired are studies drawn from a close and continuous observation of the religious life and of the detrimental results ensuing from the practical workings of institutional sacerdotalism, more especially as embodied in the organisation of the Company of Loyola, where the principle of sacerdotal authority finds, in his estimation, its most virulent manifestation. A more recent author, M. Yves Le Querdec, as an orthodox Catholic progressive recognising the necessity of the modernisation of religious practices out of harmony with present conditions of life and thought, is no less preoccupied with a moral purpose when he presents, under a far more favourable aspect, pictures † of the labours, experiences, and characteristics of the Catholic priesthood, whether in the ranks of the village *curé* or in the dignities of the episcopal state. To M. Fabre, alone amongst those who have restricted their writings to the study of clerical *mœurs*, it apparently fell to treat his theme with a neutrality of mind equally unswayed by the animus of the reformer or the narrowed prepossessions of a partisan.

I

The portrayal of the priest presents unusual difficulties to the aesthetic conscience of the naturalist. He is confronted with a life-model indeed, but with a model of life in one of its most specialised forms. Nor is it an easy matter for spectators without the pale to grasp the profound modifications of instinct, taste, habit, and character induced by seminarist education with its systematic attempt to remodel man's nature into correspondence with the Church's sacerdotal ideal. M. Le Querdec acknowledges that the barrier erected between priest and layman is so complete as to appear almost a racial distinction : 'nos 'vicaires au sortie du séminaire, ont toutes les peines du monde 'à comprendre les idées du monde qui les entoure et à parler son 'langage.' ‡ Conversely the layman is equally disqualified from entering into any full comprehension of the conditions incident to the sacerdotal estate. Commentators on M. Le Querdec's work assert that it would have been impossible for any man except a priest to have attained to the intimate acquaintance with the

* Le Maudit. Le Confesseur. Le Jésuite. Le Curé de Campagne. Le Fils de Prêtre, &c.

† Lettres d'un Curé. Journal d'un Évêque, &c.

‡ Journal d'un Évêque.

affairs, personal and parochial, of clerical life displayed in his epistolary journals, where the day by day events of a parish are recorded. M. Michon no less emphasised the estrangement of the secular from the sacerdotal world : ' Il fallait votre éduca-' tion, votre existence parmi les prêtres pour bien faire parler ' les prêtres.' M. Fabre confirms the assertion. He, too, owed his gift in this particular *genre* to his upbringing : ' Ce sont ces ' études ecclésiastiques et les fréquentations issues de son long ' séjour au séminaire qui lui imposèrent en quelque sorte les ' sujets et les types de ses romans.' * Other novelists, more gifted, robust or fortunate, could venture into other fields; for him he must content himself ' dans mon diocèse,' certain that there alone his vitality would flow into his creations. †

A scheme rigidly complete, this *formation* and isolation of the priest, by the application of what have been called the laws of spiritual psychology, includes the elimination of all those primitive emotional impulses, the love of woman, the desire of fatherhood, the instinct of home, which, perhaps even more in the Latin than in other races, determine the course of men's lives. Further, as the suppression of those instincts leading to the foundation of the family is necessitated by the ideal of celibacy, so also, as a prelude to a career of official obedience, the root principle of individualism is undermined in the building up of an order where consideration of the personal capacity of the unit is always subordinated to the consideration of all that conduces to the efficiency of the organisation as a whole.

Thus uprooted from the common ground, transplanted into a soil artificially prepared, submitted to a unique species of culture, set apart from the outer world, screened from the winds that blow, the suns that burn, the frost that braces, from the stains, the dust, the many accidents and adventures of the open road, the candidate for ordination is subjected to a combination of influences designed to sunder him in sympathy from the common fraternity of humankind. Habits, even to minute details of gesture and pose, are inculcated, a tone of thought and feeling stimulated, which, whether repudiated or not in later years, leave, perforce, an indelible imprint. And few individualities, except in instances where the wax is too fluid or its surface too adamantine to receive the seal, undergo the discipline of prolonged seminarist training without bearing the mark throughout life.

'Au sortir du séminaire,' Zola records the exit of l'abbé

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* Dict. de la Littérature Française.

† Ma Vocation.

Mouret, whose tragic triumph over the survivals of human nature in the priest is his theme *—

'il avait eu la joie de se voir étranger parmi les autres hommes, de ne plus marcher comme eux, de porter autrement la tête, d'avoir des gestes, des mots, des sentiments à part. Il se sentait lavé de son sexe. Cela le rendait presque fier, de ne plus tenir à l'espèce, d'avoir été élevé pour Dieu, soigneusement purgé des ordures humaines par une éducation jalouse.'

Exaggeration here no doubt there is; but turning from fiction to actuality, actuality in some measure corroborates fiction. Renan's 'Lettres du Séminaire,' † written in his early days of pious enthusiasm, picture the same aims sedulously pursued in the moral atmosphere of Le Petit Séminaire Saint-Nicholas. Attendance at sermons, funeral pomps, at rites conducted with sumptuous splendour, the 'grande grâce' of retreats diversifying the daily routine, are favours accorded to pupils advanced in learning and devotion, and the spectacle of a diorama representing a midnight mass at Saint-Etienne-du-Mont is a holiday entertainment in keeping. To the professorial staff the boys are spiritual foster-sons: 'nous ne voulons pas avoir 'des écoliers mais des enfants,' nor is there any trace of the inharmonious ebullitions of boyhood's hardy moods, of the robust pleasures, the rough prowess of physical activities inseparably associated with the English ideal of school life. 'Le 'Mois de Marie a été magnifique. Toutes superbes, fleurs 'naturelles, fleurs artificielles, draperies élégantes, lustres 'étincelants—Nous avons eu un beau pèlerinage—mais ce qu'il 'y a de plus beau, c'était de voir la ferveur de tous ces pieux 'séminaristes.' Recent fiction, in M. Estaunié's 'L'Empreinte,' supplements the picture. Renan's letters indicate the vacillations of mind besetting the neophyte in that incense-clouded air, as with a growing sense of recoil from the renunciations involved he resolves, postpones, is counselled, encouraged, shrinks again from the irrevocable vows. 'Dieu, rien que Dieu,' as George Sand expresses it, 'c'est trop ou trop peu,' and Renan finally swerves from the goal to arrive, in due course, at the conclusions of the author of 'La Vie de Jésus.' M. Estaunié's hero, Léonard Clan, enters upon the same path with a like enthusiasm at the Jesuit College of Saint-Louis de Gonzague, and the narrative is of a life spent in vain efforts to emancipate body and soul from the yoke Renan discarded. M. Estaunié presents Clan

* La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret. Paris, 1894.
† Lettres du Séminaire, 1838–1846.

as Clan sees himself, the surroundings as Clan sees and interprets them; that is to say, it is a delineation of men, things, and the world as they appear to a weak and morbid nature in which an emotional enthusiasm of youth has by outward pressure and the promptings of a diseased conscience become an *idée fixe*, at war with the contrary impulses of an awakened intellect and the saner judgement of maturity. 'La Société de Jésus accueille 'dans son sein trois sortes d'hommes. Les hommes riches, bien 'qu'ils n'aient ni naissance ni talent; des hommes de naissance 'sans talent ni fortune; des hommes de talent—la grande force 'motrice des choses—sans fortune ni naissance' M. Michon writes, and to this latter class Léonard, the juvenile Pharisee of Saint-Louis de Gonzague, belongs. His talents commend him as a desirable acquisition to the directors of the seminary, and the earlier section of the novel is occupied with the developement, under the guiding hand of Léonard's confessor, Père Propiac, of the boy's emotional temperament and the awakening sense of a special call to what Léonard learns to call his vocation.

M. Zola has expatiated more eloquently, also more coarsely, in l'abbé Mouret's reminiscences, upon the stimulation of religious emotionalism in boyhood, when the balance of life, moral, mental and physical, sways at a touch, and the sense of proportion, the sense of relative values, on which character-developements hang, are but rudimentary germs, as easily arrested or distorted as they are susceptible of direction. Mouret and Clan are, it is true, of widely different initial types. Mouret carries into all the trivialities and sentimentalities of piety the childwhite singleness of a simple heart, examining his conscience to discover those 'fautes heureuses sans lesquelles 'il n'aurait su de quoi entretenir son cœur candide.' Serge Mouret is an idealist, but he is of wholly human clay. A secular, he would have sought in earthly adoration of wife and child the satisfaction of his instinct of worship. Debarred from such ties he pursued in dreams of divine womanhood the innocence of an immense tenderness interwoven with the passion of an immense veneration.

A child, Serge collected, as other children their toy beasts of predilection, his little images of Mary:

'à son étroite bouche riante, à ses fines mains tendues: Marie entre un lis et une quenouille; Marie portant l'enfant comme une grande sœur; Marie couronnée de roses; Marie couronnée d'étoiles . . . images si jeunes sous leurs voiles, que, malgré leur nom de Mère de Dieu, il n'avait pas peur d'elles. Elles lui semblaient avoir son âge: Marie vieillissait avec lui, toujours plus âgée d'un ou deux ans, comme

il convient à une amie souveraine.' Older, 'Il ne rêvait plus des jeux enfantins au fond du jardin céleste, mais une contemplation continue, en face de cette figure blanche . . .'

At the seminary the child-dream expands. The symbolic titles of litanies and antiphons suggest new visions. The sun clothes her, the moon is under her feet. She is Fountain, Shrine, Altar, Queen of heaven and earth; his childhood is over, yet still he walks in 'le rêve de quelque épanouissement immense 'd'amour.' No intellectualism dilutes the passion which left him after long nights of vigil exhausted on the frozen stones of his cell, and the minute trivialities of observances become as letters in an alphabet that spells the infinite love of a man's untainted soul.

Zola was inditing a romance of a nature as exempt from lower impulses as from the self-righteousness of the spiritual egoist. Serge was destined to succumb only as in a trance to the masked battery of a virgin passion. As an artist Zola was tracing, and with no irreverent hand, Serge's transition, during an aberration of will, a paralysis of memory and a suspense of self-knowledge, from the love which embraced a vision and prostrated itself before a dream, to the love of mortal pain and penalty, the aloe blossom of earth, bitter and sweet; he was tracing again that second transition involved by the reversion of Serge's re-awakened soul, when memory and self-consciousness revived, to a third phase where the asceticism of the bare Cross of expiation supplanted the languid raptures of the boy-devotee.

Clan's raptures led to no such goal. Even from boyhood they were tainted with the arid egoism of self-complacent superiority to his playmates. Admitted to the first ranks in the college chapel, a thread of flattered vanity transpierces the sincerity of his piety. His voice takes to itself the grave modulations of sacerdotalism as he recites his part in the sacred office. He is absorbed in his novel dignity, 'préfet de con-'grégation,' and the greeting of the Fathers on the morning of his exaltation—'Soyez heureux'—seems to invite a mysterious interpretation. What is this happiness?—have the reiterated words no occult significance? Vaguely at first the thought of a possible vocation haunts his brain. In what does a vocation consist? Is it a voice from within that speaks to the soul? Is it an outward bent, a *résumé* of inclination and habit? Ever on the watch for some overt manifestation of the Divine will, he imagines himself impelled by it. Prayers, instructions, casual conversations all converge to that one end. The net his hand conspires to weave is drawn closer by the hand of the observant Propiac. At once irritated and magnetised by the

obsession of that one thought, face to face with the expectant confessor, Clan is suddenly betrayed into speech. The vague idea becomes the spoken intention. Propiac receives the hesitating, tentative confidence with reticence. In the precincts of the confessional he delivers, as becomes his office, a warning. Léonard listens half bewildered at the discouragement. Then as the priest quits the confessional, 'il ouvrit les 'bras; "grand enfant! bientôt mon frère,"' Propiac cries. In that embrace the Order has taken possession of the boy, body and soul. His vocation passes from the stage of an indefinite possibility to a clear realisation of a certain purpose. The process of isolation, the setting of the seal, follows. To Léonard fall the prizes, the privileges, which sever him from his companions. Vanity within, favouriteship without, alienate his comrades; one by one his closest friends are estranged. The last tie of affection is broken, detachment with all its cold egoism sweeps aside the last obstacles—he is alone. The fruit is ripe in the orchard of God. The Père Provincial, formal, dry, severe, comes with his single question—'When?' The exaction of the pledge, action made imperative, confounds the boy's mind. The noviciate confronts him. But he is already implicitly accepted; not his any longer to assent or decline. As he goes out from the formidable interview, the sounds of the playground reach his ears—youth calls to youth—too late. With a gesture of despair Léonard passes by.

Summoned to Paris, a few days spent with his old Voltairian guardian open new vistas to the raw seminarist. He returns with doubt, hesitation, and distrust at heart. The Retreat which is to cement his resolve redoubles the force of his recoil. The days pass in meditation. The implacable doctrines of Manresa eat their way into his mind. All the Exercises lead to the same goal—indifference, for the greater glory of God, to all that God has created. Indifference to human joy, sorrow; the contempt of humankind, the heart's death, is inculcated hour by hour. Even in his biassed ignorance Léonard's soul is appalled. His choice, his own election—is it so?—*was* he free? At every decisive hour had not the Père Propiac been the governing agent? And behind Propiac a Force, the force of an Order combined against the freedom of every individual unit. They have spread a net, those men whom he has trusted; it was their interest—'tu en vaux la peine,' his guardian's warning mockery has opened his eyes. He watches furtively in the garden walks where the Virgin's statue terminates the alley of flowering shrubs and the notes of her Litany fill the evening air and the bats fly in circles with noiseless wings. There is—

'Père Anet—sa démarche, ses gestes, tout décèle son dédain de la vie. Il est épris de son propre salut, ne prêchant le ciel aux autres que pour y arriver lui-même, et tous sont pareils; le Père Boijol avec sa gaieté toujours égale, le Père Decurvil, absorbé par son rêve de martyre, le Père Bartolène, avec son sourire de velours—tous pareils, indifférents!—ils sont des cadavres.'

Léonard's choice is revoked. A Christian life—yes, of faith, chastity and loyalty—but this life? 'Jamais! Façonné pour 'la prêtrise à force d'orgueil, il y renonce par orgueil.'

He goes forth into the world to lead the life secular. Its doors are shut to him; his training has barred every road save the one from which he has turned back. In every department of intellectual activity he finds his mental organisation defective; it is an admirably mounted machine without force to produce. Ideas and ideas alone stimulate his unstable energies, his mind has no grasp of actuality. The thought of marriage, the possibility of love, honest, innocent, and true, finds him paralysed: '"J'ai peur . . . Je n'ai jamais aimé . . . Je n'arrive pas à '"aimer," : sa vocation—veuvage perpétuel: "Tu as deviné, '"j'ai l'âme d'un prêtre,"' he confesses to the sole friend he has gained in the wreck of his aspirations. 'Ni homme ni prêtre,' the experienced little citizen of Paris streets, whose love he has accepted in all its abasement, detects the dual incompleteness of the lover who seeks in a mistress temporary emancipation from servitude to a lost Christ, a discarded creed, a repudiated vocation. '"C'est *l'autre* qui est dans tes yeux." *L'autre* 'c'était l'être marqué jadis d'une empreinte indélébile, celui que 'Léonard avait cru chasser et qui était revenu. "Mon être a '"été spécialisé. . . Je traîne le désir de Dieu, comme un forçat. '"Je ne crois pas à la religion, et je m'épuise à sa recherche."' The conclusion is foregone. Years have passed by. Propiac again is at the side of his old penitent. '"Aujourd'hui, comme '"il y a huit ans, je vous répète: vous êtes l'élu de Jésus-Christ. '"Ne résistez pas." L'homme qui se tue a toujours une espér-'ance . . . le néant ou une vie nouvelle.' Léonard sullenly accepts his destiny in the act of spiritual suicide: 'un prêtre 'malgré lui.'

II

So fiction has utilised the seminarist prelude to the sacerdotal career as a motive in art. If, however, in the possibly exaggerated fashion depicted by M. Estaunié, the seminary sets its stamp upon complex temperaments, from simpler human material, and when the aim is to mould not the member of a

religious order but the parochial priest for his subordinate place in the ecclesiastical organisation, other types result.

From the Kindergarten of devotional practices of which presumably the intelligent principle is an endeavour to relax the mind without detaching it from a central idea ; from the hothouse atmosphere of religious sentiment, which—again to seek a rational purpose—may be stimulated with a view to supplanting the vagrant non-religious emotionalism of adolescence in its craving for light, colour, movement and the wide range of material pleasures, one type in especial emerges with which fiction has been singularly preoccupied, a type dominated by characteristics consonant with the ideal conception of the sacerdotal vocation. It is the type where to the exclusion of all else the priest's nature has absorbed the Godward bent of his training. Creation exists for him only as it enters into direct relationship with the divine will, the divine love. Beyond the circumference of that irradiated circle, sympathy, charity, pity, are as arrows shot into the night. The service of man is indeed included in his obligations, but he serves men only to do God service. To foster the spiritual life of souls, to secure their salvation by the ministration of sacraments, to perform the rites of the altar in perpetual homage to its Lord, is the Alpha and Omega of his consecration. And as he views the world without, so he regards himself. He is 'la chose de Dieu '—that and no more. Hence a quality of sublime humility becomes part of his spiritual developement. He, above all men, is conscious of Goethe's 'Grenzen der Menschheit,' for 'with the 'Gods who shall measure him ?' While that humility not infrequently is accompanied by an extreme timidity in worldly dealings, strangely at variance with the immense prerogatives claimed in his official capacity : 'O, que le prêtre est quelque 'chose de grand ! ' exclaims the meekest of men, Jean-Baptiste Vianney, the famous Curé d'Ars.* 'S'il se comprenait il mourait '—Dieu lui obéit. . . .Si je rencontrais un ange et un prêtre je 'saluerais le prêtre avant de saluer l'ange. Celui-ci est l'ami 'de Dieu, mais le prêtre tient sa place ! '

Added to this sense of vicarious dignity and personal disesteem, he brings from the seminary an entire ignorance concerning the rational conduct of the affairs of daily life, an estrangement from the mundane interests which mainly occupy the layman's thoughts—science, commerce, political events—and a consequent limitation of the understanding of human nature and

* G. Molyneux, 'Memoirs of the Curé d'Ars' (b. 1786) (London, 1868).

human affairs, not compensated for by the knowledge acquired in the exercise of his ministry. Such would appear to be the main features of the rural priest's professional equipment—or his lack of it.

Half a century ago the publication of the Curé d'Ars' memoirs contributed to popularise the type. The simpleton-saint became a definite figure in the modern religious world, as in medievalism the symbolic figure of Parzival, the 'pure fool,' had once reigned in all the glamour and glow of chivalrous legend. Divested of the miracle-working element, restored by novelists to the solid domain of reality, M. Fabre's l'abbé Célestin, his diminutive l'abbé Roitelet, M. Halévy's l'abbé Constantin are, if of less saintly asceticism, still of one race with l'abbé Vianney, in winning meekness, inordinate benevolence, immaculate innocence, transparent candour, childish inaptitude for the conduct of all matters lying outside the region of the soul, and in the extravagant simplicity of heart which almost amounts to an anæsthesia of the rational element.* Of such children of heaven the Church has need, says the astute candidate for episcopal dignity, the ambitious Grand-Vicaire of Montpellier, as he dismisses with smiling contempt the accusation brought by a fellow priest, not less ambitious than his superior officer, against the gentle Célestin.

'Crois-tu que si l'abbé Célestin venait jamais ici je ne serais pas heureux moi-même de rendre hommage à son angélique piété ? Mon cher—retiens ceci : les prêtres modestes, tels que le petit desservant de Lignières, sont aussi indispensables à l'Eglise que les prêtres militants tels que nous. Je veux bien que nous soyons comme les piliers robustes de l'édifice ; eux sont comme l'encens qui brûle sur l'autel et qui monte sans cesse vers Dieu.'

The finished portrait of 'Mon Oncle Célestin' if it does not belong to the first ranks of fiction is nevertheless the work of a masterly and sympathetic pen, and though the circumstances and surroundings are utterly foreign to English experience, they would seem to constitute a background painted from life. The isolation of the village priest is here as elsewhere vividly depicted. Often poor to absolute penury, often of peasant origin or drawn from the lower *bourgeoisie*, each priest is 'simple

* L'abbé Mouret's temporary aberration of passion, as also l'abbé Roche's infatuation for the frivolous little Parisienne châtelaine, give a different note to the character of M. Zola's and M. Droz's heroes, who otherwise share the saintliness as also the incompetence to deal with the affairs of daily life common to their confrères.

'soldat dans une armée de quatre-vingt mille hommes,'* a private whose whole career lies at the absolute discretion of his diocesan : 'Mon clergé est mon régiment, il doit marcher et il 'marche,' as a prelate once epitomised the position in one imperious sentence. Appointed now to this, now to that sequestered village, severed by both education and distance from the home life to which by ineradicable heritage of instinct the peasant-born priest belongs, all links of kinship, all ties of childhood's association, all traditions of local custom, are reft from him. Further, thus isolated, he stands between antagonistic authorities. On the one side, the civil power, jealous as petty dignities can render the village magnate of rival influence, and little disposed to extend protection to the representative of Rome. On the other side stands the authority of episcopal jurisdiction, powerless outside its own sphere and within it not seldom prompted more by consideration of practical policy or private interest than by a sense of individual justice, and against whose verdict appeal is practically futile.

M. Michon in 'Le Maudit' has described the exile of the young modernist, Julio de la Clavière, orator and scholar, to the solitude of the mountain presbytery of Saint-Aventin, that there amongst destitute peasants in a climate cooled by frozen waters he may become 'un homme raisonnable comme tous ses 'confrères.' He describes also the processes of Julio's vindictive persecution by his Jesuit opponents, until in the hospital of the poor, the outcast of a Church in whose faith and service he has spent his affections, his gifts, and the labours of a lifetime, he dies with the profession of belief in the sacerdotal ideal upon his lips : 'L'âme de l'humanité souffre. Le prêtre, au milieu même 'du triste formalisme dans lequel étouffe le monde religieux, peut 'faire de bien à cette âme. C'est la plus noble tâche ici-bas.' Gustave Droz again has pictured the lonely struggle of the priest of another mountain valley, † where l'abbé Roche resists single-handed the degradation of faith by the theatrical sensationalism of a new La Salette, unconsoled by the philosophic reflection 'il y a un Dieu pour les enfants, pour les faibles et 'pour les fous,' with which l'Abbé Julio witnesses a similar deception.

L'abbé Julio was a thinker, a revolutionist; L'abbé Roche a born combatant, who, falling under ecclesiastical censure, found his true vocation in an heroic missionary martyrdom. L'abbé Célestin is cast in another mould. No

* Michon (written in 1864).

† 'Autour d'une Source,' par Gustave Droz.

glimmering doubt of the infallibility of every dogma of past or present issue has ever ruffled the placid surface of his mind. He is a native of a wonder-world, peopled with angels and saints, where, walking in the lucid twilight, he hears without surprise the sounds of the voices of God, sees the foot-tracks of the invisible. The home-place of his intelligence is a land of miracle; the superstitions of the people, filtered through his clear spirituality, become merely the naive expressions of a child's faith; the materialistic grossness of popular practices is without offence in his eyes: they are but the outer garment of a worship under whose texture the soul stretches out its hands to a God who, if He created the heavens above, also created an earth beneath them. Nor has he a vestige of the virile humanity of l'abbé Roche, the priest in whom the man survives to his undoing, as he resists the demoralisation of his simple-hearted flock by the Parisian speculator, resents the patronage of the château inhabitants, falls a victim to his austerely suppressed passion, and responds with scarcely veiled contempt to the inquisitorial diplomacy of the episcopal emissary who, with smooth subterfuges, conducts an investigation where the condemnation of the unbefriended and solitary curé is a foregone conclusion.

Célestin is a saint—and a victim—of softer metal. He is the saint, if saintship may be so named, of little things. Transferred from the village where for twenty-six years his affections have rooted—'je mourrais si je devais m'éloigner de cette paroisse'—to the purer air of Lignières-sur-Graveson, in the hope of arresting the fatal progress of consumption, every prospect of the prolongation of life (which, saint though he be, Célestin anxiously desires) is assured to him. The little household of the presbytery is installed in the ancient priory of the rocky township with its vast Gothic church; Marianne, the familiar, indulgent, masterful, adoring housekeeper, whose rôle in clerical fiction recalls that of the nurse in old drama; the 'I' of the narrative (a child-nephew destined for the priesthood) and Célestin himself. Added to this trio is the little goat-herdess, Marie, to whom the priest has given harbourage. Between the boy and the old woman Célestin's days pass in devout observance of sacred ordinances and in the joyful though trembling compilation of the life of his patron saint, the episodes of whose holy career are unhappily interwoven with the records of his rival in the chair of Peter, the unsaintly Boniface. At peace with all in a great unexacting humility, Célestin enjoys to the full the trivial pleasures, the trivial affections of uneventful lives, the dishes Marianne prepares with jealous pride, the

well-roasted festival coffee, the milk of the mountain goat: 'C'est singulier comme on aime ce que l'on a,' the gentle priest exclaims as with satisfaction his eyes dwell on the flowered porcelain cups bequeathed by his predecessor, his one possession of which the sole object is not utility or devotion.

But peace is not his portion. Simple to puerility, meek to extravagance, he is the prey of every *vaurien* who carries a chaplet in his hand; of the ruffianly mendicants, the *frères libres* of St. Francis; of the depraved Italian seller of sacred images, with his face of an old apostle, *Santi Belli* Rusca. He is the victim most especially of M. le Doyen Clochard, his immediate ecclesiastical superior, whose covert malice Célestin seeks vainly to disarm: 'La solitude, la paix, je ne les ai pas . . 'La solitude peut-être réside-t-elle en ce désert, mais la paix! 'Mon Dieu, donnez-moi la paix—*da pacem, Domine!*' It is the perpetual cry of the sick man as all the petty spites of provincial scandalmongers and civic officialdom gather around him, while M. Clochard, smarting under imagined slights, lends countenance to the intrigues of the hostile forces leagued against the unresisting curé.

The last act of persecution comes. A brutal village outrage has taken its course. The little *pastoure* Marie, innocent of will and soul, has been made a village pariah. To her the timid priest, without an after-thought braving the venom of slander and the rigours of diocesan law, opens wide his door. His are the arms that tenderly cherish her new-born infant, his the tears that mourn her fate as he commends her departing soul to the prayers of the crowd assembled to celebrate the *fête patronale* of Lignières. By his decree the hapless goat-herdess is carried, 'le visage découvert comme une vierge,' upon her bier, amid fresh flowers and leaves, wreathed with lilac and almond and hawthorn blossoms, to her burial, through the throng of spectators, friends and foes, pitiful, mocking, ribald, while Célestin, absorbed in the discharge of his sacred office, preceded by the great silver crucifix, bending under the weight of heavy funeral vestments, accompanies the little *pastoure* to her last resting-place and pronounces the last benediction as he commits her body to the earth. 'Que Dieu, s'il me juge prêt à paraître à son 'tribunal, me fasse mourir durant cette cérémonie, mais aucun 'autre prêtre que moi ne récitera le Requiem sur le cercueil de 'cette pauvre enfant.'

Célestin's is the heroism of a noble coward, the courage of a stainless past and an immaculate conscience. He dies obsessed by the nervous terrors of censure, and the episcopal

sentence, brought to the sick man by the enemy who has compassed his condemnation, is a sentence of death :

'"Moi, monsieur le doyen, moi . . . interdit!" gémit-il. "Vous," répondit M. Clochard. Avant qu'il nous fût permis de le soutenir, mon oncle s'était affaissé sur lui-même. Il roula sur les dalles avec un faible cri. "Seigneur-Jésus!" gémit Marianne. "Il s'est trouvé mal . . . le vinaigre, petit, le vinaigre." M. Clochard s'était rapproché. Une de ses mains, glissée entre nous, s'était posée sur le côté gauche de notre cher évanoui. Il la retira, puis à pas très lents il gagna la porte. "Tout cela est inutile" nous dit le doyen d'un ton de gravité solennelle. "M. l'abbé Célestin est mort."'

Célestin's is a tragedy of pity and death. In the figure of l'abbé Roitelet, M. Fabre essayed in a semi-comedy a similar portrayal of the gentle and saintly simpleton, painting his monomaniac little birdkeeper as he pursues his favourite avocation despite ecclesiastical reproof, despite conscience, despite repentance, confession and promise of amendment. The scene where the kindly prelate receives an unexpected visit from the sensitive, affectionate, remorseful curé gives the reverse side of the shield of diocesan despotism :

'"Je viens me jeter aux pieds de votre Grandeur," bredouilla-t-il. "Vous auriez pu attendre d'être appelé ici." "Non, Monseigneur, je vous avez offensé et depuis—je mourais." "Vous mouriez, dites-vous?" s'écria l'évêque, surpris. "Relevez-vous, mon enfant—le cas n'est pas pendable." "J'ai désobéi—" "Votre évêque vous pardonne."'

None the less a condition attaches to the forgiveness. The maintenance of the sacerdotal dignity is incompatible with the occupation of the *oiseleur;* the cages of linnets, of blackbirds, of thrushes, the young families of partridges, the whole aviary must be finally abandoned. In the Séminaire the little abbé had surpassed his fellows in virtues, in his parish he must continue to edify his neighbours not only by the practice of those virtues, but also by

'" une hauteur de tenue digne du saint ministère que vous exercez. Vous me comprenez?" "Je vous comprends fort bien, Monseigneur! Malheureusement le grand Séminaire n'a pas réussi à abolir chez moi le paysan amoureux de toutes les bestioles de l'air; dans ma famille nous aimons tant tout ce qui a des ailes que mon père n'est connu que sous ce sobriquet 'Le Perdreau.'" "Et vous—on vous appelle l'abbé Cyprien Roitelet." "Ce surnom n'a rien pour me fâcher,"'

and the diminutive curé breaks into an eulogy of his namesake. With quick sympathy the old bishop detects the saint in the sinner and transfers him to a village in his own native mountains, where winter by winter, according to the gracious

custom of old days, all the beasts he loves so well—goats, cattle, sheep, broad-browed oxen—may take their part, to his great contentment, in the midnight Noël des Bêtes.

Here, as Balzac has indicated in 'Les Célibataires,' it is the importance of little things that becomes a normal characteristic of the clerical life of rural districts and Halévy's graceful comedy of another gentle simpleton, brother to Célestin and Roitelet, 'l'abbé Constantin,' repeats the same note in its picture of affections concentrated in the limited circle of the priest's household, but embracing, nevertheless, with the charity of the saints of God, the sick, the poor, the sinners, the children, and, again, the dumb beasts of his fold, the humble nonentities of a world history ignores and philosophy passes by.

III

In the abbés Constantin, Roitelet, Célestin, in Balzac's 'Curé 'de Village,' to a certain measure in M. Droz's l'abbé Roche and M. Zola's l'abbé Mouret, in [illegible] Monseigneur Myriel, the devout country priest has [illegible] the Jesuit Propiac of M. Estaunié courts' 'Madame Gervaisais' or t works. The priest who has passe *taire*, more especially the peasant ment has revolted from the sharp has been less conspicuously treat foremost literary rank.

Barbey d'Aurevilly, in the sacerdotal heroes of his wild, semi-grotesque melodramas, mastered by the infatuation of his fantastic imagination, has more insistently than others dwelt, with loud assertions of belligerent catholicism, upon the character of the priest as manifested in the repudiation of his vows. 'L'Histoire sans Nom' is an invocation of the reader's sense of sacrilege to heighten the sense of the guilt attaching to the criminal monk whose final penitence in no manner lessens the feeling of repulsion produced by the revolting narrative. 'L'Ensorcelée' has for hero the Chouan priest whose sacerdotalism, if it is not used to enhance the offensiveness of moral delinquencies, at least emphasises the indomitable pride of race which in this instance has eclipsed all human and nullified all Christian virtues. Nevertheless, in one of the most elaborate of his character studies, 'Le Prêtre Marié,' d'Aurevilly achieved a work which had it escaped the literary and sentimental extravagances of romanticism would have claimed the

rank due to the originality of conception, and to the sombre force of tragic exposition. Further, his consistency in depicting emotions where the register of passion lies on the borderland of insanity, which at first irritates the imagination as misplaced burlesque of tragedy, ends, in spite of the outrage offered to aesthetic criterions, by distorting the critical sense after the fashion of a nightmare and enduing the insistent phantasmagoria of human monstrosities with a semblance of reality.

D'Aurevilly is undoubtedly an author who lends himself to critical misrepresentation. Realistic and romantic by turn, his vein of crude brutality is inextricably interwoven with a continuous thread of imaginative supernaturalism. As with Victor Hugo, the abnormal in human nature obsesses his mind, but it is an abnormalism he not seldom presents with the unvarnished aspect of the actual. From the literary point of view his inequalities of merit are phenomenal. Judged by quotations he might be assigned, according to the selection of passages, a first or a last place in the ranks of the romantic school to which by intellectual birthright he belonged. Few can dispute his skill of imagery, the sense of sound, displayed in the construction of what may be called the pictorial phrase, his utilisation of words and symbols that touch the eye and the ear, and become through their appeal to sense-impression his chief medium for the evocation of emotional effects: 'L'avenir 'a ses spectres comme le passé a les siens, et ceux qui *s'en* 'viennent sont peut-être plus tristes que ceux qui *s'en re-* 'viennent.'* 'Les douleurs sont des échos dans nos âmes— 'une qui y tombe en peut réveiller cent.'† 'Le *nom*—ce 'dernier soupir qui reste des choses.'‡ Or preceding a scene of incredible savagery, the description of a solitary Chouan combatant dying on the waste Landes may illustrate his methods in diction: 'Le soleil venait de disparaître. Ils étaient tombés 'tous deux à la même heure, l'un derrière la vie, l'autre derrière 'l'horizon.'§ Other pages, no less impregnated with the author's eccentric personality, can be as fairly cited where sentence after sentence instances his use of a bombastic rhetoric which accentuates more than it disguises vacancies of thought and platitudes of idea, sentiment and passion.

The portrait of l'Abbé Sombreval, peasant and priest, illustrates what d'Aurevilly can do at his best and his worst. The narrative tells in retrospect how Sombreval's faith died at the hands of his inflexible and ruthless brain. His soul—like his

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* L'Histoire sans Nom.
† Le Prêtre Marié.
‡ L'Ensorcelée.
§ Ibid.

body manufactured 'à la hache'—admitted of no compromise when reason and the creed of his youth conflicted. 'Le froc 'jeté,' he marries, but in the hour when his wife hears the story of her husband's sacrilege she dies. For her child Sombreval, a rude, harsh, tenacious nature, 'se fait mère,' summoning all his fertile invention as chemist, all his profound experience as psychologist, to preserve and fortify the fragile existence of the idolised daughter on whom all his affections centre. But Calixte too has learnt the fatal truth, and her life is expended in one long effort to expiate the sin which gave her life. The restorative which should renew the attainted energies of her physical organism is found in no crucible, nor can the chivalrous tenderness of the young lover, in whom her father seeks an ally, strengthen the attenuated thread which binds her soul to its mortal tenement. The struggle is carried on against the theatrical background dear to d'Aurevilly's genius, and the curtain rises on the solitary, ruined château of Quesnay, where Sombreval has installed himself and Calixte with Arabian Nights prodigality. There the red glare of his laboratory furnace affrights the country people; distorted willows hang over the green-black waters of the lake-like pond which borders the deserted road from the village, while within the dark walls the master-chemist carries on his duel with death, a single-handed combat with the God whose strokes no blade of man's tempering can parry. As with the Chouan priest, so with l'abbé Sombreval, the stamp of sacerdotalism has been effaced. Primitive human instincts and emotions have revived in both, not as temptations to be withstood or repented of, but in the form of sacred duties to be fulfilled at the sacrifice of all life holds of greatest worth: for the Chouan in the fierce loyalty of a secular allegiance, for Sombreval in the form of parental devotion to the child of his joy and sorrow.

But with the remorselessness of physical law Calixte's malady mocks his science and sets his tenderness at naught. The misdeed of the father—panoplied in his philosophic acceptance of the conditions of life—is visited on the child, and the man on whom all other shafts of fate have fallen only as flint on steel is racked with the torture of his impotence to save. Calumny adds its last poison to the cup. 'La fille d'un 'prêtre,' the village curé tells Sombreval, in an appeal to all that the apostate holds sacred, 'et d'un prêtre marié—d'un homme 'qui n'avait pas seulement commis un grand crime, mais qui 'avait essayé de le consacrer par une loi'—is in the eyes of the peasant villagers, who track her errands of mercy with curses, an outcast. '"Or, monsieur, pour les âmes fidèles le prêtre

'"marié est plus révoltant que le prêtre tombé, n'importe dans '"quelle fange. . . Et l'horreur qui ne faisait que maudire '"s'est mise à accuser."' The warning strikes home. 'Ce que 'je ferai ?' asks the father. 'Je me séparerais de ma fille' . . . 'C'est Dieu qui prendrait soin de votre enfant. Ce Dieu des 'Forts aime l'héroïsme'—adds the curé, whose humanity renders homage to the infidel's heart.

Sombreval's heroism goes beyond the requisitions of the humble abbé. The curé, Néel, the young lover, with all the religious traditions of a race of loyal blood running in his veins, are present, when Sombreval seeks Calixte, to announce to the pale girl the termination of her suffering. 'Je veux te faire 'heureuse. . . Oui, c'est la vérité, ce que tu n'oses croire— 'tes prières ont été plus fortes que l'incrédulité de ton père, et 'ton Dieu est devenu le sien !' His faith regained, it is incumbent on him to regain his priesthood—priest he is and priest he must remain to all eternity. Father and child must henceforth live their lives apart. The scene which ensues is the climax of the situation. Sombreval has ridden through the long day towards the place where his penance must be undergone. Néel rides with him, Néel into whose brotherly care he has committed the child of their double love. At the parting of their ways words of reverent consolation spring to the lips of the young lover as he witnesses the agony printed on Sombreval's dark features. The father has given joy, restored life, to his child—is this no assuagement of his pain ?—'et puis vous avez Dieu.' There is a pause, then, 'Sombreval, se tournant à demi vers Néel, le regardait avec des 'yeux épouvantablement tranquilles dans leur ardeur sombre. '"Il n'y a qu'elle pour moi. Il n'y a pas de Dieu."'

Very different is M. Fabre's presentment of the *réfractaire* in what is undoubtedly his masterpiece 'L'Abbé Tigrane.' Ambition is the road by which the peasant Rufin Capdepont, observant of all other vows, evades the prescribed ideal of obedience. He has yielded to no forbidden indulgence, he has tampered with no article of faith, but, in the suppression of sensual desires, the craving for advancement, for power, attains in him the violence of a monomania. The intolerable monotony of parochial routine adds an incentive to his efforts : 'Il fallait, 'coûte que coûte, tourner bride à une vie absorbée dans de 'si mesquines pratiques. Hélas, comment secouait-il son 'joug ?'

The story opens in the cathedral town of Lormières. Two figures occupy the stage, Capdepont, superior of the Séminaire, tall, harsh-featured, his eyes set deep, his lips compressed, under

whose rigidly correct exterior the narrow savagery of the hardy peasant lurks. Morally irreproachable, dominating his surroundings as he has raised himself step by step above them: 'Capdepont possédait à un degré très-haut le sentiment de ses 'devoirs—il était pieux, fidèle à toutes ses pratiques religieuses et 'capable de la plus rigide probité. Né dans les dernières couches 'sociales . . . il aspirait à émerger au-dessus de la bourbe natale; 'à envahir l'épiscopat . . . mais le caractère ecclésiastique était 'resté.' Of spiritual kinship with Monseigneur Bienvenu is Capdepont's successful rival, the little old Bishop, Monseigneur de Roquebrun, in his frayed violet *soutane*, leaning on his gold-headed cane, generous, courtly, sensitive, irascible, autocratic—as beseems his birth and race—idolised by his poor for whom he has denuded himself of every luxury, ambitious only of the love of his people. Opposed to him in nature, rank, opinion, Capdepont, with unrelaxed malevolence, his eye marking every infirmity of the hot-tempered, chivalrous little prelate, pursues a policy of insolent aggression, until at length, driven to bay, unable any longer to ignore, as the dignity of his blood and station would have him ignore, the insubordination of his irreconcilable enemy, the old man falls into the snare set for him. His pent-up anger breaks forth, but—Capdepont has measured the feebleness of the foe—a stroke of paralysis ensues, foreshowing the approaching termination of his episcopal reign. Intrigues multiply, scenes of veiled outrage harass each passing day, and Monseigneur de Roquebrun dies in mid conflict, while Capdepont, successful in his machinations, takes temporary possession, as *vicaire capitulaire*, of the authority he covets.

Plunged deeper and deeper in the obsession of his insatiable desire, the tiger has taken possession of the man. His claws are venomed. His rages have become those of a maniac, he vents them upon friend and foe, and upon the dead who for so many years stood between him and his goal. Reversions he has to nobler ideals:

'"Ah, Mical," ' he cried to the *âme damnée* who serves as sole confidant to his misgivings, '"tandis que je courais cette carrière hasardeuse de l'ambition, que de fois je me sentis abreuvé d'amer dégoût!—Je me faisais peur à moi-même. Sais-tu ce qui me rendait timide, contraint, embarrassé? C'était l'excès de ma force. D'ailleurs, le caractère sacerdotal pésait sur moi de tout le poids que Dieu y a attaché et m'écrasait . . Une voix me criait ces terribles paroles: *Tu es sacerdos in æternum*!—Je souffre!" articula Capdepont d'une voix profonde. . .' And the strong human soul within trembles, even at the moment of his supreme revolt, of the final climax of his revenge, as pacing the floor of the episcopal chamber alone with

hatred in his heart ' un bruit se fit tout à coup. D'où venait ce bruit ? Effaré il regarda aux quatre coins de la chambre et le long des murailles nues. Rien. Il leva ses yeux hagards. O épouvante ! O miracle ! il lui sembla que le crucifix d'ivoire remuait la tête. Qui sait ?. . . Prêtre et paysan, il croyait toujours au merveilleux . . . Dieu le jugeait—Dieu le menaçait peut-être . . . ! Pliant les deux genoux devant le divin Crucifié, il se recueillit et pria.'

The recoil lasts but a moment. When the body of the dead prelate is brought, according to the privilege of custom, for interment in the cathedral vaults, Capdepont bars the doors of the episcopal dwelling against the bier ; the funeral cortège is left without in storm and tempest in the open courtyard. Priests, monks, curés from far villages, canons of the cathedral, those who love and those who have betrayed, surge round the coffin. Veritably mad in his rage Capdepont addresses the crowd. To lie in state—his face exposed—what evil passions would such a spectacle reveal printed on features distorted by disease ! A voice replies ' Vous mentez,' a hand throws open the coffin lid. The crowd, Capdepont himself, shrinks back. The old bishop reposes on the cloth of silver and violet tissue, the mitre crowns, the gold cross rests beside him, the silk embroidered vestments cover the frail figure. Ivory-pale, serene and mild, all the dignity, all the pitifulness of death, are there.

' Les ecclésiastiques, comme hébétés, s'approchèrent et regardèrent avidement.' Then strife again violates the calm. ' " Horrible ! horrible ! " murmura le Provincial des Capucins . . . Capdepont ne répondit pas. Fasciné par le spectacle véritablement splendide de l'évêque endormi—il s'était rapproché doucement du cercueil. La grosse améthyste enchassée dans l'or massif de l'anneau pastoral l'éblouit. Ah, porter cet anneau lumineux à son doigt. Il n'y tint plus—dégageant son bras des plis lourds de la chappe noire, il tendit sa main brûlante, âpre comme la serre du vautour il la jeta sur la main glacée du défunt.' Cries of sacrilege rise on all sides. ' " Emmenez-le, messieurs ! emmenez-le ! " interjeta au milieu du bruit le Provincial des Capucins. " Ce n'est pas un prêtre, cet homme, c'est le Démon ! " ' As the brain-crazed man is mastered and led home, ' " Prions, messieurs," dit d'un accent navré le Provincial. Tous les genous se plièrent.'

The sequel evades abbreviation. The old man's bier is borne by those still faithful to his memory to find sanctuary in the cathedral, but there too the doors are shut and only in the darkness of night the entrance is at length forced. Dawn finds the wearied watchers, monks and priests stationed in the great choir while the Miserere is intoned and the great lights are lit around the catafalque. The army of the working population stream in,

a formidable guard of honour, lest even at the last Tigrane essay some final indignity. The Prior in funeral splendour of sombre vestments ascends the altar steps; the Requiem is ended; the body consigned to the resting place of saintly bishops who have gone before. In the sacristy the priests disrobe. Once more Tigrane appears. He has sinned; he humbles himself before the astonished assembly, calm, dignified, serene he makes confession and proffers peace. Then comes the end. 'Messieurs, 'le second motif qui m'a conduit ici est comme le premier, un 'motif de pénitence. Suis-je digne du ministère auguste 'auquel Dieu vient de m'appeler? *Domine, non sum dignus!* 'Mes frères, mes amis, mes enfants, j'ai été nommé évêque de 'ce diocèse.' Where the priests whom conscience rules—Julio de la Clavière, Célestin, l'abbé Roche—succumb, the priest in whom conscience is effaced triumphs.

To the ecclesiastical gallery a modern novelist, M. Mirbeau, has added a last portrait of the peasant-priest as the 'chien 'galeux' of his caste, in l'Abbé Jules, the dissolute peasant whose resolve: 'Nom de Dieu, je veux me faire prêtre! Prêtre, 'nom de Dieu!' would seem to be but one evidence the more of the moral insanity that is the ground-note of his temperament, of its tragic remorses, its transient tendernesses, its crazy violence, where crimes of soul and body are alternated with gleams of mournful and delicate insight. But the book of an author inspired, one may divine, by 'la haine du prêtre—une haine à 'remplir toute la vie'* is a volume placed by M. Mirbeau, so far as English taste is concerned, entirely beyond the range of critical analysis. Moreover, although hate, as any other emotional excitement, may vivify presentment in art, it likewise tends to falsify the effects it aims at producing. Unless disciplined by the moral sense which demands justice, by the aesthetic sense which peremptorily prohibits exaggeration, or by the scientific sense, which dictates an exactitude of statement neutrality of passion alone guarantees, hatred for good or for evil defeats its own aim. An abnormal condition crystallised into life-long permanence is a mental malady obscuring the intelligence as it restricts the vision of the artist. The outlook on life specialised as on life at large becomes that of an eye diseased, unconscious of the distortion of its perceptions, and to readers unswayed by similar predispositions, the feat accomplished by M. Mirbeau, despite his great gifts, is not that of the literary athlete but of the aesthetic contortionist.

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* 'Octave Mirbeau,' par Edmond Pillon. Paris, 1903.

Art. V.—GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BALANCE OF POWER (1810–1910).

1. *The Cambridge Modern History.* Vol. IX: Napoleon. Cambridge University Press. 1906.
2. *Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe* (1814–78). Par A. Debidour. 2 vols. Paris: Alcan. 1891.
3. *Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History.* By Dr. M. Busch. Eng. edit., 3 vols. London: Macmillan. 1898.
4. *The Partition of Africa.* By J. Scott Keltie. 2nd edit. London: Stanford. 1895.
5. *The Development of the European Nations,* 1870–1900. By J. Holland Rose. London: Constable. 1905.
6. *Europe's Optical Illusion.* By Norman Angell. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. *n.d.*

In the latter half of the year 1810 the balance of power was overturned more decisively than at any time in modern history. Napoleon, already paramount in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, the Confederation of the Rhine and the Dutch Netherlands, resolved to change supremacy into absolute domination in the lands which most nearly concerned him in his commercial strife with Great Britain. The continental system, founded on the Berlin decree of November 1806 and extended by the policy of Tilsit eight months later, was now to be crowned by the annexation of the lands through which British goods had occasionally made their way into Germany. Holland, Oldenburg, Hanover, and the free cities of Bremen, Hamburg and Lübeck must be hermetically sealed against the commerce of 'the 'active and intriguing islanders.' Accordingly, Louis Bonaparte was chased from the Hague, and the north-western districts of Germany as far as Lübeck became parts of the French empire. During three troublous years the continental system determined the political fortunes and the internal polity of all the lands from Lübeck to Dresden, from Brest to Saragossa, Rome, and Ragusa. Save at one or two Spanish ports, and in the peninsula of Lisbon, where in the autumn of 1810 Wellington held out within

> 'The treble works, the vast designs
> Of his labour'd rampart lines,'

the Union Jack was excluded from every port between Cronstadt and Trieste. If it waved triumphant on every sea, Napoleon's

eagles dominated the continent. Russia, Austria, and Prussia perforce accepted the fiscal *fiat* of the Emperor. The Tsar Alexander I. was his ally. The Hapsburg realm surrendered to him an Archduchess. As for the House of Hohenzollern, it existed on sufferance, thanks to the intercession of the House of Romanoff.

For a time this devouring caesarism ran its course unchallenged. The Dutch opened no sluice-gate to flood out the invaders. Germany uttered no protest against the seizure of her commercial portals. The Pope was torn from Rome; yet no Catholic prince proclaimed a holy war. As for Russia, the promise of the acquisition of Finland and of a portion of the Ottoman empire led her to acquiesce in the coercion meditated against the smaller states. The old Christendom had utterly vanished, and as yet there appeared no possibility of staying the aggrandisements of the new Charlemagne. He and his ministers showed excellent reasons, drawn from the gospel of Rousseau, why all power should centre at Paris. Holland was merely the mud brought down by the Rhine and Meuse. It was time that it should belong to the state which owned the motherlands up stream. The citizens of Hamburg were informed that their city, the creation of Charlemagne, was now privileged to accept the rule of his greater successor.

Yet within three years the stupendous imperial edifice fell. Smolensk, Moscow, the Beresina, Leipzig, are the crises in the policy of tension, followed by collapse. Frankfort, La Rothière, Châtillon remind us of the final catastrophe of 1814. We may account for the phenomenon by pointing to mistakes, military and diplomatic, springing from an almost blind confidence. But there is a deeper reason. Napoleon himself once explained it in one of those lightning flashes of insight. 'I have come 'too late upon the scene' (he remarked). 'The nations are too 'solidly made.' This appeared even after his victories. His blows failed to break up the nations as those of Alexander the Great shattered the fabrics of the East. Now Europe sank back upon its firmest centres of resistance. It was the outraged peoples of Spain and Germany that very largely decided the struggle. The sea power led the van in the movement against the conqueror; but it was the impulse of nationality which imparted an irresistible momentum. The moral of the piece is clear. It received pointed expression from Kaiser Wilhelm a few years ago. While gazing at Vereshchagin's picture of Napoleon marching at the head of the dejected troops retreating from Smolensk, his Imperial Majesty uttered these words: 'Yes, thus it is that all world-conquerors end.'

The continental system having led the great ruler to his doom, it remained to readjust the balance of power. That had been the aim of British statesmen for several generations ; and Pitt and his colleagues kept it before them during the Napoleonic cataclysm. It appears clearly outlined in the Foreign Office despatch of November 16, 1798, to Sir Charles Whitworth at St. Petersburg, which urges

'the immediate conclusion of a treaty between the four Great Powers [Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia] the basis of which should be the employment of their united efforts to reduce France within her ancient limits—an object of evident and pressing interest to the future tranquillity and independence of Europe.'

The jealousies of the four Powers postponed that solution until the year 1814. But then it was accepted by Talleyrand in the phrase 'We must be good Europeans.' Pitt and Grenville had also marked out the path finally trodden at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 by the further suggestion that the Belgic provinces of Austria should be added to the domains of the House of Orange, the Hapsburgs finding their indemnity in North Italy for this and other losses. The spread of Austria over the north of Italy, they remarked, would not offend Prussia, which state might be encouraged to undertake (as in 1788) the support of the now enlarged dominion of the Netherlands. Castlereagh, a former colleague of Pitt, gave his support to this solution of the European problem in 1814–5. And, as is well known, the House of Savoy, which regained that ancient possession, was strengthened for the task of withstanding France in the south-east by receiving the former republic of Genoa. Strifes raged at Vienna respecting the fate of Saxony, which Prussia (by conniving at Russia's acquisition of Poland) hoped to absorb entirely. But the principle of the balance of power was successfully appealed to by Great Britain, France and Austria against these claims, which were rejected in favour of the present arrangements of territory. In reality, the acquisition of nearly the whole of the old Polish monarchy by Russia in 1815 was a serious blow to that maxim as well as to the nationalist hopes of that interesting people. But the part played by Alexander I. in the overthrow of Napoleon had been so transcendent that he acquired the lion's share in the strides westwards now taken by the allies. The gain of the Rhine Province by Prussia seemed at that time a danger ; but she thereby became the undoubted champion of the Germans against France, and 1870 testified to the soundness of her policy in 1815.

Dr. Ward has shown in his chapter on the Congress of Vienna in the 'Cambridge Modern History' (vol. ix.) that the sweeping

solutions of the Germanic and other questions then mooted by patriotic publicists were impracticable. This is true. But it is equally true that the balance of power as adjusted in 1815 was artificial and therefore temporary. It rested on the assumption that the Belgians, Genoese, Lombards and Venetians would be content to remain part of a great barrier system erected against France. They were not content. And the main events in European history down to the year 1870 resulted from the efforts of those peoples, along with the Germans, Magyars and Poles, to frame polities consonant with their aspirations. In short, whereas the balance of power of 1815 was adjusted by rulers and statesmen according to dynastic claims or diplomatic indemnifications, that of to-day has settled down upon the bed-rock of nationality.

In the momentous process of readjustment on a popular basis Great Britain played a subordinate part. Sympathy with Hungarians, Poles and Turks figured among the motives leading up to the Crimean War; and it should be noted that that struggle, shattering as it did the primacy of the Tsar Nicholas I. and the Holy Alliance, in no small degree helped the nationalists of Germany and Italy. That war left Austria isolated; and the Palmerston cabinet in 1859–60, despite various little checks from Queen Victoria, rendered valuable service to Cavour at Turin and probably even to Garibaldi. Then was laid the basis of that *entente cordiale* between the British and Italian peoples which needs no demonstrations or compacts to attest its strength.

On the other hand, a very imperfect knowledge of the tangled Schleswig-Holstein question, as it was after the unconstitutional action of the Danish Government in 1863, led British journalists and the public at large to believe that two big Powers, Austria and Prussia, were engaged in a cowardly attempt to bully Denmark out of her rights in those duchies. Sentimental sympathy with the little boy in the quarrel might have gone to dangerous lengths but for the wisely restraining influence of Queen Victoria. Even as it was, the predilections of the Press sowed the seeds of those jealousies which in recent years have produced a too abundant harvest. This was deplorable for two reasons. The questions at issue in Schleswig deeply moved the German nation, which could not suffer its kith and kin in that duchy to be 'danified' by the masterful methods then in favour at Copenhagen. As Napoleon III. saw, the affair touched Teutonic honour closely. In truth, his attitude, however Machiavellian in regard to means, showed a better understanding of the points at issue than did that of the British people. We wounded the

amour propre of the Germans at what was its tenderest spot. Then, too, the dispute centred in Schleswig, not in Holstein. The Danes were willing to forgo their claims on the latter duchy if they could make them good absolutely on Schleswig. Now our interests in Holstein (with its ports Kiel, Altona and Glückstadt) were far more important than those in Schleswig. Sound policy, therefore, should have counselled the retention of the *status quo* of 1862, before the Eider-Dane party at Copenhagen opened afresh the old sores and gave to Bismarck that opportunity of which he made so masterly a use. The inner history of these affairs is not fully known; but, so far as has transpired, British policy would seem to have taken a faulty course on a question vital to the unification of the long divided Teutonic folk. The difference of feeling towards England observable in Germany and Italy to-day results largely from the difference of attitude of the British people towards those two national movements. The mistake was not fully repaired either in the war of 1866 or in that of 1870.

This miscalculation is the more remarkable inasmuch as Napoleon III. was then the bugbear of British chauvinists. The French had led the way with ironclads (*La Gloire* was launched at Brest in 1859), and this invention troubled the repose of nervous patriots for some years. Further, all friends of Italy resented Napoleon's acquisition of Savoy and Nice as the price of the short military and diplomatic campaign of 1859–60. Statesmen whispered that the 'silent man of destiny' had punished two enemies of his uncle, Russia and Austria. He had regained the natural frontiers of France on the south-east. When would he seize Belgium and the Rhine Province? The Luxemburg affair of 1867 revealed his intentions. When he had cleared up matters in Mexico, would he not complete his imitation of Napoleon I. by annexing Belgium? Even then there were whispers that in 1865 he had arranged for this in the secret interview with Bismarck at Biarritz. In view of the forward colonial policy of France, was not she still the 'natural 'enemy' of England? There were some grounds for these fears. A French royalist had remarked to our countryman, Nassau Senior, that *celui-ci* (Napoleon) was 'condemned to be brilliant.' At whose expense would he shine after the Italian campaign? Obviously at the expense of England or of Prussia. Why, then, did not the two threatened Powers draw together? The activity of the Ultramontanes at Rome, Paris, and Vienna in 1869–70 might have warned the two Protestant states to frame a defensive compact.

In the light of these considerations the triumph of the German

arms in 1870 would seem to have been the best of all guarantees for the maintenance of the balance of power and therefore of peace. In a military sense the weakest part of Europe is the centre. The plain stretching from the Lower Rhine to the Niemen lacks natural defences except the lines of the Weser, Elbe, Oder and Vistula; and these can be turned by allies operating from the south and south-west, e.g. by French and Austrian armies. Still more defenceless is Prussia on her eastern flank. The Germans therefore have to face three Great Powers whose natural advantages in war are far greater than theirs. Here is the key to the dark riddles of Teutonic history. That race, despite its great achievements in war and peace, tended to fall apart owing to the absence of those unifying conditions which make for the racial solidarity of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians. Through long ages 'particularism' was their bane and subjection to weaker races their destiny. Whether they would ever have framed a firm union but for the blows of Napoleon I. and the threats of his nephew (or rather, of the chauvinists about him), who can say? Certain it is that, in giving a compact organisation (both civic and military) to the weakest portions of the continent, Bismarck, Moltke and Roon assured the stability of the European fabric far better than the many statesmen who had sought to buttress it by barrier fortresses or marriage alliances. The success of Kaiser Wilhelm and his paladins may be measured by the fact that the war-worn centre of the Continent has now enjoyed forty years of unbroken peace.

So rapid was the growth of the resources of Germany after 1870 that she was able to exchange the passive attitude which had been her lot since the time of Frederick the Great for one of activity. This was seen in the final disputes over the Eastern Question in 1878, when, far from following the lead of Russia, she on the whole favoured the solution desired by the statesmen of London and Vienna. It may be questioned whether the diplomatic skill displayed by Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury at the Congress of Berlin would have availed to bring about 'peace with honour' but for the equipoise then existing between the continental states. The interests of Germany and Austria being opposed to the spread of Russian influence to the Aegean Sea, those states virtually vetoed the San Stefano treaty which threatened the demolition of Turkey. The conservative Powers gained the day, thanks to the intervention of Bismarck, who played the part of 'honest broker' between the disputants. As for Russia, her annoyance at having the fruits of her military triumphs filched from her at the Congress served to

impair the friendship of her emperor with his revered relative at Berlin and to sterilise the *Dreikaiserbund*. So marked indeed was the resentment of the Muscovites against the Teutons as to lead them to a compact which has proved to be the firmest in the recent history of Europe. Thereby the centre of the Continent acquired a strength never known before.

As is well known, the league of the two central Powers became the Triple Alliance on the accession of Italy in the year 1882. This startling event marked dramatically the incoming of a dominating *motif* into the European concert. The continent, having organised itself so solidly as to stalemate every would-be aggressor, began to look out over the seas for colonies. Ever since the decline of religious bigotry the trend had been towards commercial and colonial developement. Crusades for the suppression of heresy gave way to struggles for new markets. The career of Frederick the Great, the storms of the French Revolution, the continental system of Napoleon, and the national strivings of 1848–78 presented all-absorbing interludes. But these over, Europe turned her gaze once more oceanwards. The first to strike was France. Prompted, it is said, by suggestions let fall at Berlin in 1878, the young republic resolved to seize Tunis. The manner of its action was more censurable than the design itself; and Italy, in her anger at seeing the nearly ripe pear snatched away, joined the Teutonic states, to which she had few affinities (May 1882). For some years this Triple Alliance met with no definite retort from France and Russia, mainly because Alexander III., who succeeded his father after the latter's assassination by the Nihilists in 1881, detested any compact with a democratic republic. Hence the Dual Alliance did not come to pass until shortly after the accession of the present Tsar in the year 1894. The intervening years therefore saw Germany in a position of great power, especially the years 1884–86, when the *Dreikaiserbund* regained some of its former validity.

In and after the year 1882 Germany began to display immense energy in colonial affairs. The reason is not far to seek. France was without an ally. By her action in Tunis she had driven Italy into the arms of the Teutons. By her refusal to co-operate with England in Egypt and by her subsequent nagging tactics at Cairo she blighted for many years the growth of the *entente cordiale* which Gladstone and Gambetta had sought to foster. As for the Franco-Russian understanding which the chauvinists of Paris proclaimed with so suspicious an emphasis, it was limited to hysterical compliments on the one side and profitable borrowings on the other. Where the wooing was so

pathetically protracted and the offers of a *dot* so expansive, clearly there was no contract of marriage.

Germany therefore had a free hand. Assured on her southern frontier and having little to fear on the east, she could smile at the ravings of Déroulède and the curvetting of Boulanger on his charger. Moreover, England had her hands more than full at Cairo, Suakim, in South Africa and, somewhat later, at Penjdeh on the Turcoman frontier. That is to say, the Island Power in the years 1882–85 was hard pressed on the Nile, in the Soudan, by the Boers, and by the formidable advance of Russia towards Afghanistan. It seems probable that Bismarck counted on, or possibly even instigated, the last-named move. Busch reports him as saying on November 24, 1884: 'Just keep a 'sharp look-out on the news from Afghanistan. Something 'will happen there soon.' It did not happen soon; for it suited Russia to postpone her seizure of the then Afghan town of Penjdeh until England plunged into the depths of the Khartoum entanglement. But after the news reached Europe, early in February 1885, of the death of Gordon and the hasty retreat of the relief expedition, Russia prepared to deal her blow. At the end of March the Muscovites seized Penjdeh, thereby bringing the two empires to the verge of war. This event brought to a climax the troubles of the Gladstone ministry. Isolated in Europe, with Ireland seething with sedition and South Africa in a most critical state, the United Kingdom touched the nadir of its fortunes. In the opinion of the present writer, the situation was the most serious that the British race had faced since the years 1810–11.

Such was the time when Bismarck and the colonial party pressed on apace their schemes of expansion. Very much can be said for them. It was inevitable that a mighty people, which only recently had acquired the sense of security, should forge quickly ahead in commerce; and now that the solidification of Europe precluded the idea of expansion at home (the days of the Pan-Germans were not yet), Teutons naturally sought for lands oversea as receptacles for their surplus population. That their life-blood should flow forth solely to enrich the United States or British colonies was unendurable; and patriots in the London clubs who raved against Bismarck's colonial policy forgot that it was the natural sequel to the settlement of European affairs which recently had favoured British interests. But the Jingo is he who cannot, or will not, put himself in the place of those against whom he sings.

In point of fact Germany was by no means first in the field in Africa. The partition of that continent was heralded by the

action of France in Tunis and of England in Egypt in the years 1881–82. Leopold, King of the Belgians and his avowedly philanthropic Association at Brussels had by that time actively begun the exploration of the Congo basin, Stanley having founded its first important station at Vivi in February 1880. Evidently the decade of the 'eighties was destined to witness the opening up of the 'dark continent': and the British ministry of that time evinced no great foresight in not coming to a friendly understanding with Germany respecting her spheres of action in that part of the globe.

At times the action of the Germans in the Hinterland of Zanzibar, at St. Lucia Bay in Zululand, in Damaraland and the Cameroons (not to speak of New Guinea and Samoa), was exasperating. In one or two cases the action of the Gladstone ministry saved the situation. The hoisting of the German tricolour at St. Lucia Bay was prevented: and the prompt advance of Sir Charles Warren's expedition into Bechuanaland preserved for the empire that invaluable possession, besides thwarting the obliteration of the Transvaal from St. Lucia Bay on the east and Angra Pequena on the west. That some plan was framed at Berlin for assuring a close connexion with the Boer republics is highly probable: and no more important success was achieved in that critical decade than the securing of Bechuanaland. Elsewhere the conduct of the Colonial Office was tardy and highly irritating to British settlers. The surrender of the Hinterland of Zanzibar in 1886 marked perhaps the extreme limit of complaisance to Germany. But, according to Bismarck's conversation with Busch on January 5, 1886, England gave way in regard to Zanzibar and New Guinea in consideration of Germany waiving her claims to St. Lucia Bay and perhaps also to certain districts on the Benué River in the north of her Cameroons settlement. The advantage even of this belated agreement leads one to ask what might have happened in case of a complete understanding before the colonial crises became acute.

It is, however, worthy of note that even in this period, the weakest that the British empire has known in recent times, Germany did not push matters to the verge of war. Cynics will say that this resulted from the surrender by England of all the important points in dispute. This is not the verdict of Germans. Bismarck himself maintained that his son, Count Herbert, had been far too complaisant in his dealings with the British Colonial Office. But in the conversation just referred to he admitted that it would not do to press England too hard, because recent events in France showed the hostility to

Germany to be acute. "We must now be said hold rather with 'the English.' Could there be a more decisive testimony to the influence of European affairs on colonial developements? In the opinion of the Chancellor, the position of Germany even then was not strong enough to warrant a policy of adventure overseas. His successor, Count Caprivi who came to office in the spring of 1890, was clearly of the same mind. Thanks to the pacific tendencies of the present Kaiser and of his new Chancellor, the many questions in dispute between the two nations were set at rest by the agreement of July 1890 which delimited the British and German possessions. Bismarck in retirement sharply criticised the bargain which virtually exchanged Heligoland for the island of Zanzibar. "To regard Heligoland as an 'equivalent (he said) shows more imagination than sound 'calculation.' This does not imply blindness to the advantages of Heligoland, but rather a belief that England, when hard pressed by France or Russia, would be induced to give up Zanzibar to Germany outright.

The chief disputes between the two great European states having been settled by the agreement of 1890, the next years witnessed the growth of complications between the United Kingdom and France. The Russian war-cloud also loomed large on the Afghan border. Who shall say that it would not have broken over Cashmere and the Punjab had not Muscovite ambitions tended decidedly towards Far Asia? As it was, French money helped on the construction of the trans-Siberian railway, with the sequel which is well known; while French energy permanently built up a great colonial empire in West Africa. Late in 1891 General Dodds led an expedition to Dahomey; and subsequent efforts established French supremacy everywhere save on the Lower Niger and the Benue, where a large and fertile area was saved for the Union Jack.

But the highest flights of Gallic enthusiasm were not reached until after the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance, which came about probably in the first few months of the year 1894. The fact was proclaimed (at least implicitly) by the Prime Minister, M. Ribot, to the Chamber of Deputies on June 19, 1895. So far as is known, the purport of the alliance is solely defensive, as indeed is the Triple Alliance to which it furnished the natural counterpart. But for the pacific proclivities of Alexander III., who passed away in November 1894, it seems probable that the Franco-Russian compact would have come about earlier. Certainly the knowledge that such a union lay in the nature of things must have imposed prudence on France, especially in view of the formidable armaments which French

money had enabled the Muscovites to prepare on the eastern flank of the German empire.

Here then was a modern version of the Napoleonic policy of Tilsit. But with what differences! For the treaty of 1895 was not (like that of 1807) directed against the United Kingdom; and (so far as is known) it contained no secret articles prejudicial to the interests of the smaller European states. In fact, the new compact arose out of conditions detrimental to the safety or freedom of action of France and Russia. The league of the central states had proved to be so strong that the extremities of Europe came to terms in order to counterbalance the political weight of that centre which in 1807–11 they had so easily overborne. In that one fact may we see the potency of the national movements of the nineteenth century. The sequel was highly favourable to the United Kingdom. Events, uncontrolled by the Cabinets of London, had brought about the balance of power on the Continent which in former ages British ministers had striven to secure by means of entangling compacts, extravagant subsidies or exhausting wars.

The results of the Franco-Russian Alliance were soon seen in the slightly lower tone taken by the statesmen of Berlin, in the temporary slackening of the crusade of the German colonial party, and in the heart-searchings at Rome whether the Triple Alliance promoted the best interests of Italy. And while the central league sustained a check, the expansive efforts of France and Russia gained in energy. The empire of the Tsars, as we have seen, chose to develope towards the Japanese Sea, with results highly gratifying at first but fatal in the finale. No more serious miscalculation has been made by a Great Power since the fall of Napoleon I. than that of the bureaucrats of St. Petersburg as to the negligibility of Japan. The value of the time of respite thereby secured for Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan defies all estimate.

France made a better use of her opportunities. She consolidated her West African empire by the overthrow of the slave-raider, Samory; and her pioneers undertook expeditions which resulted in the extension of her dominion to the north and east of Lake Chad and behind the German Cameroons until it came into touch with French Congoland. The extent of these acquisitions is not generally known. Is there one Briton in one hundred who knows that the French tricolour waves over the vast territory between Algiers and Stanley Pool on the Congo and from the mouth of the River Senegal to the upper waters of the Bahr-el-Arab? And is it generally realised that the

African lands of France exceed in extent those of Great Britain (excluding the Sudan Protectorate) by upwards of one million square miles?

At certain points on or near the west coast the friction between France and the United Kingdom was at times acute. The most serious dispute arose respecting Fashoda. Its details do not concern us here. But it is well to remember that Major Marchand, in his effort to plant the French tricolour on the White Nile and to secure the whole territory between Lake Chad and Abyssinia, had the expectation of support not only from a party conducted by an Orleans prince but also from a small Russian expedition heading for Fashoda by way of Abyssinia and the valley of the river Sobat. It seems certain that the prompt action of the British Government in sending the Sirdar to rout the Dervishes, occupy Khartum, and hoist the British and Egyptian flags on the White Nile thwarted what might otherwise have become an organised effort of France and Russia to drive a wedge across Africa from West to East. When full particulars come to be known, it may transpire that the chief importance of Lord Kitchener's victory at Omdurman lay not so much in the defeat of the Dervish host as in the triumph of the Anglo-Egyptian impulse from the north over the transverse effort so gallantly made by Major Marchand and his coadjutors.

The question now confronts us: Why did France refuse to back up Marchand in the early part of the year 1898? The answer generally given, and doubtless correctly, is that the rooted antipathy of the two great continental leagues forbade any great effort of France against England. Probably, too, Russia would not have joined her, for the terms of the Dual Alliance did not involve assistance from the court of St. Petersburg to the republic if it attacked Great Britain on a purely African matter, any more than France was bound to help Russia against Japan. The dominant fact of the situation certainly was that continental affairs wore too doubtful an aspect to warrant a policy of colonial adventure. Whenever, as in the times of Louis XV. and of Napoleon I., France has put forth great efforts both on sea and on land she has ultimately succumbed to exhaustion. The lessons have apparently not been lost on the fathers of the Third Republic.

In similar considerations we may detect the reason for the fidgety neutrality of the continental states during the Boer War. Some of them are credibly reported to have longed to strike at the mistress of the seas. If so, they judged the game to be too risky. Doubtless the naval problems at issue were

weighty. But surely, if the general continental league of which we previously heard so much had been even a possibility, the alleged confederates could well have disputed with us the mastery of the seas, besides thwarting the transit of the reinforcements and stores on which the triumph of the Union Jack ultimately depended. When the secrets of certain archives see the light, it will probably appear that the saving fact of the situation for the Island Power was the precarious equipoise of the continental Powers. One or two of them may have longed to strike; but none dared to strike, for the blow dealt at Britain's 'far-flung battle line' must have weakened the strength for resistance near the heart of the would-be striker.

It would be foolish to dogmatise on facts so recent and so delicate. But a survey of the African disputes of the past thirty years seems to warrant the conclusion that caution is the predominant feature of modern diplomacy. The prizes at stake have been enormous. Not only Africa, but also Madagascar, Central Asia, the Far East, Cochin China, Burmah, and several islands of the Pacific have been at issue between the Great Powers. Yet in no case has war broken forth. The only serious struggles have been those between Russia and Japan and the United States and Spain. That the increasingly peaceful tendencies of modern life have led to this remarkable result may be thankfully admitted. Remarkable it is, if we remember what rivers of blood were shed for the possession of the Spice Islands, and how permanent a feud went on between French and British in India for paramountcy at the court of this or that rajah. The war of words of the past three decades has raged over the vast tracts explored or exploited by the energy of man and the resources of science. Never have the prizes been greater. Never has the race for empire been keener; yet the Great Powers of Europe, despite much snarling, have never fleshed their teeth. Consequently this unique result has been attained, that by various agreements of the years 1885–98 by far the greater part of Africa was peacefully partitioned. The Moroccan question of a more recent date has proved susceptible of adjustment, and questions affecting the islands of the Pacific have had an even more satisfactory issue.

The outcome of it all is this: that the achievements of explorers and pioneers, which in previous ages often led to great wars on petty pretexts, have in this age laid bare the depths of Africa and other regions previously unknown, yet without producing a great European conflict. To probe the reason of this phenomenon has been the aim of this essay. From a comparison of the nineteenth century with its predecessors

we may discern the cause partly in the growth of humane sentiment, partly in the enormous value of the stores accumulated by an ever-advancing civilization (hostages claimed by Mercury from Mars), but also in the colossal equipoise of the two continental leagues. Shortly after the Congress of Berlin, as has been shown, appeared the beginnings of the central alliance, which has undoubtedly made for peace. The reply from France and Russia followed in due course; and the resulting equilibrium was so pronounced a fact for the five Powers concerned that none of them chose to risk a war with Great Britain. The dominant fact of the situation has been that the accord of France and Russia, whether potential or actual, imposed caution on Germany; while the Triple Alliance up to a comparatively recent period retained sufficient vitality to give pause to France and Russia in their disputes with the Island Power. The United Kingdom has therefore been free to pursue its work of expansion, generally by peaceful, but not seldom by warlike, means. It is well to remember that since 1870 Great Britain has far more often been at war than Germany.

In view of these facts, is it not clear that the rise of Prussia and the unification of Germany have benefited the British race? Only by a great effort of the imagination can we realise what Europe would have been but for the momentous events of 1864, 1866 and 1870. Central Europe divided by the eternal feud between Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, subject to dictation from St. Petersburg or threats from Paris; Russia able to work her will in Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan; France a militant Napoleonic empire, 'condemned to be brilliant' at the expense of her neighbours; Italy chafing at her inability to secure either Venetia or Rome; ultramontanism all-powerful at the Vatican and swaying the counsels of Paris and Vienna—such might have been the sequel. The actuality was that a great Protestant Power grouped together the German states, ended the dualism of German politics, overthrew Napoleon III., helped Italy to achieve unity, and gave strength to that part of Europe whose weakness had previously invited attack from the too powerful extremities. Nay! In 1878 this new empire, which has been represented as the eternal foe of England, held the balance even between her and Russia, thereby saving the Jingoes the trouble of exchanging songs for deeds. That the colonial strifes of the next decade were annoying may be granted; but the expansion oversea of a virile race, somewhat cramped in its mother-land, was inevitable; and the questions in dispute might probably have been eased, if not solved, by the display of more foresight and tact at Whitehall. Certainly the

continental situation precluded recourse to arms, though the areas at stake were of unparalleled magnitude.

Similar conditions prevail to-day. Or rather, they have of late changed in favour of the United Kingdom and to the detriment of Germany. This is not the time or the place in which to speak of the diplomatic successes which rescued England from her state of isolation and strengthened her by the alliance of Japan, by the firm friendship of France, and by a good understanding with Russia. It would also be alien to the spirit pervading this essay to dwell on the internal difficulties of Austria, and the cooling of the Italians towards their Teutonic allies. It is, however, an open secret that the Triple Alliance lacks its former vitality. If then Germany refrained from war with the United Kingdom in the decade of the 'eighties, over matters of deep import, when the diplomatic situation was favourable to her, is she likely to make war now when that situation is less favourable and no question is at issue which does not concern some other Great Power at least as nearly as the islanders? The events of the past thirty years have abundantly shown that the Great Powers, overburdened with armour, cannot move except on grounds essential to their existence. The jaunty tiltings of youth are past. Underneath the vizors there is visible the pallor of overtraining or of nervous apprehension.

Meanwhile the expansion of commerce and the growth of the system of credit provides a new and precious guarantee for peace. Mr. Norman Angell in his suggestive book has called attention to the strength of the financial ties which now connect all the great capitals. States which in the race of armaments figure as dangerous rivals are in reality interdependent in the vital matter of gold supply. Recent events have so clearly established a fact already well known to bankers, that in course of time it may be expected to influence the decisions of Cabinets. Unfortunately, diplomacy works in grooves, and it is long before its votaries will admit that the future of the race now depends, not on armaments and wars, but on inventions, industry, commerce, and their sublimated essence, credit. When this fact is fully realised there will be another 'diplomatic revolution' more fundamental than that of 1756. We have not space here to advert to Mr. Angell's arguments, some of which are questionable; but the main thesis, that war is an anachronism in view of the growing solidarity of financial interests, cannot be disputed.

The historian may bring his quota to this interesting discussion. He can show that the aim for which British statesmen

strove in former ages, the balance of power, has in this generation come to pass without their interposition, almost in their despite. He will point out that the world has been explored to its furthest bounds, and that the statesmen of Europe have succeeded in partitioning the new lands without recourse to war. If he retain the invaluable gift of seeing both sides of a question, he will infer that the recent naval developments in Germany result from her apprehensions as to the purport of the Anglo-Franco-Russian understandings rather than from a design to raid the vaults of the Bank of England. Certainly, in view of the difficulties surmounted in and after the years 1810 and 1884, he will counsel the maintenance of the dignity, reserve and fortitude which enhance the prestige and strength of a nation.

Art. VI.—SOME MODERN ESSAYISTS.

1. *The Upton Letters.* By A. C. Benson. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1905.
2. *At Large.* By A. C. Benson. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1908.
3. *The House of Quiet.* By A. C. Benson. London: John Murray. 1906.
4. *From a College Window.* By A. C. Benson. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1906.
5. *Orthodoxy.* By G. K. Chesterton. London: John Lane. 1909.
6. *Twelve Types.* By G. K. Chesterton. London: A. L. Humphreys. 1906.
7. *Tremendous Trifles.* By G. K. Chesterton. London: Methuen. 1909.
8. *On Everything.* By H. Belloc. London: Methuen. 1909.
9. *On Nothing and Kindred Subjects.* By H. Belloc. London: Methuen. 1906.
10. *One Day and Another.* By E. V. Lucas. London: Methuen. 1909.
11. *Character and Comedy.* By E. V. Lucas. London: Methuen. 1907.

'A dispersed meditacion' is Bacon's definition of the essay; and 'the thing,' he adds, 'is ancient, though the name is 'late.' The word implies a certain want of finish. Addison speaks of 'the wildness of those compositions which go by the 'name of Essays'; and Glanville of 'an essay, or imperfect offer 'at a subject.' With time, however, the slightness of treatment noticeable in the earlier masters of the craft disappears; the essay became elaborate in style, though limited in range. Nor was this change one of style only. In the hands of Sainte-Beuve we find it a literary masterpiece: the reader of the 'Causeries du Lundi' is at a loss whether to admire most the insight, the command of the subject, or the perfection of form. In England we have no Sainte-Beuve. Our taste is more full-blown; Macaulay is our typical essayist of what may be called the classical school. It is the fashion nowadays to depreciate him; but it is safe to say that the fashion will be a passing one. It would be well for his critics had they a tenth

part of the reading, the judgement, the good sense displayed by him on the historic platform of this Review. With him may be classed, though at a distance, W. R. Greg and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, whose 'Horae Sabbaticae' carry on the Whig tradition. Matthew Arnold, their superior in form, was of thinner texture. His elusive delicacy and lightness of touch were paid for by a certain inconclusiveness; with all his power of suggestion, he touched upon rather than grappled with his theme. We miss in him the concrete note, the training to be acquired not in schools but in the larger world of the court, the senate and the cabinet. The essayist is a student and a painter of life. '*Quicquid agunt homines*,' says Hazlitt, 'is the general motto 'of this department of literature': and the importance for those who occupy themselves with it of a practical knowledge of affairs can scarcely be overestimated; it is this that distinguishes the expert from the dilettante and the doctrinaire. No one dealt with ideas more happily than Arnold; but it was on the condition of their remaining abstractions. He was impatient of the attempt to embody them in legislation, because of the mixture of alloy which it involved. So treated, the idea, he felt, materialises itself: it is not easily recognised when 'clothed upon'; the word, in a new and less happy sense, has been made flesh. This is so. It is impossible, on the one side, to handle ideas in a state of pure ideality; and, on the other, to express them in concrete form, fixing what is in itself in solution, without something of the original being lost in the process. This holds of ideas as such and in every department of life; and arises not, as Arnold seemed to think paradoxically, from any original sin in Liberalism, Nonconformity, or English human nature, but from their necessary relation to the institutions in which they take shape, that is from the nature of things. A price has to be paid for every step taken in advance; and the recovery of this price is slow. Nor is the ideal ever fully realised. Just because it is an ideal, it goes before us: we pursue but do not overtake it; we follow, but never attain. Yet, as it moves, we move with it. We stand to-day where it stood yesterday; and shall stand to-morrow where it stands to-day. It was owing to this failure to distinguish pure from applied ideas that Arnold never succeeded in getting his fellow-countrymen to take him quite seriously. His writings coloured their thoughts and contributed to the formation of their opinions; no more than this can be said. It is only fair to add that he would have been the first to disclaim the part of the reformer. No one was more conscious that 'he was regarded as an unauthorised practitioner 'whose prescriptions no respectable chemist would consent to

'make up.' He would have answered that he did not profess either to deal in drugs or to write prescriptions. He was a critic; and the critical understanding moves on other lines than the practical. The lesson he taught us—and fifty years ago it was a much-needed lesson—was our own ignorance: even to-day the satire of 'Friendship's Garland' has not lost its point.

Of living essayists Mr. Birrell has perhaps inherited most of Arnold's spirit—his irony, his appreciation of standpoints not his own. Like Arnold, he pokes fun at Dissenters; he is sensible, perhaps over sensible, of the charm of Newman; he presents us with an idealised portrait of the Roman Church, and an unidealised one of the Anglican—'a Church of which 'sanctity is *not* a note is sure to have many friends.' Well, the memory of Bishop King will not soon be forgotten in England. It is not our way in this country to advertise, nor, were it otherwise, is sanctity a very fitting subject for advertisement; but there are good and even saintly men in, and outside, every Church, and sanctity in the full sense of the word must cover more ground than the medieval conception of it. This was to a great extent matter of temperament and surroundings: the test is general and must be largely applied. As for Newman, it is perhaps rather as a man of letters than as a controversialist or as a theologian that he will live. The time will come when the questions to which he devoted his life will be of no more than antiquarian interest: to-day even it is as a rhetorician, an ironist, a master of English prose that he appeals to us. Here he is unsurpassed.

'Had he led the secular life and adopted a Parliamentary career he would have been simply terrific, for his weapons of offence are both numerous and deadly. His sentences stab—his invective destroys. The pompous high-placed imbecile, mouthing his platitudes, the wordy sophister with his oven full of unbaked thoughts, the ill-bred rhetorician with his tawdry aphorisms, the heartless hate-producing satirist, would have gone down before his sword and spear. But God was merciful to these sinners: Newman became a priest, and they Privy Councillors.' *

As a divine he came into conflict with a stronger than he. The Oxford Movement 'as a movement with a *terminus ad* 'quem was fairly beaten by a power fit to be ranked with Rome 'herself'—John Bullism. 'John Bull could not be got to assume 'a Catholic demeanour. When his judges denied that the grace 'of baptism was a dogma of his faith, Bull, instead of behaving

* A. Birrell, 'Selected Essays,' p. 187.

'as did the people of Milan when Ambrose was persecuted by an 'Arian Government, was hugely pleased, clapped his thigh, and 'exclaimed through the mouth of Lord John Russell that the 'ruling was "sure to give general satisfaction," as indeed it did.' Bishop Phillpotts was not an Ambrose; and the times were changed. That the shape in which the popular Protestantism of the 'fifties manifested itself was ridiculous is true; but its tendency was nobler than its expression. With Catholicism, Roman or Anglican, the reverse is the case; nor can the great logical fallacy, the all or nothing argument of which its advocates 'do vainly boast,' arrest either its interior contradiction or its exterior decay. Mr. Birrell has not wholly avoided this fallacy. 'Logic,' he tells us,

'is the prime necessity of the hour. Decomposition and transformation are going on all round us, but far too slowly. Some opinions, bold and erect as they may still stand, are in reality but empty shells. One shove would be fatal. Why is it not given?'

The Modernist, the Broad Churchman, the cross-bench politician are ruled out of court with scant ceremony and less comprehension.

'The world is full of doleful creatures who move about demanding our sympathy. I have nothing to give them but doses of logic, and stern commands to move on or to fall back. Catholics in distress about Infallibility, Protestants devoting themselves to the dismal task of paring down the dimensions of this miracle and reducing the credibility of that one, as if any appreciable relief from the burden of faith could be so obtained; sentimental sceptics, who after labouring to destroy what they call the chimera of superstition, fall to weeping as they remember they have now no lies to teach their children; democrats who are frightened at the rough ways of the people, and aristocrats flirting with democracy. Logic, if it cannot cure, can at least silence these gentry.' *

Logic of this sort is familiar to the reader of religious or political controversy. For the half-hearted it has, no doubt, its uses; with those whose intelligence is in excess of their information it is effective; it has taken men to Caesarism and to anarchy, to scepticism and to Rome. But *non in commotione Dominus*. It breaks down when we fall back from the connexion of propositions to the verification of premisses, that is when brought to the test of fact. A creed can be taken *en bloc* only by those who regard it as a party programme, not by those who ask the more vital question, is it true? The institutional view of religion may be true or false; but its connexion with

* P. 266.

Infallibility is contingent, not necessary: Eastern Christianity is standing disproof of any essential kinship between the two. This shows us a Christianity which is institutional without being Papal; the reason for this being that the arrest of religious developement took place earlier in the East than in the West, at a time when the Papal claims were imperfectly established. Similarly, the acceptance of the Thirty-Nine Articles or of the Westminster Confession is perfectly consistent with a critical attitude towards miracles. There is no intrinsic reason why the Founder of Christianity should have worked this particular, or indeed any, miracle: 'a wicked and adulterous 'generation seeketh after a sign.' The question then is not what He must have done—this we have no means of knowing—but what He actually did. This is a question of evidence, in which criticism must say the last word. If such inquiries constitute religion, no doubt 'it is very puzzling and difficult, and 'drives some men to collect butterflies and beetles.' There are worse employments. But the *non in dialectica* of St. Ambrose has a bearing beyond dialectic. 'If to acquire knowledge were 'our part, we should indeed be but poorly provided,' says Bishop Butler. 'But if something else be our business and duty, we 'may, notwithstanding our ignorance, be well enough furnished 'for it; and the observation of our ignorance may be of assistance to us in the discharge of it.' *

R. L. Stevenson is, as nearly as a writer can be, a pure artist—and what an artist!—his delight is in his craft, in letters, for their own sake, not for an ulterior end. Never was there a greater Romantic: romance is the atmosphere he breathes and the element in which he moves. The conception which underlies his work as a whole is 'that romance, or the vision of the 'possibilities of things, is far more important than mere occur-'rences; that one is the soul of our life, the other the body, and 'that the soul is the precious thing.' †

'One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the service of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young firs, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight us. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of our race; and

* Sermon xv. Upon the Ignorance of Man.

† G. K. Chesterton, 'Twelve Types,' p. 117.

when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them into the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots, again, seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable.' *

No one has drawn out this natural tie between place and action more vividly than Stevenson himself. The lonely house on the coast road, with the tap of the blind sailor's stick coming nearer and nearer in the fog and frost of the indrawing winter's night; the Hawes Inn at Queensferry, 'apart from the town, 'beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine '—in front of the ferry bubbling with the tide, and the guard-'ship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the 'trees'—'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped' have breathed life into them, and this life passed from the mind of the artist into soil and sea. 'Some day, I think, a boat shall put off from 'the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo; and some 'frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his 'whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.' The boat has put off, but the horseman lingers: their creator sleeps, untimely, on a distant shore.

He had the intense vitality, the love of action and of the open, that so often go with ill health; his 'Oh to be up and doing!' was the instinctive cry of a strenuous spirit ill at ease in a feeble frame. This made him at once essentially a Scotsman and essentially a citizen of the world. A wanderer in search of the sun, he assimilated the poetry of lands other than his own. But, exiled as he was, he remained a

> 'Child of the old romance that, lingering, dies
> By Northern seas':

the rainwashed, windbeaten city that looks from its grey crags to the Forth and the Highland hills had his heart to the end. His temper was not that of contemplation. 'It is better to 'be a fool than to be dead' was his conviction; and for those who refused the enterprise of life he had the contempt of the adventurous.

> 'But ye—O ye, who linger still
> Here in your fortress on the hill,
> With placid face, with tranquil breath,
> The unsought volunteers of death,
> Our cheerful General on high
> With careless look may pass you by.'

* Memories and Portraits, p. 251.

His style was acquired and elaborated ; but so perfect is the art that no trace of it is left in the finished work. Its movement never flags ; it is instinct with life and colour ; its easiness simulates nature so dexterously that an expert might be deceived. A treasure of fantasy perished with him. His stories, it has been well said, ' were only the two or three of his soul's ' adventures that he happened to tell. But he died with a ' thousand stories in his heart.' *

With Stevenson the grand style ended. Time may restore it to us ; but for the moment something of lighter texture has taken its place. The essay of to-day falls under the head of journalism—the word is used in no invidious sense ; it is topical, personal, often polemical ; the erudition, the objectivity, the detachment of the older school are gone. If sermons, preached or written, are at a discount, the ordinary Englishman exhibiting a marked reluctance either to sit under or to read them, the reason perhaps is that the unauthorised practitioner is the better man. Certainly the lay is replacing the clerical preacher. Balliol men of his time remember Thomas Hill Green's stimulating addresses to his pupils ; the ' Spectator ' gives us a sermon, and as a rule an excellent one, most Saturdays ; the ' Times ' on the greater Church festivals. Not a few popular essayists follow suit. Mr. A. C. Benson preaches a decorous and somewhat undogmatic Anglicanism ; Mr. Chesterton the rotund orthodoxy of the licensed victualler ; Mr. Belloc, who with all his brilliancy somehow suggests the ' rowdy Philistine ' of ' Friendship's Garland '—a certain exuberant and riotous Romanism which he manages to associate with Sussex, the French army, democracy, and wine. It is not surprising that they should attract larger congregations than the professionals ; for, like ' modest Foster,' they

> ' excel
> Ten metropolitans in preaching well.'

But they have not wholly escaped the monotony which is the special note of the pulpit. When we take up their books we know beforehand very much what they will say and how they will say it ; there is no element of the unexpected or of surprise.

Description often goes by contraries. Mr. Benson may be described by way of contrast with the distinguished American statesman who has lately been invigorating Europe by his breezy and robust eloquence. He is the exact antithesis of Mr. Roosevelt ; he stands for all that is furthest removed from the

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* G. K. Chesterton, ' Twelve Types,' p. 119.

Transatlantic in English life. This is matter of temperament as well as of training and conviction. His England is that of the country house and the rectory; yet the rumour of the larger world outside these comes to his ears. He is modern enough to discern the inevitableness of the new order, yet keen that it shall retain the distinctive excellencies of the old. No one better represents the special ἦθος of the English Church—that ἦθος which Mr. Birrell misses: the 'soothing tendency of the Prayer 'Book,' its historical sense, its æsthetic charm, its essential reasonableness—he gives vital expression to these things.

'There are few greater pleasures than to make one's way into a cathedral city, with the grey towers visible for miles across the plain, rising high above the houseroofs and the smoke. Suddenly one is in the close . . . above you scan the huge church, with pinnacle and parapet, the jackdaws cheerily hallooing from the lofty ledges. You are a little weary of air and sun; you push open the door, and you are in the cool, dark nave, with its holy smell; you sit for a little, and let the spirit of the place creep into your mind; you walk hither and thither, read the epitaphs, mourn with the bereaved, give thanks for the record of long happy lives, and glow with mingled pain and admiration for some young life nobly laid down. The monuments of soldiers, the sight of dusty banners moving faintly in the slow-stirring air, always move me inexpressibly; the stir and fury of war setting hither like a great tide, to find its last abiding place. Then, when I have drunk my fill of sweet sights, I love to sit silent, while the great bell hums in the roof, and gathering footsteps of young and old patter through the echoing aisles. There is a hush of expectation. A few quiet worshippers assemble; the western light grows low, and lights spring to life, one after another, in the misty choir. Then murmurs a voice, an Amen rises in full concord, and as it dies away the slumberous thunder of a pedal note rolls on the air; the casements whirr, the organ speaks. That fills, as it were, to the brim, as with some sweet and fragrant potion, the cup of beauty; and the dreaming, inquiring spirit sinks content into the flowing, the aspiring, tide, satisfied as with some heavenly answer to its sad questionings.

'Yet even as I write, as the gentle mood lapses and fades, I find myself beset with uneasy and bewildering thoughts about the whole. What was the power that raised these great places as so essential and vital a part of life? We have lost it, whatever it was. They are no longer part of the essence of life; life has flowed away from their portals, and left them a beautiful shadow, a venerable monument, a fragrant sentiment. No doubt it was largely superstition that constructed them, a kind of insurance paid for heavenly security. No one now seriously thinks that to endow a college of priests to perform services would affect his spiritual prospects in the world to come. The Church itself does not countenance the idea.

'And then there falls a darker, more bewildering thought. Suppose one could bring one of the rough Galilean fishermen who sowed the

seed of the faith into a place like this, and say to him, "This is the fruit of your teaching: you, whose mouths never spoke a word of art or music, who taught poverty and simplicity, bareness of life, and an unclouded heart, you are honoured here; these towers and bells are called after your names; you stand in gorgeous robes in these storied windows." Would they not think and say that it was all a terrible mistake? Would they not say that the desire of the world, the lust of the eye and ear, had laid subtle and gentle hands on a stern and rugged creed, and bade it serve and be bound?

'I do not know; it leaves me in a sad and bewildered conflict of spirit. And yet I somehow feel that God is in these places, and that, if only the heart is pure and the will strong, such influences can minister to the growth of the meek and loving spirit.' *

An English cathedral, like the English Church, perhaps like the Church as a whole, represents an idea which has failed to take complete shape. The sixteenth-century conception of a national church co-extensive with the nation was incapable of realisation. Once the rigid fabric of medieval religion was broken down, human nature asserted itself: in default of its former sanctions it was impossible to reproduce under the new order the doctrinal and ceremonial uniformity of the old. Some lagged behind; some went in advance of the main body; some struck out various paths for themselves right and left of the main road. It is difficult to say whether this was for good or evil. It was, in any case, inevitable; a stage through which religious experience could not but go. But, though she falls short of her original purpose, to Englishmen of a certain type the English Church appeals strongly, and what to some minds appear her inconsistencies make the strength of her appeal. Her acceptance of the Reformation standpoint freed her from the corruption of medieval religion—its priestcraft, its miracle-mongering, its false asceticism, its arrest of thought. But her break with the past was as slight as was consistent with the attainment of this freedom; she retained the decorous order of historical Christianity—the episcopate, the liturgy, the Catholic creeds. The English Reformation was brought about by statesmen and lawyers, not by ecclesiastics; hence its rationality, its regard for precedent, its breadth of view. Neither fanaticism nor logic guided them; they had little of the fire of Knox or Luther; they had no desire to follow ideas; they used them as far as, but no further than, they had need. They were not sceptics; but their temper was political rather than religious. To the mind of the time religious unity was a condition of public order; their aim was, therefore, to frame an ecclesiastical policy in which the

* Upton Letters, p. 80.

nation as a whole could acquiesce. Those who refused to accept this policy they regarded as bad citizens; nor should the fact that the charge of treason brought against Papist and Puritan alike was often constructive blind us to the advance upon the merely ecclesiastical standpoint involved in this view. The proposal to establish a national Church was not in the sixteenth century a Utopian scheme. Till experience had shown the contrary, it was reasonable to suppose that Protestants could and would unite; nor was the barrier between the Reformed and the Unreformed Churches as insuperable as it has since become. For the greater part of his life so staunch a Catholic as Sir Thomas More believed the Papacy to be an institution of human appointment; a non-Papal Catholicism had been set up by Henry VIII. in England and was contemplated by Francis I. in France. It was from political rather than from religious causes that Protestantism became sectarian and Catholicism Papalist; neither event could have been foreseen. It was natural, then, that the Reformation settlement in this country should have been a compromise. The temper of the nation was, as it still is, conservative; the majority of Englishmen were attached to the old ritual, and, while willing to accept reform where it was clearly called for, were indisposed to change as change. They were indifferent to dogma, and impatient of clerical interference in public or private life. The clergy, from the Pope downward, must keep their place, and this place tended to become more restricted. But while religion, as such, was interior, and each man's private affair, worship was a matter of public order to be regulated by the magistrate. The Church of England was framed with the intention of including Catholics who sat loose to the Pope and Protestants who could dispense with the new Papacy established by Calvin at Geneva. This is the historical explanation of much that puzzles her critics—the ambiguity of her formularies and that wide diversity of opinion tolerated among her members. The course of secular politics for three hundred years accentuated her Protestantism; the Oxford movement of the last century rekindled her Catholicism. The flame is evanescent, for Catholicism cannot live in the modern world; but the decisive word against it comes neither from history nor from the standards of Anglicanism, but from the lines on which life and mind are advancing. The time of ultimates, however, is not yet; and meanwhile the mingling of the two currents, if it lessens the immediate effectiveness of the Anglican system, gives it the distinctive colour which Mr. Benson catches so happily—the sunset tints which recall a past splendour and give promise—who knows?—of a

returning day. The logician is contemptuous of this subtle quality; but it is not to the dead syllogism but to the living organism—adaptive, assimilative, acted on by and reacting on its environment—that the future belongs. 'In liturgia 'Anglicana, qualem mihi describitis, multas video tolerabiles 'ineptias,' wrote Calvin; and his followers denounced it roundly as 'an ill-mumbled mass.' Or compare Newman's 'dreariness 'which could be felt, and which seemed the token of an incipient 'Socinianism,' with Mr. Benson's 'stately pomp, so grave and 'beautiful a thing to those who use it,' a 'holy service proceeding 'with a sense of exquisite deliberation, leading one through the 'ancient ways up to the message of to-day.' This picture describes what is; Newman's what, given the premisses with which he starts, should be. And Newman was as great a master of rhetoric as of logic. Perilous gifts, each of them!

'What logic! leaping lightly over difficult places, taking flowery bypaths among the fields, the very stairs on which he treads based on all kinds of wide assumptions and unverifiable hypotheses. One cannot help feeling that, had Newman been a Pharisee, he would have been, with his love of precedent and antiquity and tradition, one of the most determined and deadly opponents of the spirit of Christ. For the spirit of Christ is the spirit of freedom, of elasticity, of unconventionality. Newman would have upheld in the Sanhedrin with pathetic and exquisite eloquence that it was not the time to break with the old, that it was miserable treachery to throw over the ancient safeguards of faith delivered by Abraham and Moses to the saints. . . . He had the mind of a poet: and the particular kind of beauty that appealed to him was not the beauty of nature or art, but the beauty of old tradition and the far-off dim figures of saints and prelates reaching back into the dark and remote past.' *

The strength of the Reformed Churches is that their vision is before them, not behind: that of the Church of England in particular that, if she is less prepared than the more radically reformed communions to deal freely with the modern mind, the road is open before her in this direction; while she retains a firmer hold than they on that sacramental principle which has its roots so deeply in human nature and has stood for so many generations the test of use.

No living writer has the outlook of the scholar more completely than Mr. Benson—simple yet not ascetic, devout yet not ecclesiastically minded, academic yet not aloof from men. There is a certain sameness in his treatment of his topics, because these vary within narrow limits: it may be said in a

* Upton Letters, p. 23.

sense that to have read one of his books is to have read all. But, in spite of his modest admission that 'it is all a question of 'mood,' * he is more than an essayist. A philosophy of life at once underlies and is the outcome of his various discussions—indistinct, perhaps (for in this field distinctness is gained at the cost of adequacy), but sufficient for guidance:

'They see not clearliest who see all things clear': and it wakes an echo in not a few minds. 'If it came to be published, I 'think there are some to whom it would appeal, as the thin-'drawn tremor of the violin stirs the note in vase or glass that 'have stood voiceless and inanimate.' Nor is the record without unity: it is the chronicle of an experience put together with a purpose, 'on a plan that has gradually shaped itself and 'become coherent.' The first condition of such an outlook over things is that it shall face the facts. Life is a complex whole; there are elements in it from which, if we could, we would look away. To deny or explain away their existence is idle: the lie in the soul is the worst of lies. Such expedients break down under those who lean on them: we are left with the eternal truths, the eternal laws, the eternal solitudes alone. 'Je 'mourrai seul': a certain Stoicism is a constituent at once of religion and of life.

'The only happiness worth seeking for is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eyes and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be tranquil in their presence.' †

To forget this is to forget that truth of Scripture—which, as Hegel points out, is also a truth of experience—that we must die to live. But though we cannot overlook the facts we can place them in an ampler setting. Limit your stage, and the end of the scene sees the play out; enlarge it, and this apparent end becomes a link between successive acts: it is a new beginning, a passage from a smaller to a larger room.

'I lie like a boat upon a quiet tide, drifting out to sea—the sea to which we must all drift. I am thankful for my life and all its sweetness, and it seems to me now as if all the happiness came from God, and all the shadow was of my own making. And the strangest thought of all is that the darkest shadow has always been this very passing, which now seems to me the most natural thing in the world, indeed the only true thing.' ‡

Perhaps the key to the whole is its sense of Beauty, more

* House of Quiet, VIII.
† From a College Window, p. 53.
‡ House of Quiet, p. 241.

familiar as an organ of truth to Greek than to English thought. The poets have caught it :

' Beauty is Truth ; Truth Beauty : '

where thinkers and moralists have stumbled, theirs has been the more excellent way.

Mr. Benson's views as to public-school education have been of late much before the world. The question at issue is a sleeping dog which the upholders of the existing system will do well to let lie. For, though it may be avoided or postponed, once raised it can be settled in only one way. The Schoolmaster-Bishop in ' At Large ' is representative :

' It was delightful to see and hear the good man expatiate. I did not believe much in what he said, nor could I reasonably endorse many of his statements ; but he did it all so genially and naturally that one felt almost ashamed to question the matter of his discourse. He said with much emphasis that, in spite of all that was said about modern education, we most of us realised as we grew older that all culture was really based upon the Greek and Latin classics. . . . All that the Bishop really meant was that such culture as he himself possessed had been based on the classics. Now the Bishop is a robust, genial and sensible man, but he is not a strictly cultured man. He is only sketchily varnished with culture. He thinks that German literature is nebulous, and French literature immoral. I don't suppose he ever reads an English book, except perhaps an ecclesiastical biography. He would say that he had no time to read a novel; probably he glances at the "Christian Year" on Sundays, and peruses a Waverley novel if he is kept in bed by a cold. Yet he considers himself, and would be generally considered, a well-educated man.' *

This is the type of educator to whom, on the question of education, Mr. Benson would say, with the Apostle, ' Thou hast ' neither part nor lot in this matter.' The fallacy of the classical tradition is that it takes the part for the whole. Historically it comes to us from a time when the only literature in existence was Greek or Latin : the reason why the scholars of the Renaissance read the classics so enthusiastically was that there was nothing else to read. No argument, therefore, can be derived from the Renaissance ; it is impossible to say how the Renaissance would have dealt with the situation in which we find ourselves to-day. ' To persist in regarding the classics as the ' highwater mark of the human intellect seems to me to argue a ' melancholy want of faith in the progress of the race.' A fuller treatment of the question is found in an earlier volume. The

* At Large, p. 218.

upshot of some twenty years' experience of the present system is that it is a complete failure. 'We had an enormous and 'elaborate machine; and the masters were horribly overworked. 'The whole thing whizzed, banged, grumbled and hummed like a factory; but very little education was the result.'* The main subjects of instruction are out of touch with life, and the pedantic methods of teaching which we have inherited and seem unable to shake off accentuate this remoteness. Here and there a tutor is inspiring and a pupil receptive; but each case is the exception. Dull boys remain undeveloped; clever boys, whose aptitudes lie in other directions, are repressed and stunted; the ideal set before teachers and taught is unpractical and takes no account of the realities of life. The boys came malleable enough; 'they left knowing next to nothing, without intel-'lectual interests, and indeed honestly despising them. . . . It is 'a melancholy picture, but the result certainly was that intellec-'tual cynicism was the note of the place.' A few scholars were turned out; but these were boys who combined an ability which is rare with an aptitude for classics which is rarer. It has been argued, rather cynically, that one such success outweighs the wastefulness of the system; that a classical education is such an exotic that, were it anything short of universal, it would generate too little heat to support itself: it is only in the atmosphere created by the many, failures as they are and must remain, that the few can thrive. No one who is not personally interested in things as they are will assent to such a paradox. The Classical Tripos is not an end in itself; and it is not to be supposed that we shall continue to sacrifice the ninety-nine who cannot figure in it to the one who can. The aim of a system of national training is utilitarian—the greater good of the greater number, or of the community as a whole. As things are in England it produces a small élite in one not very actual department of knowledge; not the incompetent only, but the competent in other departments, being sacrificed to this end. It was hoped by many that Mr. Benson might have had the opportunity of giving practical effect to his opinions on the field of a great public school. It would have been an experiment; and, no doubt, though 'the 'present results are so poor that any experiments are justified,' Eton was too important a place to be made the subject of experiments; perhaps the time for such changes as he has in view is not yet. 'There is certainly a vague and undefined discon-'tent with our present results; but it is all a negative opinion, a 'dissatisfaction with what is being done. The movement must

* From a College Window, p. 154.

'have a certain positive character before it can take shape. At 'present there is but little demand on the part of parents that 'boys should have intellectual interests or enthusiasms for 'things of the mind.'

The popular worship of success seems to him a poor thing. Few are the better for being successful. We are here for the sake of experience, not of happiness; to go back to the discourse of the Schoolmaster-Bishop, it was

'frankly worldly, such as might have been given by a Sadducee in the time of Christ. The most interesting thing about it was that most of the people present believed it to be an ethical and even a religious address. It was the ethic of a professional bowler, and the religion of a banker. If a boy had been for all intents and purposes a professional bowler to the age of twenty-three, and a professional banker afterwards, he would almost exactly have fulfilled the Bishop's ideal. I do not say that it is a bad ideal either. I only say that it is not an exalted ideal, and that it is not a Christian ideal. It is the world in disguise; the wolf in sheep's clothing over again: we were taken in.' *

The contemplative temper seldom does full justice to the active, or the active to the contemplative: each, like the oar in water, appears refracted in the other's view. The gift of rule is not always consistent with the gentler virtues: it seeks the open, they flourish in the shade. Yet, though it takes all sorts to make a world, in our time and country we do well to lay stress on the latter, to lean to the less recognised side. This is not in any sense an excuse for inaction.

'I believe with all my heart that happiness depends upon strenuous energy; but I think that this energy ought to be expended upon work, and every day life, and relations with others, and the accessible pleasures of literature and art. The gospel that I detest is the gospel of success, the teaching that every one ought to be discontented with his setting, that a man ought to go to the front, clear a space round him, eat, drink, make love, cry, strive and fight. It is all to be at the expense of feebler people. This is a detestable ideal, because it is the gospel of tyranny rather than the gospel of equality. It is obvious, too, that such success depends upon a man being stronger than his fellows, and is only made possible by shoving and hectoring and bullying the weak. The preaching of this violent gospel has done us already grievous harm; it is this which has tended to depopulate country districts, to make people averse to discharging all honest subordinate tasks, to make men and women overvalue excitement and amusement. The result of it is the lowest kind of democratic

* At Large, p. 227.

sentiment, which says, "Every one is as good as every one else, and I am a little better," and the jealous spirit, which says, "If I cannot be prominent, I will do my best that no one else shall be."'

This philosophy of the quiet life has in it a touch at once of Horace and of the New Testament. It commends itself to men of meditative temper; its avoidance of excess, its delicacy, its academic colour give it a singular charm. It is not robust; but in an age of push and pseudo-robustness this may be counted to it for righteousness: it will not suit every one, but those whom it does suit, like the Prayer Book and Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry, it will suit pre-eminently well. It says for them just what, had they the power of expression, they would say for themselves. It dwells on the sunnier side of life; yet this is not because it is blind to the other—'I do not think that 'any of the windings of the dark wood of which Dante speaks 'are unknown to me'—but because, when all is said and done, a moderate and qualified optimism is the conclusion indicated by the facts. It is far removed, indeed, from the shallow optimism of the Pangloss type; but it is equally removed from despondency. There are different points of view not only in different men, but in the same man at different times. But the world does improve, though it improves slowly: happiness, like good and evil, is more equally distributed than we might think at first sight. The good people, Bishop Creighton used to say, are not as good as they think themselves, and the bad people are not as bad as the good people think them. This may seem a somewhat cold morality. 'Mr. Maurice thinks there is no 'eternal punishment,' said an old-fashioned Evangelical; 'but 'we hope for better things.' And it is possible that with the old beliefs, for the generation at least which lost touch with them in their traditional setting, a certain incentive to action was weakened, or disappeared. It can be replaced, but its replacement comes later: in the meanwhile a motive power to which we were accustomed is gone. But 'is it not a comfort to know 'that the truth is there? and that what we believe or do not 'believe about it makes no difference at all? Yes, I think it is 'a comfort; at all events upon that foundation alone is it 'possible to rest.' This is the stand-by in times of drifting. ''Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον.' It were worth it; but, for those who have eyes to see it, it is healing not destruction that the light brings. This is so in every department of experience; in religion, where we most avoid it, above all.

'What has made the path of faith a steep one to tread is that it has got terribly encumbered with ecclesiastical traditions; it has

been mended, like the Slough of Despond, with cartloads of texts and insecure definitions. And partly too the old simple undisturbed faith in the absolute truth and authority of the Bible has given way. It is admitted that the Bible contains a considerable admixture of the legendary element; and it requires a strong intellectual and moral grip to build one's faith upon a collection of writings, some of which, at all events, are not now regarded as being historically and literally true. "If I cannot believe it all," says the simple bewildered soul, "how can I be certain that any of it is indubitably true?" Only the patient and desirous spirit can decide; but whatever else fades, the perfect insight, the Divine message of the Son of Man cannot fade; the dimmer that the historical setting becomes, the brighter shine the parables and the sayings, so far beyond the power of His followers to have originated, so utterly satisfying to our deepest needs. What I desire to say with all my heart is that we pilgrims need not be dismayed because the golden disc dips into darkness and mist; it emerges as bright as ever upon the upward slope of the valley. If one disregards all that is uncertain, all that cannot be held to be securely proved in the sacred writings, there still remain the essential facts of the Christian revelation, and more deep and fruitful principles than a man can keep and make his own in the course of a lifetime, however purely and faithfully he lives and strives. To myself the doubtful matters are things absolutely immaterial, like the *débris* of the mine, while the precious ore gleams and sparkles in every boulder.'

Here we may leave it: it has seldom been better said.

To pass from Mr. Benson to Mr. Chesterton is to pass into a different climate and air. It is like putting down the 'Spectator' and taking up the 'Daily Mail.' The cleverness of this great organ of English opinion is indisputable: it possesses the trick of halfpenny journalism—whatever may be the worth of this trick—to perfection; the thing could not be better done. But, with all its merits, it is not the 'Spectator'; and it is the 'Daily Mail.' Instead of the pot-pourri with which the drawing-room is redolent we have the odours of Fleet Street, the click of the typewriter at our elbow, the rush of the motor-car outside. In the Northern part of the island popular taste is different. People read the 'Scotsman,' which, if heavy, is at least substantial; and take little count of the 'Daily Mail.' It is not only or even chiefly in his style that Mr. Chesterton suggests the latter organ: rather it is in his use of all that is most up to date in journalistic method to enforce assertions sometimes paradoxical, sometimes commonplace, which only pass muster because the reader takes them for granted. Is it true, for example, that 'in all created nature there is not, 'perhaps, anything so completely ugly as a pillar-box'? Mr.

Ruskin said the same of railway stations. The answer is an appeal from the abstract to the concrete. It depends upon the station. Waterloo justifies Mr. Ruskin's criticism. But a country station is generally inoffensive and often picturesque; Victoria is distinctly an ornament to London, the Gare du Nord to Paris. The apologia for the pillar-box must take a different shape, for pillar-boxes are made to a pattern. But no one was more utilitarian than your Gothic or Greek architect: what strikes us to-day as picturesque in his creation was for him a necessity imposed by the conditions under which he worked. The absence of light and air, at which it seems to us moderns the medieval builder aimed so perversely, was none of his choosing. He gave as much of both as his material and the purpose of the edifice, secular or religious, allowed. The purpose of a letter-box is to catch the eye and to hold letters. This would have satisfied the requirements of ancient as of modern domestic architecture; the 'God of letter-writing,' or the 'St. Rowland 'of the Postage Stamp,' which Mr. Chesterton desiderates, would have been added, if at all, by convention, and have been no addition either to utility or to effect. A work of art, ancient or modern, is one thing; a convention another. The medieval statues turned out by the dozen in many of our cathedrals are in no sense works of art.

He is the apostle of good cheer, and at the same time the apologist of asceticism. The thought of beer moves him to emotion; he is severe on those who would impose the morality of Mohammedanism on the refreshment of the lower classes. Not that he is an advocate of excess: 'we should thank God 'for beer and Burgundy by not drinking too much of them.'* But he will not number bottles; he has a proper contempt for a man who will not fill up his cup and fill up his can. Yet 'asceticism in the religious sense,' he urges, 'is the repudia-'tion of the great mass of human joys because of the supreme 'joyfulness of the one joy.'† Were this statement limited to the asceticism of St. Francis and his first followers, it might pass. The idyll of Umbria was strangely like that of Galilee, though the saint, looking back upon his austerities, confessed, 'I have been 'too hard on my brother the ass'—meaning his body. But to apply it to Christian asceticism in general is in flat contradiction with fact. It was not the conviction 'that this raging and 'confounding universe is governed by justice and mercy' that peopled the cloister, but a more practical motive—the fear of hell, from which, it was believed, asceticism offered the only,

* Orthodoxy, p. 238. † P. 63.

or at least the only sure, hope of escape. 'Hora novissima, 'tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus'—this was the keynote to monastic piety; its end was 'that we be not judged with this 'world.'

By the large class of religious people who are on the look-out for crutches 'Orthodoxy' has been hailed as a fifth gospel. Such persons are distressingly conscious that religion, in the sense in which they understand the word, is at a discount in the modern world. There are of course 'down-grade' theologians; but they are disavowed by authority. Modernism is a blind alley which leads nowhere; it is certain that it has not the promise of this world, nor, if we are to go by official ecclesiasticism, has it that of the world to come. This way lies danger; the *rétrograde éclairé* is a safer ally. Mr. Chesterton is a novel variety of the type. We are accustomed to the cosmopolitan and the decadent, but he is neither: the genial big-voiced democrat declaiming in the alehouse against the critical spirit—this we have not seen. His best argument is himself; and he is such excellent company that the sourest critic cannot be angry with him. We will smoke our pipe and drink our beer with him in the sanded parlour, and listen to his good talk as it bubbles up and overflows. But we shall not go to the poll with him; his reasoning will not even persuade us to become readers of the 'Daily Mail.' M. Jourdain's discovery that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it pales before Mr. Chesterton's that, when he believed himself to stand alone, he was really backed by historical Christendom. The Orthodox Barber in 'Tremendous Trifles' disclaimed with a smile having 'ever 'heard of a thing called the New Theology': his creator, it seems, was in a similar predicament as to the Old. 'I did try 'to found a heresy of my own,' he tells us; 'and when I had 'put the last touches to it I discovered that it was orthodoxy.' A Balliol undergraduate, having attended a revival meeting, informed Jowett with enthusiasm that he had 'found the 'Lord.' 'I am glad to hear it,' was the answer; 'but I 'wouldn't tell people if I were you.' A higher authority indeed differed. 'I believed; therefore have I spoken.' Mr. Chesterton has followed the counsel of the Psalmist rather than that of the Professor. We shall be the last to criticise him. But we could wish that he had punctuated his creed with fewer damnatory clauses; and our satisfaction with his conclusions is tempered by our sense of a lack of cogency in the reasons, we will not say by which he has arrived at them—for men often give bad reasons for beliefs which they entertain on other grounds than those of the understanding—but by which he recommends

them to the outside world. His opinions are one thing; their grounds another. And he would have been better advised had he kept the latter to himself.

Paradox has been a method used by all great teachers, from Socrates to Mr. G. B. Shaw. But a paradox is neither a palpable absurdity nor a flat misstatement of fact. Mr. Chesterton forgets this when he lays down such propositions as the following:

'Exactly what does breed insanity is reason.' *

'Christianity was shattered at the Reformation.' †

'Free thought is the best of all safeguards against freedom.' ‡

'Almost every contemporary proposal to bring freedom into the Church is simply a proposal to bring tyranny into the world.' §

'The old orthodoxy is the most adventurous and manly of theologies . . . the natural fountain of revolution and reform.' ‖

'The authority of priests to absolve, the authority of Popes to define, the authority even of the Inquisition to terrify, these were all only dark defences erected round the central authority, more undemonstrable and supernatural than all—the authority of a man to think.' ¶

'It is always easy to be a modernist, as it is always easy to be a snob.' **

'The man who quotes some German historian against the authority of the Catholic Church is strictly appealing to aristocracy. He is appealing to the superiority of an expert against the awful authority of a mob.' ††

'Of all conceivable forms of enlightenment the worst is what these people call the Inner Light. Anyone who knows anybody knows how it would work; anyone who knows anyone from the Higher Thought centre knows how it does work. That Jones shall worship the God within him turns out ultimately to mean that Jones shall worship Jones. Let Jones worship the sun or moon, anything rather than the Inner Light; let Jones worship cats or crocodiles, if he can find any in his street, but not the God within.' ‡‡

The boisterous can be overdone. This sort of thing has a flavour of the circus—the grin through the horse-collar, and the familiar salutation, How are you to-morrow? or, Here we are again! And with regard to 'the Quaker doctrine of the Inner 'Light' which Mr. Chesterton seems to think Christianity 'came 'into the world especially to destroy' §§—'the only fun of being 'a Christian was that a man was not left alone with the Inner

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* Orthodoxy, p. 25. † P. 51. ‡ P. 196.
§ P. 251. ‖ P. 255. ¶ P. 57. ** P. 184.
†† P. 82. ‡‡ P. 136. §§ P. 135.

'Light'*—the Founder of that religion was of a different opinion: 'If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great shall the 'darkness itself be!'

Mr. Chesterton can do such much more satisfactory work that it is the less excusable in him to play to the gallery in this way. What can be better, *e.g.*, than his criticism on Pragmatism?

'There is an extreme application of it—Pragmatism—which involves the absence of all truth whatever. I agree with the Pragmatists that apparent objective truth is not the whole matter; that there is an authoritative need to believe the things that are necessary to the human mind. But I say that one of these necessities precisely is a belief in objective truth. The Pragmatist tells a man to think what he must think, and never mind the Absolute. But precisely one of the things that he must think is the Absolute. This philosophy, indeed, is a kind of verbal paradox. Pragmatism is a matter of human needs; and one of the first of human needs is the something more than a Pragmatist.' †

Admirable, too, is his outlook on Nature:

'The main point of Christianity was this—that Nature is not our mother: Nature is our sister. We can be proud of her beauty, since we have the same father; but she has no authority over us; we have to admire, but not to imitate. This gives to the typically Christian pleasure in this earth a strange touch of lightness that is almost frivolity. Nature was a solemn mother to the worshipper of Isis and Cybele. Nature was a solemn mother to Wordsworth or to Emerson. But Nature is not solemn to Francis of Assisi or to George Herbert. To St. Francis, Nature is a sister, and even a younger sister: a little, dancing sister, to be laughed at as well as loved.' ‡

But he is too seldom in this vein. A wise man, between whom and Mr. Chesterton there would have been little in common, used to warn his pupils against short and simple explanations. For things, he said, are not short and simple; neither therefore can their explanations be so. Mr. Chesterton forgets this. By temperament as by conviction he is a democrat—witness his jealousy of the expert, his belief in the average, his very enthusiasm for beer. The British juryman moves him to admiration. When our civilisation 'wants a library catalogued, or the 'solar systems discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its 'specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really 'serious it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. 'The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder

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* Orthodoxy, p. 137. † P. 62. ‡ P. 205.

'of Christianity.'* Whatever may be the case with the Apostolic College, this is a one-sided account of the origin of the jury. And, if democracy means simply counting heads, an appeal from the judgement of the wise to the ignorance and prejudice of the mob, we can imagine no greater calamity for mankind than the spread of democracy. 'The open, obvious, democratic thing 'is to believe an old apple-woman when she bears testimony to a 'miracle, just as you believe an old apple-woman when she bears 'testimony to a murder. The plain popular course is to trust 'the peasant's word about the ghost exactly as far as you trust 'the peasant's word about the landlord.'† We shall not quarrel with the parallel; but we must remark that, in the case at least of the landlord, corroborative evidence would reasonably be required. The miracle and the ghost introduce considerations of another order. They are not phenomena, but inferences from, or explanations of, phenomena. Here, unless (as is so often the case) common sense is to be common nonsense, the specialist must test the facts.

The taste for glaring colours and strong assertions negative or affirmative is like the drink craving—*crescit indulgens sibi*: and to give way to either is to lose the sense of quality. The drunkard will take to the vilest compounds rather than forgo alcohol; your dogmatist becomes indifferent to the truth of his dogma: as long as it is definite, resonant, and provided with an anathema or series of anathemas he is content. Philosophy is aristocratic, cried the patriots of the Terror. Mr. Chesterton brings the same charge against history and knowledge as a whole.

'It is quite easy to see why a legend is treated, and ought to be treated, more respectfully than a book of history. The legend is generally made by the majority of people in the village, who are sane. The book is generally written by the one man in the village who is mad. Those who urge against tradition that men in the past were ignorant may go and urge it at the Carlton Club, along with the statement that voters in the slums are ignorant. It will not do for us. If we attach great importance to the opinion of ordinary men in great unanimity when we are dealing with daily matters, there is no reason why we should disregard it when we are dealing with history or fable. Tradition may be defined as an extension of the franchise. Tradition means giving votes to the most obscure of all classes, our ancestors. It is the democracy of the dead.'‡

Democracy, in this sense of the word, will take us further back

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* Tremendous Trifles, p. 68. † Orthodoxy, p. 277.
‡ P. 82.

than to the Orthodoxy which Mr. Chesterton desiderates. To give universal suffrage to our ancestors is to return to the bush and the cave. We have perhaps taken Mr. Chesterton too seriously: the jester's motley is not to be confused with the preacher's gown. But 'Orthodoxy' has been taken, and seems intended to be taken, seriously; and the writer suggests a companion volume on the seat of Church authority, conceived in all probability on the same lines. The radical defect of the standpoint taken is its disbelief in ideas. Life is a stream, not a fixed magnitude; a thing becoming, not a thing become. It is by ideas that its flow is controlled and guided. To conceive it as given once for all is to misconceive it: and an orthodoxy which takes this view of the matter, whether with the Pope we base it on the autocracy of one or with Mr. Chesterton on the ignorance of the many, is a denial of the Spirit, or inherent Reason, which is working itself out in the universe and in man, whose first and great commandment is, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but 'me.'

Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton have much in common; the former might be described as the latter done into French. He is, however, his superior as a man of letters; he has a larger horizon, a wider experience, a greater knowledge of life and of affairs. His outlook is distinctly Latin: England is the country of his adoption, France that of his temperament, mind, and sympathies. His Liberalism is equalitarian rather than progressive or democratic; the Whig-Protestant tradition of 1688 is anathema to him; he has a profound contempt for and repugnance to the industrial civilisation of the Western world. 'Emanuel Burden' is an effective, if overcharged indictment of this civilisation; its shoddiness, its vulgarity, its sordid ugliness are set in glaring relief. It has other sides; nor is it, as he seems to thinks, peculiarly English: there is little to choose in regard to it between London and Paris or Berlin. He has certain *bêtes noires* which he drags in by the ears in a manner at once irritating and offensive—Protestantism, Liberal theology, the Dreyfusards. The Clodius of Catholicism, his weapon is the bludgeon rather than the rapier; and he defends his Church rather as a polity than as a creed. In Latin countries—in particular in France—this attitude is common enough. It has little connexion with belief, observance, or conduct. It is external, negative, and not, in our sense of the word, religious. Whether you go to Mass matters little; but you must not go anywhere else. To be what is called *bien pensant* does not necessarily imply either faith or virtue; it means that you support a certain platform of which, from political motives,

opposition to the ecclesiastical measures taken by the Republic is a plank.

'The Man who was Protected' is an antidote to the rather blatant brand of Imperialism of which Mr. Kipling is, or was, the prophet; and, on the principle on which Ecclesiastes is included in the Canon, its temper should find a place in our national philosophy. Mahmoud, the protected, lives in a country entirely made of sand. When Smith, the Englishman, makes his appearance on this inhospitable coast he trades a gun (a bad one) for pearls with which Mahmoud supplies him; he, Smith, retaining a good rifle. They settle down into the relations of protector and protected; but

'While Mahmoud was perfectly contented to be protected till Doomsday, being an easy-going kind of fellow, Smith was more and more put out. He was a trifle irritable by nature. The climate did not suit him. He drank beer and whiskey and other things quite dangerous under such a sun, and he came out all over like the measles. He tried to pass the time riding on a camel. At first he thought it great sport, but after a little he got tired of that also. He began to write poetry, all about Mahmoud, and, as Mahmoud could not read, it did not much matter. Then he wrote poetry about himself, and this poetry he read to himself, and it calmed him; but, as Mahmoud did not know about this poetry, Smith got bored with it, and, his irritation increasing, he wrote more poetry, showing Mahmoud to be a villain and a serf, and showing himself, Smith, to be under a divine mission. . . . Then he wrote another poem about the burden that he had borne, and what a great man he was and how he went all over the world protecting people, and how brave he was, and how Mahmoud also was very brave, but how he was much braver than Mahmoud.' *

In the same vein is 'The sad and lamentable history of Jack 'Bull, son of the late John Bull, India Merchant.' Jack's head is turned by fine company: he is seen arm in arm with 'Sir 'John Snipe, Bart., that was a very scandalous young squire of 'Oxfordshire,' and answers to the remonstrances of his friends, 'Well, gentle or simple, thank God, he's an honest Englishman.'

'Whereat Jack added to the firm Isaacs of Hamburg, Larochelle of Canada, Warramugga of Van Diemen's Land, Smuts Bieken of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Maharajah of Mahmound of the East Indies, that was a plaguey devilish-looking black fellow, pock-marked, and with a terrible great paunch to him.

'In this spirit he quarrelled with all his fellow underwriters and his

* On Nothing, p. 138.

friends and comrades, and that in the most insolent way. For, knowing well that Mr. Frog had a shrew of a wife, he wrote to him daily asking, "if he had had a domestic broil of late, and how his poor head felt since it was bandaged." Then to Mr. William Eagle, that was a strutting, arrogant fellow, but willing to be a friend, he wrote every Monday to say that the house of Bull was lost unless Mr. Eagle would very kindly protect it, and every Thursday to challenge him to mortal combat, so that Mr. Eagle (who, to tell the truth, was no great wit, but something of a dullard and moreover suffering from a gathering in the ear, a withered arm, and poor blood) gave up his friendship and business with Bull and took to making up sermons and speeches for orators.'

He would have no retainers but two, Hocus (the Liberal) and Pocus (the Conservative), whom he styled respectively Freedom and Glory. They, seeing that their master was mad and that it would be a thousand pities not to take advantage of it, agreed that

'whatever bit of jobbing Hocus Freedom should do, Pocus Glory should approve; and contrariwise about. But they kept up a sham quarrel to mask this; thus Hocus was for Chapel, Pocus for Church, and it was agreed Hocus should denounce Pocus for drinking Port.

The first-fruit of their conspiracy was that Hocus recommended his brother and sister, his two aunts and nieces and four nephews, his own six children, his dog, his conventicle minister, his laundress, his secretary, a friend of whom he had once borrowed five pounds, and a blind beggar whom he favoured, to various posts about the house and to certain pensions, and these Jack Bull (though his fortune was already dwindling) at once accepted.

Thereupon Pocus loudly reproached Hocus in the servants' hall, saying that the compact had only stood for things in reason, whereat Hocus took off his coat, and offered to "Take him on," and Pocus, thinking better of it, managed for his share to place in the household such relatives as he could, namely, Cohen, to whom he was in debt, Bernstein, his brother-in-law, and all his family of five, except little Hugh that blacked the boots for the Priest, and so was already well provided for.' *

Mr. Belloc is no mean artist, and the sense of place in these essays is exceptionally strong. The Weald, the West Country, the small town, the historic city, the open land—their distinctive notes are caught to a nicety and shown against the background of the past. 'The Little Old Man' † recalls 'Puck of Pook's Hill': there is the same contrast between the lasting soil and its passing tenants, as passing as the leaves of the wood or the grass of the field.

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* On Nothing, p. 168. † On Everything, p. 22.

'He did assure me that in a subtle mastering manner the land that bore us made ourselves, and was the major and the dominant power which moulded, as with firm hands, the clay of our being and which designed and gave us, and continued in us, all the form in which we are. "You cannot tell this," I said, "and neither can I. It is all guess work to the brevity of man." "You are wrong," he answered quickly. "I have watched these things for quite 3000 years."'

In such moods as these the writer is more human than when airing his Latinism, political or ecclesiastical. Both perhaps are temperamental. The former is not inconsistent with a strong appreciation of certain sides of English life, nor the latter with an underlying uncertainty as to final issues which suggests Ecclesiastes rather than St. Paul. Departing Youth, when called upon to produce the promise of Immortality signed and sealed by the Master, finds that the document has vanished. 'Do you know I am afraid I have lost it! I am really very 'sorry—I cannot wait.' *

Mr. E. V. Lucas represents a lighter type, that of the classical 'Spectator.' To come nearer our own time, one might class him with Mr. Austin Dobson, and his work with the best *vers de société* of to-day. Humour and delicacy are its characteristics: the smallness of the field upon which they are exercised does but accentuate these qualities. His 'Two Irishmen,' King Bagenal and Edward Edge †—the first a Carlow squire, who represented his county in Grattan's Parliament; the second till 1894 gatekeeper at St. Patrick's Deanery, Dublin—is an example of his method. Bagenal is like a character out of one of Lever's novels. Like many of the best men of his generation—the fashion lasted longer in Ireland than here—he was a noted duellist, and would discourse on the philosophy of the duel with the ardour of a moralist. 'In truth, my young friends, it 'behoves a youth entering the world to make a character for him-'self. Respect will only be awarded to character. A young 'man must show his proofs. Rest upon your pistols, my boys!' In his seventy-ninth year he fought sitting in his chair; and, as he was too infirm to get up early, in the afternoon. 'Time 'was (he said with a sigh) that I would have risen before day-'break to fight at sunrise—but we cannot do these things at 'seventy-eight. Well, Heaven's will be done!' They fought, the chronicler tells us, at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he escaped unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, we may presume, in his usual fashion, by firing a pistol at the cask.

* On Nothing, p. 246. † Character and Comedy, p. 29.

'There you have King Bagenal. This was little more than a hundred years ago. It was well that he had to lay aside his crown when he did. Life was rapidly becoming too much for him. The whole course of events was tending to squeeze out old gentlemen with impulsive pistols; to-day there cannot be one left. It is impossible to think of anything more incongruous than King Bagenal in a police-station; but, had he lived to our monotonous time, he would of a certainty be there, only at last to be transferred permanently to a real prison to await execution. How could he escape? and yet how monstrous it would be!' *

It was an age of certainty. Ours is not: to-day very few of us are certain about anything. 'Duelling goes out very quickly 'when dubiety comes in. The duellist is one who is sure of 'himself and his ground. Mr. Bagenal had no doubts.'

Mr. Lucas has been fortunate in his discoveries in eighteenth and early nineteenth century literature. Some of these rank with Mrs. Turner's 'Cautionary Stories' or the works of the immortal Mrs. Sherwood—whose recently published biography, it is fair to say, shows the historian of the 'Fairchild Family' to have been a woman of benevolence, humour, and sense. Only the fine instinct of the collector could have lit upon Dame Partlet †—alongside of whom figure Mr. Lovetruth, the Rector, Cousin Coverup, the sexton, and, as a foil to the virtue of the company, Farmer Tipple, who, 'in going home from the public-'house one dark night, slipped into his own horsepond and was 'drowned'; or Miss Mary Guilhermin, authoress of the incomparable 'Series of Letters' (1766) in parallel columns of French and English; or the Rev. Cornelius Whur. Miss Guilhermin's schoolboy writes to his parent as follows:

'Dear Papa,—Yesterday, after an agreeable walk of half a mile to our parish Church, I was inspired with a truly unaffected zeal to join in that well composed form of prayer contained in our Church liturgy, expressed in so audible, so solemn, so easy an elocution, without the least tincture of pedantry, that the divine proved to his congregation he was sensible he was addressing the Supreme Being, which dispenses happiness to mankind, and inspired everyone with a real fervency to join in prayer and thanksgiving to our Creator.'‡

The bow, overbent, relaxes. If this is a specimen of the reign of George III. one can understand the Regency and George IV.! Mr. Whur is early Victorian; 'Village Musings' (1837) ushered in a reign and an era; three editions of the work were exhausted in

* On Character and Comedy, p. 32.
† One Day and Another, p. 164.
‡ Ibid. p. 97.

eight years. An ecclesiastical Thomas Haynes Bailey, he revels in tragedy. 'He collected misfortunes. You see the parlour, 'the antimacassars, the decanter and biscuits, the smelling-salts 'the gentility. You hear the exchange of texts; you detect the 'odour of sherry.' 'The Rose-covered Grave' and 'The 'Armless Boy' are masterpieces—the latter poem opening a moment or so after the birth of the afflicted infant:

'"Alas! Alas!" the father said,
"O what a dispensation!
How can we be by mercy led,
In such a situation?
You must, my dearest, plainly see,
This armless boy will ruin me.'"

The maimed, Mr. Lucas tells us, appealed to him at once, and he had a peculiar, almost Barnumesque, faculty of alighting upon intelligent deformities. Having done so, he loses no time in pointing out to them the compensations of their unhappy lot. To the Armless Boy he suggests the career of an artist known to him who, though born without these normal members, supported himself and his parents by his profession. 'The parties, 'being but in humble life, the circumstance (he piously adds) 'ought to be viewed as one of Jehovah's extraordinary methods 'of relieving those who are in a trying situation.' An early poem in 'Village Musings' is addressed 'to a little girl who was 'born without either legs or arms.' It begins questioningly:

'Not having legs or arms, how wilt thou play
Thy part, or act life's drama? I divine
Thy state as most unpromising'

—which certainly to all appearance it was. But the writer at times turns to more cheerful topics: and the gem of the collection is 'The Female Friend.' This fine ode is so clearly the outcome of personal experience that one longs for fuller knowledge of the lady by whom it was inspired. The imagination pictures her sitting on a horsehair sofa beside the clerical bard:

'With such a friend the social hour
In sweetest pleasure glides;
There is in female charms a power
Which lastingly abides—
The fragrance of the blushing rose,
Its tints of splendid hue,
Will with the season decompose
And pass as flitting dew;
On firmer ties his joys depend
Who has a polish'd female friend.'

What is to be thought of the future of the Essay ? Since these compositions, in so far as they contain solid substance, present it in a compressed form, tabloidwise, an age of hurry will probably continue to demand them. Nor, we may believe, will either essayists or editors be wanting. Mr. Belloc writes in the ' Morning Post ' ; Mr. Chesterton, as befits a democrat, in the ' Daily News.' In France the ' Temps ' and the ' Journal des ' Débats ' bring out excellent work on more traditional lines ; among ourselves the weekly and monthly reviews, the ' Nation,' the ' Spectator,' the ' Fortnightly,' and the rest keep up both the supply and the standard ; while the Quarterlies provide a platform for criticism fuller than the space at the disposal of the press, or even of the magazines, allows. There is room for all—the heavy and the light, the concise and the discursive, the grave and the gay ; but on one condition, *Pectus facit theologum* is an approved maxim. Sympathy (if we may adapt it) is the secret of the critic whether of books or of life. The essayist, if his work is to be useful in his generation—more he will not look for—must be kindly affectioned to his subject, his author, and his fellow-men.

Art. VII. THE 'DUAL CONTROL' IN BOURBAKI'S CAMPAIGN.*

1. *La Guerre de* 1870–71. *Étude sur la Campagne du Général Bourbaki dans l'Est.* 3 Vols. Paris. 1908–10.
2. *Revue d'Histoire.* Paris. 1901–10.
3. *La Guerre en Province pendant le Siège de Paris.* Par Charles de Freycinet. 1872.
4. *Les Chemins de Fer pendant la Guerre de* 1870–1. Par F. Jacqmin. 1872.
5. *Campagne de l'Est en* 1870–71. *Nuits, Villersexel.* Par P. Lehautcourt. 1896.
6. *German Staff History of the War,* 1870–71. 1874–81.
7. *Die Entscheidungskämpfe des Generals von Werder im Jan. 1871.* 1895: Von Kunz.

The Official Histories of the Franco-German War of 1870–71, given to the world by the German and French Staffs respectively, differ radically in the principles governing their composition. For accuracy they appear to vie with each other, but whilst a marked characteristic of the German History is reticence, combined with careful regard for prestige, both personal and professional, an equally marked characteristic of the French History seems to be a determination to give not merely the truth and nothing but the truth, but the whole truth also; and at the same time to regard the maintenance of prestige as incompatible with this determination. The result is, that whilst for the mastering of the war as portrayed by German pens there has to be much 'reading between the 'lines,' the French pens have rendered this task superfluous by writing everything in the lines themselves, and there it is to be read; and, in corroboration, are given a large number of Pièces Justificatives, under the title of 'Documents.' This difference in the forms of construction of the two Histories is probably due mainly to the difference in dates of their publication. That of the German History was 1874–81; the French History was not commenced until 1901, and is yet very far indeed from completion; and in the thirty years' interval the political and military aspects not only of both countries, but of Europe also, have been well-nigh revolutionised. Simultaneously with the publication of the French History itself, there

* A sketch of the country is at the end of the article.

are being published in the excellent periodical, the French Staff 'Revue d'Histoire,' articles giving full information on other matters connected with the war, such as the details of new formations of troops, etc., so that both have to be studied concurrently.

During the years 1908–10 has been published the French Staff History of the episode of the war known as Bourbaki's Campaign in the East. It was the failure of this campaign that finally determined the fate of France; and it is in the full revelation of the causes of the failure that lies the chief interest of the History. Full as is this campaign of valuable practical lessons in all branches of soldiering, it is only lightly and incidentally that these will be dealt with in this article, for our chief purpose is to describe the working of, and the effects resulting from, the Dual Control of the campaign as exercised by the civil government and the supreme military commander respectively. The study may possibly furnish warnings for ourselves.

During the last week of November and the first week of December, the First Army of the Loire, nominally under the command of General d'Aurelle de Paladines, and numbering between two and three hundred thousand men, had, in compliance with the directions issued by the Delegation of the Government at Tours, been making efforts, desperate and fruitless, from Orleans and the right bank of the Loire, to move north, direct to the relief of Paris, sweeping away the comparatively small forces, under Prince Frederick Charles, immediately opposed to them. On December 3rd the Germans had taken the offensive, and on the night of the 4th-5th were victorious along the whole line. The French left, the 16th and 17th Corps, under General Chanzy, fell back down the right bank to Beaugency, and, later on, after much hard fighting, to Le Mans; the centre, the 15th Corps, after evacuating Orleans, retreated in confusion to Bourges, seventy-five miles south, to the vicinity of which place the right, the 18th and 20th Corps, also made their way by Gien. Meantime d'Aurelle had been relieved from his command, Bourbaki being placed at the head of the 18th and 20th Corps. Unceasingly did the Delegation, at Bordeaux, whither the seat of government had been transferred from Tours, urge Bourbaki at once to retake the offensive in one direction or another; but on the 12th, Gambetta arrived at Bourges, where he realised what a beaten army really is, for he at once wired to M. de Freycinet at Bordeaux: 'The '15th, 18th, and 20th Corps are in a state of dissolution.' A brief interval of rest was therefore given to the troops; and

then, on the 17th, Bourbaki, yielding to the insistance of Gambetta, undertook to renew the attempt to relieve Paris by a march north, east of Orleans, direct on the capital. De Freycinet was at once informed of this by Gambetta.

On the morning of the 18th, M. de Freycinet, assisted by a certain M. de Serres and two general officers, carefully examined the scheme; and, after a short discussion, M. de Freycinet wired to Gambetta at 11.40 A.M.:

'I had closely studied, from my point of view, with my confidant, de Serres, a plan for our next action. It differs to a certain extent from that which you have been good enough to communicate to me, and I believe it expedient and even necessary that this plan should be explained to you before you begin yours. I am therefore sending to-day to Bourges to you de Serres, with an explanatory letter. He will arrive to night.'

And at 7 P.M. he wired:

'de Serres has left with a long letter from me and will arrive at Bourges at 5 A.M. to-morrow. He will consequently be able to see you before the intended operation shall have commenced.'

On the morning of the 19th M. de Serres arrived at Bourges, and at once went to Gambetta. With Gambetta was Bourbaki, whose troops were already on the move for the advance northwards on Paris, and who had come to bid him adieu. Gambetta took the letter, read it, and, incredible almost as it may seem, without mentioning its contents to Bourbaki, allowed him to depart for Baugy, his headquarters, some sixteen miles away. And here, in this interview at Bourges, we find ourselves at the very starting-point of a consecutive series of incidents, all illustrative of the truth of the dictum so often and so emphatically pronounced by the well-known military historian and critic, Kunz, 'Im Kriege macht die Persönlichkeit Alles.' It is with this 'Persönlichkeit' that we shall first deal.

In the Preface to the History we are told:

'The campaign carried on in the region of the East by the Army of General Bourbaki forms, in the General History of the War of 1870–71, a completely separate episode, which, consequently, can be studied by itself. Either owing to this special character or in consequence of its inherent interest, a number of historians, French and others, have been led to deal with it. Notwithstanding the value of certain of these works, it cannot be said that all the questions arising have been solved, and it may be asserted that there are still in favour some legendary stories, notably in what concerns the rôle of General Werder. . . . The conduct of this

campaign is the work of a triumvirate composed of MM. de Freycinet, de Serres and General Bourbaki; and it is specially important, in order to be impartial, to follow day by day the relations between these three personalities, and of which the operations, so called, were the result.'

Of this triumvirate, M. de Freycinet, who was practically the Civil Secretary of State for War, is so well known that it would be superfluous to say aught of him. And now to Bourbaki.

If in war it is the men who win or lose the battles, it is the supreme military leader that wins or loses the campaigns. It was with Bourbaki that the winning or the losing of the campaign about to be considered lay. Was he the man for the task? Of him appeared in this Review in April 1898 a somewhat laudatory appreciation; but, necessarily, the writer of that article had not for use all the sources of information now available for forming a judgement as to his capacity to act as the supreme military authority under conditions so difficult and so trying as those of December 1870 and January 1871. Here he found himself a leader of troops in whom he had no confidence whatever, a disbeliever in the use of continuing the resistance to the invader, an Imperialist acting under the directions and in the interests of a Republican Government. In determining the course of the campaign, the political exigencies must be as fully appreciated as the military exigencies; whilst accepting the former, the military commander must hold his own, and enforce his will when, in his own opinion, they must be regarded as of less importance than the latter. Bourbaki's professional career had been very brilliant. In the Crimea and elsewhere he had shown his courage and zeal. After the Alma, Marshal St. Arnaud had written of him 'Bourbaki is a Bayard.' Born in 1816, he became a brigadier at the age of thirty-eight, a general of division at forty-one years of age, and he had at the outbreak of the war one of the highest reputations in the army. When, therefore, after the crushing defeats on the Loire the selection of a fresh commander-in-chief had to be made, it was almost necessarily on Bourbaki that the choice unfortunately fell, instead of on Chanzy, whom, it is believed, the Germans regard as the ablest of the French generals in the war. Even long before this, De Freycinet had suggested to Gambetta Bourbaki's displacement from the command he held in the north. 'I do not 'doubt the honesty of his intentions, which I admit are loyal, 'but his *moral* is not good; the General would be powerless 'to give to those around him confidence and energy which 'he does not himself possess. I had thought of suggesting to you

'his appointment to the command of an Army Corps, but I 'have come to the conviction that his command would dis- 'courage the troops.' Gambetta himself has characterised him as having confidence solely in the old troops 'whom we 'have no longer.' Lehautcourt wrote in 1896 of him:

'His previous services proved that he possessed the qualities of the most brilliant soldier; but never had he had the opportunity to show those of a commander-in-chief, or even of a general. His experience of African war was great, but of what value could this be in Europe, in front of enemies whose defeat, the personal courage, daring and ardour he had shown, were not sufficient to ensure? These qualities, brilliant but after all secondary, could not serve instead of the high views, the breadth of mind, the military knowledge, the " force d'âme " in which he was deficient. He was not less wanting in the clearness of coup d'œil which sees the object to be attained, and in the tenacity which will not allow any turning away from it, and compels victory. The wish to conquer at no matter what price, this first quality for the commander-in-chief, did not exist in him. As Von der Goltz said, he did not believe even in the possibility of success. Under these conditions a general is defeated before even he issues his first order.'

And now to the youngest but not the least of the triumvirate, M. de Serres, whom we may regard as an Under Secretary of State for War. Lehautcourt writes:

'M. de Serres, whose real name was Wieczflinski, was an engineer attached to an Austrian railway company. French by birth, if not by origin, and come to Tours to take service on the news of our reverses, he took part in the Commission of Defence, then was in the immediate entourage of M. de Freycinet with the title of attaché to the Cabinet of the Minister. In this capacity he was employed by Gambetta and de Freycinet on many important missions. An eye-witness describes him as a fine young fellow, of distinguished appearance, and at the same time sympathetic; a hard worker with a feverish energy which seemed inherent in him. Under thorough self-control and always natural, he spoke only *à propos* and with conviction, and he made all listen to him in spite of his youth and inexperience. But he had specially the good qualities and the faults of the Delegation: hardiness of conception and contempt for difficulties, sometimes pressed to excess.'

There seems little doubt that by his manner and his great talent he allayed all hostility to himself; but though nominally a mere civil attaché to Bourbaki at first, he at once became a real power, and the astounding fact is that, whilst acting in this capacity, the young civil engineer had in his pocket an order for Bourbaki's supersession, unsigned and undated, and to be put into force at his own discretion.

To return to the proposal in M. de Freycinet's letter, which, though it appears in full in the History for the first time, need not be given *in extenso* here. After going fully into the objections against a direct advance on Paris, the letter continues :

'In my opinion it would be far preferable to operate under the following conditions, which M. de Serres and myself have fully discussed during the last few days. A march direct on Paris will be given up for the present. The 18th and 20th Corps will be separated from the 15th Corps and will be rapidly transported by rail to Beaune. These two corps with Garibaldi and Cremer [there already with forces under their command] are intended to seize Dijon, a very practicable task, because there will be 70,000 men against 35 to 40,000 hostile troops. Meanwhile Bressolles and his Army [24th Corps at Lyons] will be brought by rail to Besançon, where they will pick up the 15 to 20,000 troops in that garrison. This force, totalling 45 to 50,000 men, acting in concert with the 70,000 victorious at Dijon, would have no difficulty in causing the siege of Belfort *to be raised without striking a blow*, and there would then be a compact mass of 110,000 men capable of *severing the communications in the east in spite of all the efforts of the enemy.** The mere presence of this army will cause all the sieges in the north to be raised and will allow, if necessary, a combination of action later with Faidherbe [in command of the French Army of the North]. In any case there would be the certainty of completely destroying the enemy's base of supplies. As to the 15th Corps, separated, as I have said, from the 18th and 20th Corps, its special duty will be to cover Bourges and Nevers, taking up entrenched positions at Vierzon and strongly occupying the Forest. If driven from this position, it would go back to Bourges, where it will be a powerful garrison sufficient to stop the march of the enemy long enough for Chanzy's army to come to it. Thus the centre of France will not be uncovered, and the army besieging Paris will be far more seriously disturbed by the successful diversion in the east than by an attempt direct on Paris, but in my opinion of no value. It appears to me that in this plan, both the offensive and the defensive are better guaranteed than in the project of General Bourbaki, and I believe it to be my duty to recommend these considerations to your most serious attention. I have entrusted M. de Serres to give you by word of mouth all the detailed explanations you may wish for and to place himself at your disposal for carrying out the plan if you think it desirable to do so.'

There was nothing new in this proposal. The idea of striking a blow against the German line of communications had been entertained immediately after the battles of August 14th, 16th,

* The italics here and elsewhere in this article are not always in the original despatches.

and 18th round Metz. Palikao, the Minister of War in power at the time, purposed to employ for this operation, under the command of General Wimpfen, an officer in Algeria and well known for dash and enterprise, the 13th and 14th Corps, then in process of formation. From that time onwards the idea was never totally lost sight of, and even during the earlier days of December negotiations were being carried on with Garibaldi, who was in the east, and with Bressolles at Lyons, with the same object; and, strangest of all, although Gambetta had persuaded Bourbaki on December 17th to undertake to move north, yet, on the 14th, he by pigeon-post had sent to Jules Favre in Paris the following despatch:

'The Army of the Loire is far from being annihilated. It is separated into two armies of equal strength ready to operate, *one in the east on the enemy's lines of communications, to cut them*, the other in the west, to march on Paris. . . . The Prussians find supplying themselves difficult. *Let us succeed in cutting their lines of communications with Germany*, and we shall see the end.'

The extreme vulnerability of the German line of communications, and the scanty protection afforded them must strike even the most superficial student of the war.

During nearly the whole of this war all the lines of railway communications for the huge invading forces ran jointly along the Strassburg-Paris line from Frouard on the Moselle (eighty miles from the Rhine) for sixty miles west to Blesme, whence they diverged. And how vulnerable they were is shown by the fact that on January 22nd, 1871, a small band of Francs-Tireurs, 300 Chasseurs des Vosges, succeeded in so damaging the railway bridge at Fontenoy-sur-Moselle, eight miles from Frouard and the same distance from Toul, that for eight days there was a complete stoppage of the main railway communications of the 2nd and 3rd German Armies. The success came too late to affect the fall of Paris, but that the large body of Francs-Tireurs (eventually 70,000) should not early have been properly utilised for this class of operations certainly indicates a weak point in the system of national defence.

The general situation of the German forces between Paris and the south at this time was: the 2nd German Army, somewhat dispersed, with its headquarters at Orleans, and looking out towards the west, and also to the east of Orleans, specially to the latter, as it was from this direction that von Moltke anticipated any renewal of an advance on Paris. Here also was a portion of the 7th Army Corps, hastily summoned from

Metz not only as a reinforcement in this direction, but also to assist in protecting the railway line of communication of the 2nd Army, which ran from Blesme by Chaumont, Nuits, Montereau. Further to the east, in the new theatre of war with headquarters at Dijon, was von Werder's army of some 30,000 men, in close touch with the heterogeneous French forces there, and having to watch Langres on the right rear, and to cover the siege of Belfort on the left.

To return to the interview at Bourges. In the conversation that ensued after the departure of Bourbaki, M. de Serres developed the arguments of M. de Freycinet and insisted on the dangers of the march on Montargis. Gambetta at first held out, saying that it was too late and that the movement was already commenced. The eloquence of de Serres, however, prevailed, and at last Gambetta said, 'Catch Bourbaki, and if he accepts 'your plan, I will do so also.' De Serres started off at once in pursuit, and towards 5 P.M. found him at Baugy. De Serres does not appear to have brought with him M. de Freycinet's letter. There was therefore going to be a discussion, not on a written document which, however general its terms might have been, would have contained some definite ideas. Everything was about to be limited to a conversation of almost incredible brevity, if the gravity of the affair be taken into account. The conference had begun at five o'clock, and at six o'clock was registered at Avord, five miles from Baugy, de Serres' despatch, 'the matter settled (*affaire réglée*),' and the negotiator left for Bourges, taking with him the brief letter of Bourbaki to Gambetta:

'I have just received the communication which you charged 'M. de Serres to bring to me. The combination proposed 'to me seems good, and I will issue orders for its execution 'as soon as you let me know that you approve.'

Apparently only a third person was present at the conference, Colonel Leperche, aide-de-camp and confidant of Bourbaki. Less than half an hour had then sufficed for the examination and the adoption of a plan of campaign on which was to depend the fate of the Army and the country. It was also impossible that any detail could have been worked out.

And not only were details ignored, but what were the principles agreed on is still, even now, a very doubtful matter. Anyhow the telegram '*Affaire réglée*' was absolutely misleading, for the word *affaire* can only be construed as meaning the operation proposed by M. de Freycinet, and which had been approved by Gambetta in his interview with de Serres this very day. The proposal was first, after the transfer

of the army to Beaune, the advance on and capture of Dijon by the main body of the newly constituted army. Meanwhile Bressolles would be concentrating a rather smaller force at Besançon. Dijon taken, the two forces would move north conjointly against the hostile lines of communication, the proximity of the smaller one to Belfort incidentally causing the relief of the fortress *without even striking a blow for the purpose.* The advance of the main force would be north on Langres thirty-eight miles distant, and this line is some seventy-five miles west of Belfort. Bourbaki maintained subsequently that the proposal he accepted was to compel the enemy to evacuate Dijon, Gray, Vesoul, then to cause the raising of the siege of Belfort, and, this accomplished, to move on Langres, and to endeavour to cut the hostile lines of communication. This meant moving from Dijon north-east up to the Saône Valley to Vesoul, then relieving Belfort some thirty-five miles to the east, and finally marching back west some seventy-five miles to Langres parallel to these lines of communication. Colonel Leperche states that the proposal was, to commence with the capture of Dijon, and thence a movement on Belfort to cause the raising of the siege. Both Bourbaki and Leperche agreed that the first purpose of the campaign was the relief of Belfort ; and Gambetta himself seems to have entertained the idea that what Bourbaki considered to be his task was a movement on Besançon, and then the relief of Belfort. De Serres himself honestly avows that the proposal accepted was to advance up the Saône Valley, the left being protected by Garibaldi's troops, and then to relieve Belfort ; but subsequently advancing against the communications, resting the right on the Vosges—that is to say on a line sixty-three miles east of the line proposed by de Freycinet. De Freycinet charged a detachment, Bressolles' corps, with the relief of Belfort, de Serres sends the main army there. But at once cropped up other very serious misunderstandings, the origin of which, being in only verbal intercourse and not at once recorded in black and white, is still disputable. Bourbaki, in his Report of March 3rd, 1871, and subsequently two years later before the Enquête Parlementaire, asserted that de Serres, in the name of his superior authorities, promised him, at or about the same time, that as soon as the evacuation of Dijon had been effected there should be behind him an army of 100,000 Gardes Mobiles and other troops ; and also that Besançon, as his base, should be fully supplied with provisions and munitions. Leperche practically concurred in the statements made by Bourbaki, but the historians, with all the evidence available before them,

arrive at the conclusion that, whilst it is probable that though de Serres, young, enthusiastic, a good and easy talker, may, in his close relations with Bourbaki, have spoken imprudently, he was guiltless of having made the promises in question.

Mention has been made of a projected advance in the east by the forces already there. In view of this, a completely unauthorised and premature concentration of rolling stock had commenced at Lyons for the transport of the not yet even constituted 24th Corps to Besançon. De Serres had at once taken in hand the utilisation of the railway from Nevers by Autun. On the 20th, at a conference at Bourges, it was settled that the Lyons Mediterranean Railway should regulate the service, the Orleans Company furnishing the greater part of the rolling stock. The head of the Intendance, M. Friant, demurred, in vain, to so short a movement being carried on by railway in preference to marching by ordinary road. The minimum length of railway, Saincaize to Chagny, was 110 miles, the maximum, Bourges to Châlons-sur-Saône, was 155 miles. Owing to faulty telegraphic communication, the whole of the 20th was lost for purposes of preparation. During the night it was arranged that from the 15th Corps three regiments of infantry and three batteries should go with Bourbaki's army as a general reserve. It seems curious that M. de Freycinet, who had had for five years in the past the management of the Lyons line, and had during that time transformed it so admirably that the other French railways adopted the same system, should not have foreseen the difficulties sure to arise during the transfer of the army to the east. Just at this moment, the three civilians who were directing the operation were at three different places: Gambetta at Bourges, whence on the 20th he went to Lyons; M. de Freycinet at Bordeaux; de Serres at Nevers, or on his way to it.

The army under Bourbaki's control was essentially an army of the second line, for of the 180 battalions eventually at his disposal there were but 12 line battalions; 77 were in 'Régiments de Marche' and 88 were battalions of the Garde National Mobile. But the more raw the elements of which an army is composed, the greater the need for a good staff, and good staff work; and the French staff system from the very beginning to the end of the war was very peculiar.

In the French staff, generally, in 1870, there was a very pernicious practice as regards even the regular and trained staff officers. Most of these were men of a certain age, and whose work during peace lay principally in offices, and not in the field; the generals, called to command, formed their personal

staffs—i.e. their A.D.C.s and others—from the smart, able, active, younger officers, whom they considered desirable to have near them. It was these who were constantly with them during the campaign, and it was to them that the generals entrusted their confidence. This entourage writers called the 'Cabinet,' to distinguish them from the staff proper. And Bourbaki, although there was assigned to him as chief of his staff an able officer, one General Borel, who had already filled the same office with General d'Aurelle, practically ignored him in favour of his A.D.C., Colonel Leperche, and, as Borel testifies, certain orders of an important character given by Bourbaki during the campaign were drawn up in the 'Cabinet' without any consultation with himself, his part being merely to sign them 'By Order,' and to provide for their transmission to those for whom they were intended.

One of the essentials to success in the campaign was rapidity of movement, and for this the conditions were lamentable. For military transport there was no organisation in the French Army prior to the war. It was one of the schemes initiated; but no more, by Marshal Niel before his death. The confusion, the delays, and the terrible sufferings endured by the troops during the transport would fill pages. And to intensify the sufferings, the weather was terrible owing to the intense cold; from the very commencement to the end of the campaign the ground was covered with snow, in some cases several inches deep. The transport, which began on December 22nd, did not finish with the 18th Corps until December 29th, and with the 20th Corps until January 1st.

And now for us the interest lies in the working and inter-working of the triumvirate from December 20th onwards in the several stages of the campaign.

The young de Serres at once assumed a very commanding position and evidently with the full approval of M. de Freycinet. On the 20th, early in the afternoon, the latter wired to him: 'I am thoroughly satisfied with you'; and at 3 P.M.:

'Let me know immediately, if you can do so, the precise day on which you wish Bressolles to move [from Lyons]. Do not forget that the one must be able to leave Besançon the same day, or a day later than the other will leave Dijon. Once the thing is begun, I recognise that it will be impossible to direct the one from here, the other from Bourges. I believe that it will be better to give from here directions, but only of a general character, for both, and executive orders from Bourges for both.' Shortly before midnight he warned de Serres not to knock himself up by doing too much, and at the same time he told him, 'keep me fully informed

as you have done yesterday and to-day.' At 8.20 P.M. Gambetta had communicated to de Freycinet, 'de Serres has produced the best effect here, and I *have given him the powers necessary to enable him to direct everything.* I am going to Lyons.' The comment of the historians truly says: 'Thus de Serres became the element indispensable for all the operations. He has unlimited powers, and we shall see later on the proof of the power he possessed to impose his will on General Bourbaki. Whether, without actually saying so, he let the general understand that he had in his pocket the order for his recall, as may be a suspicion, or whether the general was simply influenced by the enthusiasm, the persuasive power, and the very real qualities of M. de Serres, it is certain that the commander of the Army of the East was a very docile instrument in the hands of the young engineer, and that the closeness of their intimacy showed itself in the clearest way.'

Anyhow, there, with de Serres, was the potential recall, and of it de Serres subsequently on the 24th wrote to M. de Freycinet: 'I have only one fear: it is to have very quickly to make use 'of the "pièces" you have entrusted to me. I again tell you 'that I will do all I can to use them in good time, always ask-'ing for your advice if the circumstances allow the slightest 'possibility for doing so.' This is an ominous introduction for the working of the Dual Control.

On the 20th the 18th Corps was directed to have three divisions and three batteries at La Charité on the 21st, the remainder of the artillery, all the cavalry and the artillery park and reserve at Nevers on the 22nd. According to previous orders the 20th Corps was to be near Nevers on the 21st.

On the 21st there was an interesting interchange of views among the civil triumvirate. At 12.10 A.M. de Serres wired to M. de Freycinet that he had left Gambetta, who was on his way to Lyons, thoroughly in accord with their views, and that the 24th Corps, instead of being transported by rail to Besançon, should be sent further west, say to Dôle or Auxonne. The message itself was somewhat vague, for M. de Freycinet, in his reply, asked de Serres to send his despatches in cypher if he chose to do so, but not to use abbreviations, as it was impossible for him to understand them: 'Whatever may be the incon-'veniences of using the telegraph for confidential communications, 'that is better than sending obscure messages. So re-telegraph 'to me your despatch of 12.10 A.M. to-day at full length, with 'dots over the i's, and do the same with all future ones you 'send me'; and doubtless anxious as to the effect of all this energy on de Serres himself, he adds '*Ménagez vos forces.*' De Serres is at once beginning to interfere more and more, for the contents of his despatch implied a serious modification

of the original plan; but though the two other authorities concurred in the change of direction of the 24th Corps, de Serres himself at 2.30 P.M. withdrew it, and reverted to the Besançon idea. The question of the destination went, however, at once into the background, because Gambetta on arriving at Lyons found the corps almost non-existent, and needing five or six days to complete its formation. This chopping and changing materially affected the whole operation, for at Lyons had, in view of the immediate departure of the corps, been collected a great amount of rolling stock, now lying idle, which could have been utilised for the transport from the west of the two other corps, delayed for want of rolling stock. And so hurriedly had the operation been initiated, that even the vital question of command of the heterogeneous body of forces now collecting in the theatre of war had not been settled. Bourbaki and Garibaldi would have nothing to do with each other. Eventually Bourbaki was to be in supreme command, and Garibaldi was to be induced if possible to aid him in carrying out the strategy he adopted.

It seems not improbable that M. de Freycinet may already have become a little anxious as to the effect of the burning zeal already displayed by de Serres, for at 3.30 P.M. he told him:

'As for yourself, I wish you to keep as much as possible near Bourbaki, working with him and Borel, and acting as an intermediary, as devoted as intelligent, between the general and the ministry'; and to Gambetta at 3.35 P.M.: 'It is clearly understood that in my own mind I do not separate Bourbaki from his staff represented by Borel, and now *strengthened* by de Serres.'

On the 22nd, at 2 A.M., de Serres arrived from Nevers at Chagny. Here he found instructions from M. de Freycinet to enter into the necessary negotiations with Gambetta. Starting off at 3.30 for Beaune, where he had hoped to see Cremer, he was back at Chagny by 8 A.M., whence he reported that he had 'prescrit' the very greatest energy and the greatest severity towards the population, and had ordered the commencement of defensive works. Thence he hurried to Autun, and passing by Châlon-sur-Saône he found the civilian transport not yet suspended, and he wired: 'I have ordered the 'complete suspension of this service at Mâçon, and I hold the 'company responsible for all delay arising from deficiency of 'material.' Then he ordered General Busserolles, one of Bressolles' division commanders, who was there at Châlon, to move his troops to Beaune. Not unnaturally, and possibly regarding de Serres as a mere interfering civilian, the general

declined to do so without the sanction of his corps commander. But in the evening he had his eyes opened by an imperative order from Gambetta *to obey all orders that he might receive from de Serres*. De Serres had also settled that the 24th Corps should leave Lyons on the 24th. Bourbaki was still at Nevers.

On the morning of December 23, towards nine o'clock, de Serres arrived at Autun and commenced his negotiations with Garibaldi. At 11.40 and 11.45 A.M. de Serres was able to wire to M. de Freycinet that everything had succeeded beyond his hopes, and that Garibaldi would prove himself 'your 'most devoted co-operator. You can rely on him; he shares 'your views thoroughly.' Then came an interview with the somewhat intractable Bordone, Gambetta's chief staff officer, and here the interview at Baugy repeated itself, and what arrangements were made are left in vagueness.

The same day Bourbaki was adding to the general distraction by telegraphing at 12.45 P.M. to M. de Freycinet a request for the 15th Corps to join his army. 'I consider,' he said, 'this 'scattering of our forces very harmful. It appears to me to be 'essential that the 15th Corps should rejoin the 18th and the '20th as soon as possible'; and in the evening he reiterated his request. This immediately raised a storm. From Autun, de Serres, who seems to have been informed of Bourbaki's demand, sent a fiery telegram to M. de Freycinet, saying that Bourbaki's force was already sufficient for the purpose. 'It is,' he adds, 'I know it, to ensure the success of an operation 'carried out by himself, rather than to effect something of 'value to the defence. . . . These new reservations are simply 'miserable, and I ask that a stop may be put at once to them 'and their tendencies.' De Freycinet was greatly astonished at the demand, for the retention of the 15th Corps on the west for the safety of Bourges and Nevers was an integral part of his scheme and had been accepted by Bourbaki. De Freycinet's despatch to Gambetta at Lyons was to the point, and dignified; he left the decision to his chief Gambetta, and declined to act in the matter except by his orders; and the same afternoon he again urged the necessity of one single strong control. Gambetta, at Lyons, on his own part complained to M. de Freycinet of not being kept sufficiently informed on matters. 'I cannot administer from here, but I wish to be kept au 'courant'; and in the latest of his several wires to de Freycinet he said: 'As to instructions to the generals, it is very clear that 'they can come only from Bordeaux, where all the information 'is available.' The telegrams interchanged this day between the three authorities are ample proof of the extreme difficulties

arising from their separation from each other. Bourbaki sent his despatches in triplicate—one to each.

The communications interchanged between this triumvirate on the following day, the 24th, show a joint determination to refuse Bourbaki's request for the 15th Corps. The ill-feeling naturally engendered towards Bourbaki shows itself in a remark by de Serres in his communications to M. de Freycinet: 'Between ourselves, he wishes simply troops for 'himself. Let everything else be injured rather than the 'pedestal on which he has been placed. I notice this idea 'not only in all he does but in all his thoughts.' He also says that doubtless he will soon make use of the order of recall in his possession. De Freycinet plainly tells Gambetta that if at the last moment Bourbaki does not think it his duty to carry out a plan of which he had at first approved, 'he 'ought to resign his command.' If, on the contrary, he still approves of the plan, let him carry it out immediately without reserves and insidious recriminations. Finally, if Bourbaki has a better plan and Gambetta adopts it, he must be told of it. Gambetta replied authorising to put the question straight to Bourbaki. It is probable that Bourbaki received the message before quitting Nevers, but this day no direct answers were given. And on other questions also, such as commands of divisions in the 24th Corps and the relations with Garibaldi, there were differences of views with consequent resulting confusion.

On the evening of the 24th de Serres arrived at Lyons, and during the following day he was busy with the organising of the 24th Corps to make it conform to the engagements he had entered into with Garibaldi. On the 25th arrived Bourbaki at Châlons-sur-Saône, where in the evening he received a fresh letter from M. de Freycinet as to the disposal of the 15th Corps at Bourges. De Serres came to Châlons from Lyons, and his wires to Gambetta and de Freycinet during the next twenty-four hours afford a clear insight into the hopeless conditions under which the campaign was being carried on.

The first despatch to Gambetta and de Freycinet is dated midnight, December 25:

'This evening the matter of the 15th Corps cropped up again in a series of fantastical questions about its employment and use. I have clearly and straightly put forward our ideas on the rôle that has been assigned to it without appearing to admit that it could be modified. That for the present it should remain where it is was admitted; and then I put forward hypotheses and their solutions. Not one single serious objection was offered by these "strong"

people who have once again showed me how weak they are. The bearing, the attitude, the manner of being more docile and charming than ever, everything is as puzzling as a certain journey * which has not been explained. Matters must, however, be settled soon, because the time for serious work is near at hand. If by dint of efforts I get enlightened, before the serious time arrives, you may be assured that I shall be able to prevent any unfortunate consequences. The more we get on, the stronger becomes my conviction of the incompetency of the personage. As a second urgent study I am looking for a suitable substitute.'

Then at 11.35 A.M. on the 26th :

'You will receive from the general a despatch, in reply to the one from Bordeaux that you know. It is "une échappatoire du cru déjà dégusté" as I have hinted to you. He talks of responsibility for the 15th Corps, when there has never been any question about it. Finally he accepts the plan as it stands and is preparing to carry it out.

'I undertake to push it vigorously without being stopped by the difficulties and obstacles which he delights in putting forward and exaggerating. Estimate on the same scale the delays which he informs you of in the concentration, which would be already almost effected, if I had not to make good to-day and to-morrow the consequences of his hesitating and faulty dispositions at Nevers (*sic*). Time is the real difficulty in the future, and I hope to lessen this much, if not to overcome it, by the energetic measures I will make the commanders of corps take, which you know.'

But within twelve hours later a marvellous transformation has taken place, for at 11.30 P.M. de Serres wires again, this time in very high spirits :

'The general, now as clear as he had been obscure up to this moment, not only frankly accepts his task but enters on with confidence the execution of the plan adopted. I have come from a two-hours interview with him and I have left him absolutely different, and just as he ought to be. I will do all necessary to keep him as he is, and I hope to succeed. Altogether, satisfactory impressions, confidence renewed, hope revived, impatience already apparent. If the weather helps us, however little, serious results are at hand.'

What is the true interpretation of the line taken by Bourbaki during these twenty-four hours it is impossible to determine, but may not his conduct be read to mean a final trial of strength with the civil triumvirate, and especially with de Serres ?

* To what '*voyage*' this reference is made is not apparent from the History.

And finding release from bondage hopeless, he has resigned himself to the inevitable?

On the 27th de Serres gave indisputable proof not only of determination, but of marvellous physical endurance, by reconnoitring in a locomotive the very recently constructed single line of railway from Châlons to Dôle, a line reported by the railway authorities to be impossible to use. The result was that the line was at once opened and utilised.

During the later hours came in, however, the startling information that Dijon, the first aim in M. de Freycinet's scheme for the main body of Bourbaki's army, had been evacuated by the Germans. The military situation was at once changed, for a fresh strategical problem came up for immediate decision. The 30–40,000 Germans whom M. de Freycinet had intended to crush at Dijon with his 70,000, before marching north on Langres, had not been crushed, but had skilfully evaded the crushing by deftly slipping away up the Saône Valley to Vesoul, within easy reach of Belfort and the force investing the fortress. With the retiring enemy on the right flank, and possibly another emerging on the left flank, a northward march against the lines of communication was now an operation of a dangerous character. And the situation was further complicated by the fact that the army was very slowly arriving in the theatre of war at detraining points selected as suitable to the operation originally planned.

In war it is the 'unexpected' that so often happens, and such occasions furnish a great test of the capability of the general in command. Promptness in arriving at a decision for immediate action suitable to the new situation just developed is essential to success. But in this instance the real general in command was not Bourbaki in the theatre of war, but M. de Freycinet in his bureau at Bourges, for early on the 28th the latter at once asserted his authority. At 9.30 A.M. he wired to Bourbaki:

'Be so good as to let me know every day, immediately the movement of the troops is finished, the exact positions occupied by them, and the proposed operations for the next day. I wish this despatch to reach me as soon as possible, so that I may have time before night to send you if needful instructions myself. As soon as you shall have received this despatch, I request you to let me know the general features of the movement which you propose carrying out, on the supposition that the enemy retiring from Dijon by Gray will effect a junction with the corps investing Belfort.'

Again, in other communications of the same day:

'No strategical decision is to be taken without having been previously submitted to me. It is only in urgent cases of military

necessity that action is to be taken without my instructions. . . . A programme arranged by the general for the next day is only to be regarded as final if my answer has not arrived in time before it is undertaken.'

Bourbaki took no offence at these instructions, but at 4.30 P.M. propounded to M. de Freycinet his proposals dealing with the new situation. Dijon will be at once occupied by troops already in the theatre of war; and then, concentrating the 18th and 20th Corps between Auxonne and Dampierre, he will, if the enemy is holding Gray, march there, whilst the 24th Corps marches on the same point by Besançon. If the enemy evacuates Gray and falls back, as is probable, on Vesoul, *he will be at once followed up*. If the enemy is defeated at Vesoul, and Garibaldi occupies the Vosges between Vesoul and Belfort, the siege of the latter must necessarily be raised. Bourbaki will take care to deliver battle only under favourable conditions. As hitherto, he will be in close communication with de Serres. At 11.20 P.M. M. de Freycinet replied, approving the proposals, which he was good enough to say appear to be 'bien conçues,' and as regards de Serres he writes:

'I am very glad of the good understanding between you and M. de Serres, who is in a position to give you very useful suggestions. It is, however, thoroughly understood that these suggestions, whatever value they may possess, must not in any way hamper you in the freedom of your decisions, for which you alone are responsible.'

But de Serres is already taking too open and active a part in his work as the plenipotentiary of M. de Freycinet, so the latter at 3.10 P.M. cautions him as follows:

'This despatch [one from de Serres to General Cremer] and some others seem to show that you give orders direct to commanding officers. This would be very dangerous, for you would thus destroy unity of command and put responsibility on the wrong shoulders. If you have special powers from M. Gambetta, it is with Bourbaki and not with his subordinates that you must enforce them, except referring to the Minister in the case that you may not agree. If, on the other hand, your despatches are sanctioned by Bourbaki himself, you must indicate expressly that they are by the order of the General-in-Chief; otherwise there will be very soon a state of confusion very dangerous for our armies.'

On the 29th, Bourbaki, after thanking M. de Freycinet for approving his proposals, says that if his operations are successful the siege of Belfort will be raised, and he will then operate against the rear of the invader and thus perhaps even help in the relief of Paris, and he urges him to reinforce him with all

troops available, of all arms. This day de Freycinet again urged great rapidity in the advance on Vesoul so as to anticipate the arrival of German reinforcements. Bourbaki during the day also told M. de Freycinet that he hopes that the preliminary operations may be completed by January 1st, the 20th Corps being united at Dôle on December 31st and the 18th at Auxonne the next day.

In the History there is, in the recorded correspondence of the 29th, an interesting illustration of the absolute character of the dictatorship assumed by this civilian War Secretary. General Martineau, who was in command of the 15th Corps near Bourges, wrote to de Freycinet giving him the proposed disposal of his three divisions at Vierzon. De Freycinet in his reply approved of the arrangements, but considered it within his province to give to the general officer commanding an Army Corps the following advice on a mere minor detail: 'I only 'add that I recommend you to occupy the Forêt de Sainte-'Palais with one or two companies of skirmishers, and to have 'a strong outpost at La Chapelle d'Ancillon.'

On the 30th there was a telegraphic discussion of the strategy of the future between M. de Freycinet and de Serres, but Bourbaki does not appear to have been taken into account as an adviser. M. de Freycinet seems to have been fully alive to the strategical conditions at this time, for, on the 31st, he warned Bourbaki that he is between two armies—that of von Werder on the right, and a possibly arriving German force from the left, and that he can crush or annihilate both in succession; but united, they can menace him seriously. 'Lose not a moment and do 'miracles of activity.' He also promised about 15,000 men as reinforcements, but all of them somewhat indifferent troops.

But a momentous alteration in the higher strategy of the operations, and pregnant with fresh complications, is immediately at hand. De Freycinet, during the 31st, received numerous exaggerated reports as to the strength of the Germans; and, impressed by them and the slowness of the movement of Bourbaki's army, he came to a very important decision as to the future of the 15th Corps. At 11.45 A.M. he warned the railway authorities to be ready, on receipt of a wire, to take in thirty-six hours the 15th Corps, 'about 30,000 men with 'artillery,' from Vierzon to some point to be settled later on, on the Vesoul line or the Montbéliard line; the order may be given at any moment, but not for two days. And at 11.50 P.M. he wired confidentially to de Serres on the matter. From this communication it appears that he believed that, owing

to the slowness of the previous movements, time had been given to the Germans for concentrating 70,000 men at Belfort, and 80,000 nearly ready towards Langres. So, on arrival of the French Army at Vesoul, there will be 150,000 Germans to be dealt with, without reckoning reinforcements from Germany itself. He has therefore decided to send to the east the 15th Corps, replacing it at Vierzon by an improvised force. The 15th to be sent to Besançon; the forces there thus raised to 60,000 would move on Belfort, whilst the two other corps move on Vesoul-Lure, and the army at Belfort will be between two fires. But rapidity of movement is essential. De Serres was directed to give his advice as to whether it is better to send the 15th Corps to Besançon rather than to Gray, and what is the exact date at which the 15th should be taken east of Besançon to Clerval, beyond which point the railway had been broken. De Serres is to consult Bourbaki, and especially Borel, and to wire the result.

All was now changed; the relief of Belfort became a primary object of the campaign, and this was the work of de Freycinet himself. All this time M. de Freycinet was complaining bitterly of the slowness of Bourbaki's movements, and now he practically encourages that slowness both by exaggerating the strength of the hostile forces, and the promise of speedy reinforcement by the best troops of the old Army of the Loire. It was but natural that Bourbaki should still further delay until he should have the additional strength at his disposal. At midnight M. de Freycinet repeated his exaggerated estimate of the German forces.

During January 1st, Bourbaki and his staff and de Serres, all of whom strangely enough had quitted the centre of the theatre of operations for the outlying flank, Dijon, were discussing the employment of the coming 15th Corps and the place to which it should be sent. At night, de Serres received from de Freycinet a communication suggesting, but only suggesting, Clerval as the destination; and he further added that the transport arrangements would be absolutely and solely in his own hands, and that no one was to interfere in them. General Martineau, commanding the corps at Vierzon, was ordered at 11.25 A.M. to have the whole corps ready to go at 6 A.M. on January 3rd, and at 10 P.M. was further told that the last train must start on the evening of the 4th. Martineau reported to de Freycinet that the railway inspector had told him that five days would be required for the entrainment of the troops, not including their 'trains'; Vierzon was named for the place of entrainment; and he suggested road

marches as better, at all events as far as some station more commodious and further from the enemy. De Freycinet refused to modify his order except to allow one of the divisions to entrain at Bourges. The force to be carried was seriously underestimated; it was composed of 41,261 men, 1356 officers, more than 7000 horses, and about 1200 Francs-Tireurs, besides the artillery and trains. It is strange that a man of the great experience of railway transport possessed by M. de Freycinet should issue so hopeless an order.

Bourbaki had raised no objection to Clerval, a fatal selection; subsequently M. de Freycinet decided that the whole of the corps should go to Besançon. But conflict of views was already making itself felt in the proposed disposal of the forces. On January 2nd, de Serres wished a brigade and some artillery to go at once to Dijon. Bourbaki objected; de Serres changed his mind, but too late, as M. de Freycinet at Bourges, believing they were in accord, ordered the troops to go there.

During the day M. de Freycinet had had to try to put some check on de Serres' interference, for at 2.45 P.M. he wired:

'I see a despatch from you to Colonel Fischer. I earnestly beg you, my dear friend, to abstain from telegraphing in terms which may give rise to the supposition that you are some part of the command. Such despatches as I have already told you should be sent by the staff of the general-in-chief, or, if they are from you, mention should be made that it is by order of the general. I know that this is the case here, but this must be clearly shown by the form of the despatch so as not to confuse responsibility.'

But de Serres' reply met fully the warning:

'I am scrupulously careful to follow your wise advice, and particularly as regards the orders given to Colonel Fischer from Dôle. It was only an extract from your despatch 20th, 3.45 (*sic*) telling me "I authorise you to give orders to concentrate the four legions mobilisées of the Jura at Dijon with Colonel Fischer for instructor." I had sent to you communication, and it was again after agreement with the general.'

At 9.10 A.M. on January 3, M. de Freycinet wired to de Serres:

'I have received your several despatches of to-night addressed to Bourbaki, Garibaldi, and myself. They give me fresh proof of your devotion and your intelligence, but they suggest to me one general remark. I find that in all this you are taking too active a part, and, I will say, too personal a part. Your real place is at Bourbaki's headquarters [de Serres was at Dijon, Bourbaki had gone to Dôle], which you should never leave, unless on some mission,

well defined and given in writing by the general-in-chief. Your real work is to give to the headquarters suggestions, and, if need, advice, but not to correspond with people. You should write to me only, giving me your impressions. I know that the motive of your interference is patriotic desire to aid in making good the radical inefficiency of the general-in-chief; but that is an impossible task, and you increase the difficulties in attempting to solve them yourself. So I ask you, in the general interest as well as in your own, to let the general issue his own instructions and pass on his despatches as he requires. Confine yourself to giving him advice, but do not substitute yourself for his chief of the staff, and take care that your name does not appear in any despatch except in those you address to me. Take care to inform Bourbaki that henceforth you will adopt this reserve, so that he cannot put on you work which is his.'

De Serres' reply is characteristic and candid:

'I have just received your despatch, so kind and cordial. From the moment I parted from you I had determined every day to follow no other line than the one you gave me, and every day I have had to depart from it, thoroughly against my own wish, in the face of the amount of things to be done, and the huge amount of want of forethought and inadequacies; I need hardly add the incapables and the egoists. Ten days more of this work and I should be utterly exhausted; I feel it. Perhaps also I might have obtained some results beyond only doing my duty. Your friendship recalls me in time to the work you had fixed for me. I am deeply grateful. I am going at once to Dôle to rejoin the headquarters, which I will not again leave. You can wire to me there from this evening.'

Whether these were good intentions only we shall see later on.

And Bourbaki had more than enough to do even in correspondence, for not merely had he to keep M. de Freycinet fully informed as to both his actual and his proposed operations, but now, on the 3rd, Gambetta from Lyons intervened, and not unnaturally, with a demand for full information in order to communicate with Chanzy at Le Mans, and Trochu in Paris, and secure unity of aim and action throughout the country among the several armies working for the common defence.

At 10.30 P.M. Bourbaki sent to M. de Freycinet a clear account of his present plan of operations. The 18th and 20th Corps had passed the night of the 2nd on the banks of the Ognon, and during the 3rd are continuing the advance on Vesoul. If the 15th Corps arrives in time, as he hopes it will, it will be employed either in menacing Montbéliard or will come to his assistance, according to circumstances. 'If the Prussians

'defend Vesoul, as we believe they will, since the troops from 'Dijon and Gray have fallen back on this point, we shall be 'well concentrated and in a position to attack them; *I shall* '*reconnoitre their positions on the 6th, and shall march against* '*them as far as possible the very same day.*'

An all-important point in connexion with this plain and clear statement by Bourbaki as to the operation is whether de Serres was with him when it was despatched from Dôle at 10 P.M. De Serres was certainly at Dijon until four in the afternoon, and we have great reason to believe that with the ten o'clock despatch he had nothing to do. And assuming this to be the case, and that de Serres did not arrive until later, the following postscript to a despatch of de Serres to M. de Freycinet, dated 3 A.M. January 4, may be regarded as heralding a fresh developement of the baneful influence of de Serres alone on the rest of the campaign:

'Before I was able to send off this despatch, the general, who came to see me immediately he heard I had arrived, had a long conversation with me on the subject of the minister's despatch, which he wished me to know about, and at the same time about his answer which he will send to-morrow before we leave. I must defer until to-morrow both an account of our long interview and my remarks on the general situation.'

What passed between de Serres and the general cannot be known, for the promised despatch which was to give the conversation has not been found. 'It would be,' say the 'Historians, of the greatest interest, for doubtless it would 'explain *the complete transformation in the intentions of the com-* '*mand, expressed so clearly in the* despatch of 10.30 P.M. of the '3rd, *and the action so entirely different* which followed later.' As matters stood then, all were in accord as to a march on Vesoul to deliver battle there by a vigorous offensive, and probably on the 6th. But now, we seem to be at the turning point of the campaign, a turning point from highly probable success to disaster and ruin.

On the 4th, Bourbaki and de Serres left Dôle before midday and went to Besançon; the conversation of the previous evening was not renewed; but strangely enough at 8.45 A.M. Bourbaki issued orders to the corps practically *shortening* the marches previously ordered for the day, and *in the interval had been the conference with de Serres;* and in the evening in a despatch to M. de Freycinet Bourbaki shows a hesitating spirit. On no certain information he over-estimates the enemy at more than double their real strength. Two corps are to halt next day, whilst the general front to be taken will be more towards the east of Vesoul

than towards Vesoul, and as to the 15th Corps, he says that he *is awaiting the arrival of the leading troops* and he will then employ it on left bank of the Doubs towards Blamont, far away indeed from Vesoul, and menace Montbéliard, whilst he will directly attack the enemy in position if the latter does not retreat at his approach. But it is impossible to reconcile the defensive attitude, which appears in the despatch, with the resolute offensive.

To what unfortunate influence this extraordinary change was due is not known. It was not due to M. de Freycinet who incessantly urged a rapid and energetic offensive, nor to the two corps commanders who clearly disapproved of it, nor to the state of the troops, for of this Bourbaki could not judge at the distance he was away from them, and at this time their moral was excellent. The general opinion in the army attributed it to de Serres. A somewhat curious despatch was sent to M. de Freycinet by de Serres that evening:

'I am not yet able to give you an account of the programme for the following days. I hope, however, to be able to send you to-night that for to-morrow, with some data as to the movements of the troops to-day.

'The necessary interviews with all the higher persons here, the consideration of the situation, have not left me time to continue alone with the general our interview of last evening about the despatches, which he has not been materially able to communicate to me.'

For the 5th, the corps were ordered practically to hold the positions occupied on the 4th; Bourbaki, after passing the morning with de Serres, went to Voray. And now to the fateful January 6. Looking at the respective and relative positions of the hostile forces on the evening of the 5th, there is little doubt that, owing to the dispersed condition of von Werder's army, a determined attack on it on the 6th would have resulted in an overwhelming victory, and, possibly, a scattering of the enemy. Bourbaki's army of three corps was in touch with the German dispersed force of little more than two divisions. No help for the latter was at hand for, owing to the denseness of the 'fog of war,' von Moltke at Versailles believed Bourbaki's army to be still at Bourges.

But since January 3rd, when Bourbaki informed M. de Freycinet that he would attack the Germans at Vesoul on the 6th, his intentions appear to have undergone a complete change; this change was kept from the knowledge of M. de Freycinet, but it does not seem uncharitable to suspect that de Serres, his trusted confidant, was not only aware of it, but that he approved of it, and, ceasing to be the constable in charge of Bourbaki,

with in his pocket a warrant for his apprehension, he had at the interview on the night of the 3rd–4th become a warm confederate with him in carrying on the next stage of the campaign *according to their own strategical views* ignoring M. de Freycinet.

The following extract from the History throws much light on the subject :

'The order to attack Vesoul [on the 5th] not coming,' says Lieut.-Col. Clervals, 'General Clinchant [commanding the 20th Corps] sent me to the general to describe the situation. He would be at Voray sur l'Ognon, north of Besançon. Not until half-past two did he arrive. So soon as he saw me he said, "At all events Clinchant has not attacked." "No, general, because you have ordered him to wait, but he has sent me to ask permission to march and to profit without delay by the advantages which he believes he has in his present position." "No, no, colonel, look." He opened a map and, showing me with his finger the line he was following, said : "I have caused the fall of Dijon without a fight, of Gray without a fight. I will do the same with Vesoul without a fight, similarly Lure, then Héricourt, and we shall thus arrive at Belfort, which will fall in the same way." '

But M. de Freycinet's project, which was a determined blow on the hostile line of communications, would not be aided by evacuation of geographical points unless the evacuating forces could be rendered harmless for the future operations, so it was a *sine quâ non* for success that von Werder's army must be well beaten and its junction with the German forces at Belfort prevented. As we shall see, tactics defensive, not offensive, are becoming the leading idea in the minds of both Bourbaki and de Serres.

At 7.10 P.M. on the 5th, Bourbaki informed M. de Freycinet that he purposed to move on Lure by Villersexel, so as either to compel the enemy to evacuate Vesoul as had happened at Dijon and Gray, or if the enemy holds on to Vesoul to attack him there on his left, which offers conditions far more favourable. If the movement of the 15th Corps is carried out sufficiently quickly, a part, or the whole, of the corps will attack Montbéliard, whilst he will attack the enemy who would have been waiting for him either at Vesoul or Villersexel. Then he will immediately manœuvre so as to cause the raising of the siege of Belfort. The subsequent operations will depend on the line taken by the enemy in falling back.

Early on the 6th, de Serres at Besançon told Bourbaki at Voray that the 15th Corps is arriving, and 'suivant nos con-'clusions de ce matin' he is directing them on Clerval, connected with Besançon by a single line, a small station hopelessly

useless for the purpose. On the afternoon of the 6th, M. de Freycinet approved of Bourbaki's projects and again urged rapidity in the operations.

At 7.30 P.M. on the 6th, Bourbaki sent a strange despatch to M. de Freycinet in which, whilst saying that Villersexel will probably be the scene of the first shock, he added that probably he will be obliged not to move on the following day, the 7th, and, strangely he volunteers the statement *that he is again delayed by* the slowness of the arrival of the 15th Corps at Besançon.

But, if we regard Bourbaki as a straightforward man, it is hopeless to reconcile this despatch with one he had already sent at midday to General Martineau commanding the 15th Corps. In this he tells the general that the enemy is concentrating to the east and south-east of Montbéliard in the triangle enclosed between that place, Delle and Abbevillers. Martineau is directed to push his troops on as fast as possible to a position at Blamont, where he is to do his best to occupy the enemy and to hold his own. Martineau himself is to go there with all possible speed. '*I purpose to march on Montbéliard and raise the siege of Belfort. So soon as you hear my guns you must do your best.*'

The comment of the Historians on this despatch is : ' This ' document is of special gravity, for it reveals the absolutely ' new project of marching on Montbéliard and Belfort ' with the whole army, a project of which the government ' has not and for a long time will not have any knowledge.'

To M. de Freycinet, the little he knew as to Bourbaki's present intentions was absolutely unsatisfactory. What, he asked Bourbaki, had the delay of the 15th Corps to do with the advance on Vesoul ? If the roads were bad, they were good enough for the Prussians and were equally good for the French. Three times during the 7th did he express his dissent from Bourbaki's proceedings, but there is no record that Bourbaki vouchsafed any reply ; neither, still more strangely, is there any record of a communication during the 7th and 8th to Bordeaux from de Serres, and Bourbaki himself appears to be in a curious state of mind. He issued counter-orders to the 15th Corps. Owing, he says, to information received as to the dispositions of the enemy only a brigade is to go to Blamont ; and, more remarkable still, there was subsequently found among the official papers a minute of this day, the 7th, in Bourbaki's own handwriting, summoning two divisions of the corps to move on Villersexel as quickly as possible ; but this despatch was never sent, it is scored through with a pen. ' What new and deplorable

'influence,' ask the Historians, 'led the general to cancel this 'despatch which he had just written with his own hand? 'The responsibility for this advice has never been established, 'but it seems that it ought to be limited to two persons, Colonel 'Leperche and M. de Serres. It is not known which of them 'should bear it.'

On the 8th, in a very brief despatch Bourbaki reported to M. de Freycinet the movements carried out during the day, and there is in the archives a very important document, a memorandum by Bourbaki, a sort of written soliloquy on the situation, and showing clearly his views and intentions. It seems clear from this and de Serres' own avowals that practically they had taken the future conduct of the campaign into their own hands, utterly ignoring M. de Freycinet, and putting aside the programme he had received from Bourbaki. The army is not to *attack* the enemy, it is to take up a position on the road between Vesoul and Belfort, so as to *compel the Germans to attack* to regain their communications with the besieging force. Bourbaki, imbued with the ideas then current in the French Army as to the superiority of the defence over the attack, and doubtless believing that his indifferent troops would do better in the former than the latter, had given up the vigorous tactical policy which only a few days before he had enunciated to M. de Freycinet, and which had been cordially approved of by him.

On the 9th, the hostile armies came into contact in what was a 'combat de rencontre' at Villersexel, between Vesoul and Belfort. According to Kunz, the French were at least double the Germans in infantry, and had a superiority in guns. On the side of the Germans the higher leading was little short of discreditable; but Bourbaki himself had little to do with the eventual success of his troops who, after a severe fight lasting far into the night, remained the masters of the battle-field. Again did fortune offer to Bourbaki a great success. A prompt and determined attack early on the 10th, following up the advantage gained, promised great results; but no, Bourbaki, strongly supported by the amateur strategist de Serres, awaited an attack which was never delivered. Both seem to have overlooked the existence of one main road and of other circuitous routes by which, if the Germans were daring or desperate enough to make a flank march to Belfort along the very front of the French Army, they could escape, safe to their goal; and so the Germans did. Here came in the military 'Persön-'lichkeit' of Bourbaki. Where, as Genevois remarks, Chanzy would have said 'March on, there is nothing in front of you,'

Bourbaki would say pitifully, 'Take care, the enemy is for-'midable.' By the evening of the 10th Bourbaki must have been fully aware of the grave mistake he had made, and, as the Historians remark, it would have been better had his communication to M. de Freycinet been candid, but the latter was kept in ignorance of the real facts; so much so that when, on the 11th, Bourbaki informed him of his intention to attack on the 13th, the position of Arcey, M. de Freycinet replied:

'The capture of Arcey which you purpose for to-morrow does not appear to me to help much the interception of the enemy's communications which you have already effected by the capture of Villersexel. . . . You appear to have given up, at least for the present, the march on Lure. Are you not afraid that in moving your whole force thus to the right that you may allow the two bodies of the enemy at Belfort and Vesoul to unite by the Lure road? I am afraid lest you may lose the benefit of the separation which you had so well commenced.'

And so surely did M. de Freycinet believe the march north to be the chief aim and object of Bourbaki at this time that he even sent him the names of persons to act as guides to him in the Vosges.

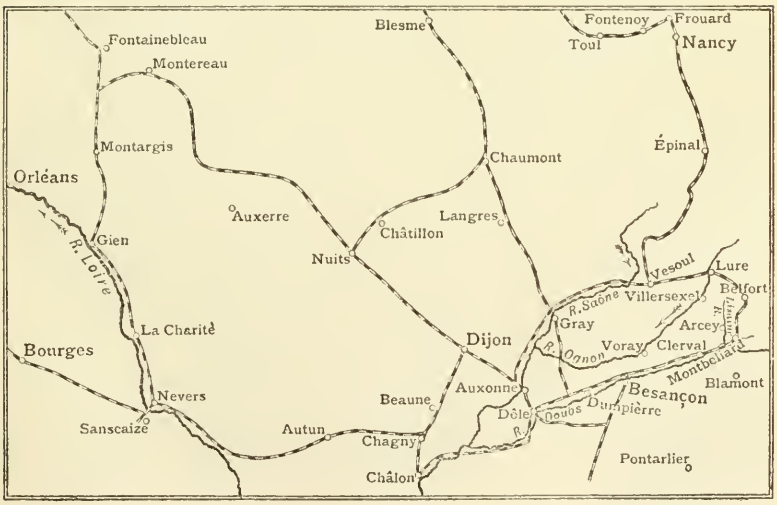
The influence of de Serres is still in the ascendant, for on the 11th Bourbaki writes of him to M. de Freycinet as follows:

'I am in constant communication with M. de Serres about our operations, and as to the means of avoiding the delays which I desire so much to shorten. I need not sing his praises to you, you know him too well for anything I may say to raise your esteem of him. His character make him conceive and like bold ideas: his advice is always based on a conscientious examination of the questions raised. His intelligence is equalled by his modesty, and his connections are thus as sure as they are agreeable. He is rendering great services to the first army.'

And now onwards even the Dual Control must have ceased to exist. Bourbaki seems to reign supreme, and in the Battle of the Lisaine, January 15th–17th, the fate of France was sealed.

Wrongly has the campaign been entitled Bourbaki's campaign. It was initiated by M. de Freycinet, and up to the time of that still mysterious interview between Bourbaki and de Serres at Döle on the night of January 3rd–4th, it was his campaign still. Thence it became until just after the Battle of Villersexel the de Serres-Bourbaki campaign. That after the move towards the Lisaine de Serres had anything to do with it there is no evidence; and the climax, by the irony of fate, is a battle conducted by Bourbaki, an attack direct by troops whose value he certainly greatly underestimated and in whom he had no confidence, on an enemy in a strong position.

In conclusion, we ask, do Bourbaki's own sad words 'I am 'twenty years too old; generals ought to be of your age,' uttered to a younger officer on the 17th after he had decided on the retreat—furnish a fair reason for the failure of the campaign so far as he was concerned in it? No, in the opinion of the writer, absolutely not, Bourbaki was but fifty-four years of age, the time of life when a real general is in his prime. The narrative of his conduct herein recorded confirms completely the estimate of his capacity as formed by Lehautcourt, and already given in this article. But we go further and add that he had no 'backbone' in his relations with the civil part of the 'Dual Control.' It is impossible to understand how any Commander-in-Chief, other than a mere weakling, would have retained his command, under the conditions imposed by M. de Freycinet in his despatch of 9.30 A.M., 28th December, in which the latter assumed the attributions of the Supreme Military Chief. Bourbaki was the round peg in the square hole; and for this misarrangement the Delegation were responsible; they made it with their eyes open as to the possibly evil results; and it is on their shoulders primarily that the responsibility for the final catastrophe rests. The idea that the selection of Bourbaki by the Delegation was due to any desire to conduct the campaign themselves must be utterly repudiated. A really 'strong' man as commander was the first condition for success in the campaign they had initiated, and they knew it. But in selecting they made a mistake, fatal and irretrievable, a warning for all time.



Art. VIII.—THE PROGRESS OF ECONOMICS.

1. *The Wealth of Nations.* By Adam Smith. Edited by Edwin Cannan. London: Methuen and Co. 1904.
2. *Principles of Political Economy.* By John Stuart Mill. Edited by W. J. Ashley. London: Longmans and Co. 1909.
3. *The National System of Political Economy.* By Friedrich List. Translated by Sampson S. Lloyd. With introduction by Professor J. S. Nicholson. London: Longmans and Co. 1904.
4. *Life of Friedrich List.* By Margaret E. Hirst. With an introduction by F. W. Hirst. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1909.
5. *A Project of Empire.* By J. Shield Nicholson. London: Macmillan and Co. 1909.
6. *The Common Sense of Political Economy.* By Philip H. Wicksteed. London: Macmillan and Co. 1910.

When a large cannon is fired off, every other sound in the immediate neighbourhood is drowned. At a distance of a mile or two, the noise of the explosion is still loud; but it may momentarily become inaudible if a pop-gun is fired close at hand. Yet another mile or two, and the pop-gun is no more heard, though the cannon's booming still rings out distinctly. At this distance the noise may perhaps be drowned by human voices, or by a noisy thrush in a wood close by. Move on another mile, however, and the man's voice or the bird's song have long become inaudible, while the distant thunder of the cannon is clearly heard.

This course of events has an exact analogy in the history of political economy during the last century and a half. On the 9th March, 1776, a big cannon went off; for on that day was published the first edition of 'The Wealth of Nations.' At frequent intervals from that time to the present day new text-books of political economy have been issued, each of which for a time was considered to supersede all previous works. But these pop-guns had, except in one or two instances, no lasting qualities. As the decades wore on, they sank into oblivion, and their ephemeral authority vanished; while the thunderous voice of Adam Smith continued to be heard with scarcely diminished intensity. Even at the present day his views carry more weight than those of the majority of writers who have followed

him. Speaking, for instance, of his treatment of the wages of labour and the profits of capital, Professor Nicholson says that his 'ideas are what we are pleased to call modern and not early 'or mid-Victorian'; and elsewhere the same writer remarks, 'In the matter of imperial policy Adam Smith is still in 'advance of the practical political leaders of our own time.'

If any evidence is needed of the great importance attached to the views of Adam Smith at the present day, it is to be found in the immense trouble taken by modern writers to ascertain what his views actually were. In the first place we have Dr. Edwin Cannan's admirable edition of 'The Wealth of Nations.' During Smith's lifetime five editions of his work were published, the date of the fifth edition being 1789. Until recently most modern editions were copied from the fourth, while that of Thorold Rogers, although professing to be taken from the fourth edition, is shown by Dr. Cannan to be copied in reality from the third. Dr. Cannan's edition is copied from the fifth; he has compared the text of the five editions of 'The Wealth of 'Nations' published during Smith's lifetime; and wherever there is the smallest difference in the reading between the different texts he has indicated the fact in a footnote, stating at the same time in which edition the alteration first appeared. So thorough has this collation been that even misprints appearing in the earlier editions, but corrected in the later, are carefully recorded. Dr. Cannan, moreover, has supplied a large number of notes stating the sources of Adam Smith's information, the discovery of which must have been a very laborious task. Further, he has supplied a valuable series of marginal notes throughout the book, constituting a summary of the text as it goes along.

We are glad to find that Mill's 'Political Economy' has received similar attention within the last year in the important edition published by Professor W. J. Ashley. There were during Mill's lifetime seven editions of the 'Political Economy,' of which the first was issued in 1848 and the last in 1871. 'In every one of 'these,' says Professor Ashley, 'Mill made noteworthy alterations. 'Rewriting, or the addition of whole sections or paragraphs, takes 'place chiefly in the earlier editions; but even in the last, that 'of 1871, the "few verbal corrections" of which Mill speaks in 'his Preface were sufficient, in more passages than one, to give 'a different complexion to the argument.' Professor Ashley has, accordingly, collated the seven editions; and, while taking his text from the seventh, has indicated in footnotes any divergence between the successive editions, stating at the same time in which edition the divergence first appeared. Professor Ashley has added a Bibliographical Appendix, giving references to

the chief writers who have dealt since Mill's time with the various topics of his treatise. In spite of Professor Ashley's fear lest he may not have altogether escaped the influence of personal bias in this selection, we are glad to note that, though we are little inclined towards many of Professor Ashley's views, we have been able to discover nothing that is not strictly impartial. The appendix, indeed, being compiled by an economist of Professor Ashley's knowledge and authority, cannot fail to have great value for all students of modern economic literature.

Returning to Adam Smith, we find a further sign of the high authority attached to his views at the present day in Professor Nicholson's book 'A Project of Empire.' In this interesting volume Professor Nicholson's object is to examine the economic problems offered by the subject of Empire.

'In dealing with these questions,' he says in his Preface, 'I have taken as the basis the treatment by Adam Smith; for several reasons. "The Wealth of Nations" was written under the influence of the events which led up to the separation of the American colonies and the acquisition of India. Then, as now, problems of Empire were of urgent importance; then, as now, trade and trade policy were intertwined with questions of defence and sovereignty; then, as now, we were faced with the alternatives of real union or disintegration; then, as now, we had not an empire, but the project of an empire. It is admitted on all sides that Adam Smith was the greatest of economists, but the stress laid on certain parts of his work has caused others to be neglected; and in this over-emphasis and neglect the sense of just proportion has been lost. No other writer has approached him in the breadth of view and in the appreciation of the different elements involved in the economics of imperialism.'

Professor Nicholson's method has, therefore, been to apply Adam Smith's principles to the elucidation of modern problems.

In our endeavour to trace the progress of economics we shall pursue the following system: We shall divide our subject into three divisions, and treat separately of political progress, of social progress, and of commercial progress. By 'political progress' we mean merely the alterations which have taken place in our forms and methods of government. By 'social progress' we mean the improvements which have taken place in the actual condition of the people; which, from the practical point of view, resolves itself into a study of the Poor Law. By 'commercial progress' we mean the changes which have been introduced in the laws and regulations affecting industry and commerce, whether of purely domestic concern, such as the Statute of Apprenticeship and factory legislation, or of foreign or imperial concern, such

as agitate the minds of politicians at the present day. For tracing developement in these three separate branches we propose to institute a comparison between the conditions in Adam Smith's time, *i.e.* 1770 and 1780,—in the time when Mill was preparing his 'Political Economy,' *i.e.* about 1845,—and our own times. In Mr. Wicksteed's 'Common Sense of Political 'Economy' we have an excellent exposition of the modern 'marginal' theory of Economics, which may be recommended to those who wish to study this highly interesting developement. Mill's period almost exactly divides the time between 'The Wealth of Nations' and the present day; so that, by collating the state of affairs at these three points in time, a fair idea will be obtained of the general trend of economic progress.

And, first, for the political developement.

The revolution of 1688 definitely established the supremacy of Parliament and gave rise to the institution of party government. The political line of cleavage thereafter ran between the parties of the Whigs and the Tories. These two parties exhibited the same difference of principle that is almost universally exhibited when a society is split up into two contending factions. This principle is so deeply rooted in human nature that, disguised as it may be by the variety and character of the immediate ends advocated by the opposing parties, there is always one party that is dissatisfied with things as they are, that is desiring some sort of change, that cares little for tradition and authority, and whose normal bent of mind is optimistic; while there is always another party that is in the main constitutional and opposed to change, generally harbouring at the back of their minds a wish to revert to a past condition rather than advance to a new one, or make experiments where experience has not extended, setting great store by tradition and authority, and whose normal bent is largely pessimistic. At the time of Adam Smith the Whigs constituted the forward party and the Tories the backward. The Radicalism of the Whigs does not indeed appear to our modern ideas to have been very audacious. They were then engaged in a crusade against the power of the King—a crusade rendered memorable by Dunning's resolution of 1780 'that the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and 'ought to be diminished.' The attack of the Whigs on the power of the Crown was indeed closely analogous to the attack of the modern Liberal party upon the power of the House of Lords. In both cases a constitutional dislike of the existing *régime* was, perhaps, more the true basis of the attack than any specific offences which may have been alleged against the Crown or the House of Lords. There was little probability that George III

would ever try to raise taxes without the consent of Parliament. There is equally little likelihood that the House of Lords will ever try to resist the declared will of the people. When they threw out the Budget, they appear to have honestly believed that they were executing the wishes of the people; and the subsequent election showed that, though mistaken, they were not without some justification for holding such a belief. Writing of the former epoch, Leslie Stephen observes: 'As in many other 'cases, politicians seem to be elaborately slaying the slain and 'guarding against the attacks of extinct monsters. . . . 'George III desired to be more than a contrivance for fixing the 'Great Seal to official documents.' So the House of Lords desires to be more than a contrivance for registering the decisions of the House of Commons. Thus the attack, even if it is assumed to have been justified in both cases, has not perhaps the revolutionary significance which its authors ascribe to it. As for the Tories, their attitude is summed up in Lord North's opposition to Pitt's reform in 1785, when he described the Constitution as 'the work of infinite wisdom . . . the most beautiful fabric 'that had ever existed since the beginning of time.' Though modern Conservatives would not express their opinion quite in these words, yet their actions are often such as would be produced by a belief of this kind. But at this point the analogy between political conditions in Adam Smith's time and our own comes to an end. The government was in those days altogether in the hands of the aristocracy, and that to an equal extent whether the Whigs or Tories were in power. Lord North's opinion that 'the bulk and weight' of the House of Commons ought to be in 'the hands of the country-gentlemen, the best 'and most respectable objects of the confidence of the people,' was merely a pious endorsement of the actual state of affairs. The Whigs were as convinced as the Tories that the country ought to be ruled by the aristocracy, though they held, in opposition to their opponents, that that rule ought to be regulated by a regard for the welfare of the people.

Let us now, in accordance with our scheme, move on to the time when Mill was contemplating the task of writing a textbook on political economy. The country was still governed by the aristocracy; Whigs and Tories still faced one another as the leading political parties; but this arrangement no longer received the universal acquiescence which it had hitherto commanded. There had arisen a new sect, which just about this time were first called the Utilitarians, who passionately denied that Providence had delivered a monopoly of government into the hands of the aristocracy. They demanded wide extensions

of the suffrage, that the people might govern themselves through their representatives, instead of being governed by a single class among them. Originating with Jeremy Bentham, these ideas first gained adherence through the propagandist efforts of James Mill, and, as they gradually extended, ripened into the doctrine of a Radical party under the spiritual guidance of his son, John Stuart Mill. Let it not be supposed, however, that the Utilitarians advocated pure democracy. Though it is true that the later Utilitarians were animated largely by ideals of complete democracy, yet they lost at the same time a great part of their character as Utilitarians. The purest form of Utilitarianism—that represented, for instance, in the writings of James Mill—was as much opposed to a thoroughly democratic government as to a monarchical or oligarchical government. The older Mill laid it down as one of the fundamental laws of human nature that self-interest is the predominating motive of mankind; that power will as a general rule be abused by its possessor for his own advantage; that under a monarchy or an aristocracy, therefore, the people are certain to be plundered for the benefit of their rulers. A democratic government, they said, meant the assembling together of the whole nation, as in the cities of ancient Greece; which in modern societies was impracticable. They fell back therefore on the representative system, of which they were ardent supporters. The people could not govern themselves directly. Let them therefore delegate representatives who should carefully attend to their interests. These theories soon became the dominant political philosophy; and at the time of which we write the extension and perfection of the representative system, the making of it as accurate an expression of the people's interests as possible, were the main objects of Radical politicians.

Taking our final step onward, we arrive at the present day; and we find the change that has taken place in the period elapsed since Mill's 'Political Economy' to be no less great than that which took place in the period elapsed between 'The Wealth of 'Nations' and Mill's work. The representative system, which in Mill's time was growing in life and vigour, still survives indeed, but the life has gone out of it; it is but a shadow of its former self. In its place pure democracy is rapidly establishing itself. As we have pointed out, the Utilitarians condemned pure democracy on the ground that it was impracticable for the people to assemble together and give their decision on every political question. Half a century's scientific discovery has done something to remove the obstacle. By means of telegraphy the people can now for all practical purposes meet together in an assembly and record

their decisions ; not by their personal locomotion, but by the annihilation of the distances which separate them. A question can be, and is, thrashed out before the whole nation in assembly, just as it was before one of the old Greek democracies. Pure democracy, upon the removal of the physical obstacle which stood in its way, has grown up with such startling rapidity as to threaten complete strangulation to the representative system which preceded it. The elected representatives of the people diminish daily in importance, as the authority of the people themselves becomes more paramount. They no longer desire that their representatives should think or act on their own opinions ; they look for men who will do as they are told. The House of Commons—the crowning triumph of the representative system—is involved in the general decay of the superseded order of things. On all sides complaints are heard that the best men cannot enter it. It is rapidly degenerating into an unpaid branch of the Civil Service. As in the Civil Service, it consists of persons graded one above another, each member being expected to do what he is told by his superiors, and falling into disgrace if he should place his private opinions before what is considered his duty. The subordination of private members of Parliament to their party officials is shown in the circulars issued by the ' Whips.' Here, for instance, is one issued from the Whips' office of the Liberal party to their supporters on March 10th :—

' Members are particularly requested not to leave the precincts of the House unpaired at any time, even temporarily. In the event of any urgent call they are asked to inform the Whip on duty, and not to pass out of the House by any exit other than the door to the members' cloak-room. During the sittings of the House there will always be a Whip on duty, and during Government business he will be found in the Members' Lobby ready to give or receive any information. Please note that whenever a count is called during a sitting when Government business is being taken every supporter of the Government is expected to help to make a House.'

From such a circular it is clear that members are not regarded as having any right to views of their own ; but simply as functionaries, who are expected to do as they are told. Of similar significance was an amendment that was made to the standing orders of the House in 1902. Before that date only four-tenths of the time of the House was allocated to the Government, leaving six-tenths for private members. The effect of the amendment was to give the Government nine-tenths of the time, leaving the private member with only one-tenth. The House in short is ceasing to be the deliberative governing

body it used to be; and, as the government passes into the hands of the people, it sinks to the position of a mere machine for registering the people's demands. Perhaps as the Civil Service element becomes more marked, and the governing element continues to be lost, payment of members will be instituted and a yet further approximation will be effected towards the other Government offices.

Other interesting signs of the degradation of the representative system and the rise of the democratic system may be noted. At the time when the representative system was rising, John Stuart Mill thought that the two greatest political objects remaining to be achieved were Women's Suffrage and Hare's Scheme of Proportional Representation. There can be no question that Hare's scheme brought the representative principle to the very highest excellence of which it is capable; and in Mill's time its adoption appeared to be merely a matter of time. In these days many people have not even so much as heard of it; and even the more limited scheme of Lord Courtney has not been espoused by any individual set of politicians. In place of contrivances for perfecting the representative system, we hear more now of contrivances, such as the Referendum, for completing the democratic system.

From what has been said, it would appear obvious, indeed, that the Referendum is the logical outcome of the movement now in progress. To refer to the direct suffrages of the people themselves every question on which there is ambiguity as to their wishes, would be the extreme and culminating point of democratic rule, the final overthrow of the representative system and its appropriate institutions. So far we have avoided expressing any opinion as to the desirability or undesirability of the changes now in progress: we have confined ourselves to recording facts; merely remarking that, although political change, especially when it is rapid, is sure to excite alarm and deep despondency among a large proportion of the people, that alarm and despondency is mostly grounded on a very inadequate and superficial endeavour to catch the significance of passing events. From the Referendum, however, we feel justified in expressing positive dissent. We certainly do not found our dissent upon the fact that it is the climax of the democratic system; but upon quite another reason, and that, too, the very reason that is most often cited in its support. The main argument upon which supporters of the Referendum rely, is that it would settle disputed questions finally and beyond appeal; and Home Rule and Tariff Reform are given as instances of questions which might years ago have been laid to

rest, and have ceased for evermore to perplex the anxious minds of politicians. But what grounds are there for supposing that this would be a desirable consummation? We fail to see that the perplexities and worries of politicians, however vexatious to themselves, are in the least injurious to the great body of the people at large. On the contrary, we hold that the final settlement of these questions would be a misfortune scarcely less than the passage of one or other of them into law. Supposing Home Rule had been settled five-and-twenty years ago, one great source of political agitation would have been removed. There would have been room for other questions to arise of quite other kinds; these questions would in their turn have been quickly settled, giving place to yet further questions. In short, the course of political change would have been immensely accelerated. If the nation was in a bellicose mood, we might have protection, conscription and half-a-dozen other measures of a similar character following rapidly on each other's heels. If, on the other hand, it was in what is called a Little-Englander mood, as it was some decades ago, we might have large reductions in defensive expenditure, loss of colonies, and so on. Legislation would always run to extremes. The national temper of the moment, instead of getting itself expressed in legislation after much weariness and heavy labour, would have every facility for converting itself into law; and when the national temper changed, as would almost certainly happen before long, legislation of quite an opposite kind would supervene. It often happens that great political questions have not the real importance for the nation's welfare that they are supposed to have. But the public discussion and consideration given to them must have a very valuable educative effect. It is probably a healthy sign that a nation should ponder much and legislate slowly; while the Referendum would result in its pondering for short periods only, and legislating rapidly. Although, therefore, the Referendum may be the ultimate form of the democratic machine, it appears desirable, in the present condition of the people at all events, that the machine should work slowly and with friction, rather than smoothly and rapidly.

In the present state of the constitution we have two legislative bodies competing with one another as to which shall more accurately interpret the will of the people. In the end the people get what they want; and the dissensions between the two Houses have little other real effect than the useful one of checking undue rapidity of legislation. It is said that the House of Lords has increased in power. Relatively to the House of Commons, it has undoubtedly done so; but relatively to the

people at large, it has shared the decline of the Lower House. The House of Lords would never venture now to stand out against the ascertained will of the people, as it did in the early 'thirties. And, conversely, the people now view with complete equanimity its opposition to their elected representatives. They know that they are supreme; that neither House could stand against them for a month if they were in earnest; and their natural conservatism inclines them to extend toleration to an ornamental part of legislature which no longer constitutes any real danger, and perhaps guesses what they want nearly as well as any other assembly would do.

We pass now to our second line of comparison between the conditions known to Adam Smith, those known to Mill, and those of the present day. Having dealt with the political developement in the period under observation, we have now to touch upon the progress made in the social condition of the people, and especially in the treatment of the poor.

In very early days the only relief obtainable by the poor was through the charity of the monasteries. On the destruction of these religious institutions the necessity for a Poor Law was immediately felt; and it was enacted in the reign of Elizabeth that every parish should provide for its own poor by means of a parish rate. But before very long it was found that the poor tended to congregate in certain parishes where they found favourable conditions, and to desert other parishes; so that there was a large inequality in the rates of different parishes. Owing to the outcry from highly rated districts, it was enacted in the reign of Charles II that the justices of any parish should have power to eject, within forty days of his arrival, any person who did not rent a tenement of the *minimum* value of 10*l.* a year, or afford other security that he would not become a charge upon the parish. It was soon found, however, that the officers of one parish would bribe the poor of their own parish to go into another, and remain concealed there for forty days, at the end of which time the power to remove them lapsed. To prevent this fraud, a law was passed in the reign of James II compelling immigrants to give notice in writing of their arrival in any parish; and in the reign of William III it was further ordained that this notice should be published on Sunday in the church. The result, of course, was to make it impossible for a poor man ever to move out of the parish in which he was born. True, there were four modes appointed by which a man could gain a settlement in a new parish without giving notice to the authorities; but of these four modes, as Adam Smith points out, two were impossible to all poor men, while the remaining two

excluded all married men and all independent workmen. To remedy the hardship of this state of affairs, it was enacted that the parish authorities might give certificates to any desiring emigrants, which should allow the holder a free pass into any other parish whatever; but that if such a person was to become chargeable to the rates in another parish, he was to be returned forthwith to the parish which granted him a certificate, his maintenance, cost of removal, etc., in the meantime being charged wholly to that parish. This attempt to alleviate the condition of the poor only aggravated it. For since there was no compulsion on any parish to grant certificates, and no advantage, but only a liability to themselves if they did grant them, it came about that no parish would ever grant a certificate, nor would any parish ever receive a new arrival without a certificate. Thus we find that in the time of Adam Smith the poor were confined, as prisoners for life, to the parish in which they happened to be born. There were in consequence large variations in the wages of labour in places in close proximity. A demand for labour in one part of the country could not be met by immigration even from a neighbouring district; nor could a glut of labour in one parish relieve itself by discharging workmen into the surrounding country.

Coming now to our second period, that which inspired the 'Political Economy' of Mill, we find the whole of this barbarous system swept away. The Poor Law of 1834 was in full force; it is, indeed, in full force at the present moment; and it will therefore be necessary to say little about it, except to remark on its fundamental principle and the changes which are now proposed to be made in it.

The framers of a Poor Law always have to encounter the same fundamental difficulty. If they make it easy to obtain relief, the number of applicants continues to increase until the whole system inevitably breaks down. It therefore becomes necessary to make arrangements under which relief shall only be given to those for whom it is a real necessity, and who are honestly unable to obtain work. The principle adopted for this purpose in the Poor Law of 1834 was the principle of deterrence; they aimed at making the conditions of relief so disagreeable that no one would ever apply for it until his utmost exertions had failed to procure him work to maintain himself. The principle is a difficult one to apply; normal conditions in the lowest class of work are already so disagreeable that it is difficult to make the receipt of charity more disagreeable, without defeating the purpose in view. In various ways, the Poor Law was felt to be working unsatisfactorily; and in recent years

a Royal Commission was appointed, which, as everybody knows, reported with a Majority and Minority Report.* The great body of both reports deals purely with details of administration; and affords, in consequence, somewhat uninteresting reading to anyone who is not an expert in Poor Law administration. But however lengthy and, as we are so bold as to think, however dull these reports may be, they have underlying them principles which can be stated in a few words and which are highly interesting. The Majority Report, indeed, does not appear to depart from the fundamental principles of 1834. The changes advocated by the Majority Report appear to be confined to administrative changes; and as such its desirability or undesirability, its importance or its unimportance, can only be judged by experts. The administrative details of the Minority Report are in the same way matters for the expert; but the Minority Report contains altogether new principles, which, when divested of their administrative dressing and set forth in all their nakedness, can both be understood and criticised by the common man.

The really interesting novelty in the Minority Report is that it abandons the principle of deterrence which has inspired the treatment of the poor ever since 1834. In place of this principle it sets up a vast organisation, whose business it shall be, not to deter people from applying for relief when they have fallen into destitution, but to prevent them from falling into destitution at all. And how is this happy end to be attained? By an army of inspectors, who shall oversee and generally nurse the people, so as to set them and keep them, whether they like it or not, in the right path—or what the State thinks is the right path.

The Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission is of such vast importance that no apology is needed for dwelling somewhat longer on this most recent economic developement. Up and down the country the Liberal newspapers have very generally espoused the side of the Minority Report; up and down the country its able authors are at this present moment conducting a campaign with unbounded energy and resourcefulness of organisation. The wire-pulling at the back of the movement has almost reached the point of a fine art: its most *recherché* expedients are worked with consummate skill. Prominent politicians have already been converted to the cause: and it is alleged that leading men of both the political parties have

* See Edinburgh Review for April 1909. Art. VIII. The Poor Law Report of 1909.

pledged themselves that at all events no legislation shall be founded on the Majority Report. And yet the fundamental principle underlying the Minority Report is so involved in the wealth of administrative details surrounding it that (we feel tolerably confident) a large number of its supporters are as little conscious of what they are fighting for as is the country at large of the measures which it is being attempted to foist upon them.

It is no secret that the Minority Report was written entirely, or almost entirely, by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb are everywhere known as the founders and moving spirits of the society called the Fabian Society. The professed objects of the Fabian Society are the socialisation of the means of production. At first sight there does not seem much connection between the socialisation of the means of production and the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. But let us look a little further into the aims and methods of the Fabian Society. There is nothing in their programme that we are accustomed to associate with the flaming propaganda of Socialism. They do not, like the Social Democratic Federation, demand the repudiation of the National Debt; they abhor methods of violence; they are apt to be shocked if it is suggested to them that the monarchy is a relic of primitive times and ought to be abolished. The English followers of Karl Marx refer to their doctrines sneeringly as 'Socialism for the middle classes.' The term is exceedingly apt: through and through, from top to bottom, the Fabian Society is thoroughly middle-class, full of the virtues and full of the vices which characterise the English middle classes as a whole. Its membership, we doubt not, is largely recruited from Bayswater and Upper Tooting: eminently respectable—we had almost said painfully respectable—citizens who travel by the 'Underground' up to their offices at ten o'clock every morning, and return to the bosom of their families at five. In short, the typical member of the Fabian Society is a good English middle-class Tory, staunch supporter of Church and King, who, having joined a Socialist society, fancies himself a wild revolutionary.

If, then, the element of Radicalism is so little discernible in the propaganda of the Fabian Society, what is it that attracts and keeps together that little band of Socialists? The question is almost answered by the sketch which we have given of the average Fabian. It is the element of bureaucracy and organisation in Socialism that appeals to him. The idea of everyone being a part of a great machine, a unit that fulfils its minute appointed function in the body politic, under the supervision of one set of officials, and placed in charge of another set of officials,

is an idea that has immense attractions to the middle-class English mind. If we desire further confirmation of this view, we find it in the character of its leader, Mr. Sidney Webb. If ever there was a man born to the work of an organiser and bureaucrat, that man is Mr. Sidney Webb. His immense ability finds its natural expression in putting things or people into their proper relative positions in dependence upon one another. The characteristic appears equally whether he is dealing with the innumerable facts marshalled in his valuable history of local government, or with the orderly arrangement of the data of the Poor Law Commission, or with the arrangement of mankind into a scheme of Socialism. And we have a suspicion—a suspicion of the first order—that Mr. Webb's Socialism is altogether secondary to Mr. Webb's bureaucracy ; that he is a Socialist because, in a democratic country, a general organisation of society cannot be obtained except under Socialism.

The reason for our digression from the Report of the Poor Law Commission will now be apparent. We pointed out that the Minority Report proposed to prevent destitution, as they would put it, by getting rid of the conditions which lead to destitution ; or, as we prefer to put it, by appointing officials to look after the public and see that they do not go wrong. We also pointed out that the Minority Report was written largely by Mr. Webb, whose other propaganda we have also described. And the point to which we have been endeavouring to lead up is this : that the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission is the very essence of Fabian Socialism. It is useless to reply, as Socialists have replied, that the Minority Report has nothing to do with socialising land and the means of production. Our readers will, we hope, no longer see any reason to doubt that Fabianism and the Minority Report are two sides of the same thing. And, more than this, the adoption of the Minority Report would be capable of unlimited extension into complete State-Socialism.

An interesting comment on this last proposition was furnished by Mr. Webb's answer to a question addressed to him at the recent series of lectures delivered by him and Mrs. Webb at the St. James's Hall. The question was indeed a pertinent one. ' What estimate could Mr. Webb give of the cost to the nation ' of Poor Law administration if the Minority Report were ' adopted ? ' The answer was instructive. No estimate could be given : the administration might cost as much or as little as the people chose to make it. It would probably be small at first, but it could be expanded to any extent whatever ; and Mr. Webb hardly concealed his belief that it would be so

expanded. Naturally so: if we are going to establish a staff of inspectors to look after ourselves, we can always go on adding to them and perfecting their organisation. If we begin by inspecting only those who might possibly become a charge upon the Poor Rate, there is nothing to stand in the way of the inspection, thus introduced, finally embracing every individual of the British nation.

In discussing the state of the Poor Law in the time of Adam Smith we saw to what a terrible plight excessive legislation and excessive inspection had brought the mass of the poor in this country. It may be that under a completely democratic system, worked in an enlightened scientific age, universal inspection would carry with it no such evils, but would be practicable and beneficial. If, however, we decide to give it a trial, let us at all events do so with our eyes open. Let us remain under no misapprehension why the leaders of the Fabian Society should be so excessively anxious for the adoption of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission.

We now come to the final line of comparison between past and present times—namely, to commercial developement. In the time of Adam Smith industry and commerce were bound down by stringent restrictions, both in the home and in the foreign trade. The purpose of these restrictions was almost invariably the establishment of monopolies for the supposed benefit of the different trades. In very early times no other authority was necessary for the incorporation of a trade than that of the town corporate in which it was established; together with a charter from the King, which was usually to be had by paying a fine. In consequence all those who practised any special trade would soon combine into a corporation and exercise their power of issuing regulations for the purpose of securing to themselves a monopoly of the market; which thereafter they kept habitually under-stocked, so that they were able to demand their own prices for their goods. The great weapon by which they were accustomed to limit competition was the apprenticeship system. By passing bye-laws, under which a long term of apprenticeship had to be served before freedom of the trade could be obtained, they necessarily reduced the number of candidates for entering the trade, and therefore also the amount of competition within it. The corporations, however, were often not content with making the entry to a trade thorny and difficult. They further often reduced the number of candidates by limiting the number of apprentices which any master was allowed to keep. Thus Adam Smith writes of his own times:—

'In Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice at a time, by a bye-law of the corporation. In Norfolk and Norwich no master weaver can have more than two apprentices, under pain of forfeiting five pounds a month to the King. No master hatter can have more than two apprentices anywhere in England.'

In early times, as we have pointed out, any trade could incorporate itself and secure a monopoly against the public with very little difficulty. But in the reign of Elizabeth the whole system was consecrated by the Statute of Apprenticeship, under which it was made illegal for any person to practise a trade or craft unless he had previously served an apprenticeship of seven years in that trade or craft. As time wore on, this statute was only applied to trades which had already been established when the Act was passed, while all newer trades were left free, thus giving rise to many strange anomalies.

While the monopoly spirit was thus rampant in the regulation of the home trade, foreign trade was subject to restrictions of no less vexatious a character. The 'mercantile system' was, in Adam Smith's time, the fundamental principle which governed the activities of statesmen. Wealth was supposed to be synonymous with money. It was held to be obvious that the proper way of enhancing the wealth of the country was to take measures for securing that as much money as possible should be imported into the country, while as little as possible should be exported from it again. The chief endeavour of politicians therefore was to secure a favourable 'balance of trade' by giving every possible encouragement to exportation, and by throwing every possible obstacle in the way of importation. Importation was checked, not only in the case of commodities which could be produced at home, but in the case of all commodities coming from countries with which the 'balance of trade' was supposed to be disadvantageous. Exportation, on the contrary, was encouraged by bounties, by drawbacks of duties already paid on imported materials, by treaties of commerce, and by the establishment of colonies.

In the time of John Stuart Mill regulation of trade had been to a great extent discarded; and that largely on account of the influence of 'The Wealth of Nations.' Trade corporations had broken up; and the apprenticeship system was no longer so severe or prohibitive as it had been. In the sphere of foreign trade all regulation had been abandoned; and as far as this country was concerned, complete freedom of trade had been established.

But even at this time new influences were beginning to be felt of a directly contrary tendency. The philosophy of Adam

Smith, relying upon freedom and individual initiative, no longer held the field; but was opposed by various writers of a high order, among whom by far the most famous was List. It will be easier, however, to survey the changes which were then germinating if we transfer our point of view to the present day

In the regulation of industry at home the tendency is no longer towards the relaxation of restrictions, but towards their multiplication and increased stringency. The purpose indeed of these restrictions is very different from what it was. The interests, or supposed interests, of the labouring classes are the professed object of the restrictive measures, instead of, as formerly, the monopolising of the market by a single set of producers. The whole fabric of factory legislation has grown up with this purpose in view. Freedom of contract slowly began to be restricted in various ways. In 1893 the first step was taken towards regulating hours of labour in the case of railway servants; and the tendency gradually strengthened until in 1908 the Miners' Eight Hours Act definitely placed the normal working day for a large number of adults under the control of the Legislature. The old spirit of monopoly has not died out, however. Wherever manufacturers see their way to combining to stamp out competition and secure to themselves the entire market they are not slow to take advantage of it: especially in America, where vast trusts and combinations are formed for the purpose of ruining competitors and keeping up prices against the public. But there is this great difference: that these corporations, instead of being in harmony with public opinion and supported by the Legislature, are viewed with profound hatred by the public, and continue to subsist in spite of all legislative attempts to suppress them.

In the sphere of foreign trade the demand for regulation has never altogether died out. It was, as already mentioned, given a philosophic basis by List in the first half of the last century; it broke out in England in the early 'eighties under the name of Fair Trade; and it is at the present moment of the first political importance under the name of Tariff Reform. So important, indeed, is this subject in its relation to past economics that no excuse is required for devoting to it some considerable attention.

The writings of Friedrich List have during the last few years not been neglected in England. His 'National System of 'Political Economy,' translated in 1885 by Mr. Sampson Lloyd, was in 1904 carried to a new edition, for which Professor Nicholson supplied an introduction. And last year Miss Margaret Hirst published an excellent little volume, containing an account

of the Life of List, together with selections from his writings, not previously translated into English. From this opportune and useful book we learn that List was as a young man subject to much hardship and persecution. Born in Würtemberg in 1789, he was set to work as a child at his father's trade of a tanner. But he found the work very little to his liking; and after a period of incorrigible truancy and idleness, he was released from the business and became a Taxes and Warehouses Commissioner, thus falling into the midst of Würtemberg officialdom. His work taking him to Tübingen, he was able to avail himself of the University lectures there, and soon made himself proficient in political economy; so that Malbranc, his teacher, complained of his reading 'Montesquieu, Abraham Smith, 'John Adam Say, or even the mad Schanschak.' What opinion List formed of a teacher who knew so little about Adam Smith, Jean Baptiste Say, and Jean Jacques Rousseau does not appear to be recorded. Though thus busy with literary studies List continued to progress in his profession. He shortly reached a post in the Chancery department, after which he became Secretary to the Ministry in the Local Government Department, and later on Chief Examiner of Accounts and a member of the Court of Audit.

List, therefore, was primarily a man of business and versed in practical affairs. And here we may turn aside for a moment to note the contrast, well brought out by Mr. F. W. Hirst in his very discerning introduction to Miss Hirst's book, between List and his greater rival Adam Smith:—

'Whether the man of action or the man of thought is the more enviable, admirable, or powerful, is a question of taste which everyone must answer for himself. In the art and science of public finance, as well as in the larger sphere of political economy, there is plenty of scope for both—for the pure theorist, and for the statesman who is the practical interpreter, perhaps the mere instrument, of other men's ideas. . . . If Adam Smith illustrates very well the superiority that is usually assigned to the life of philosophic study and discovery, Friedrich List may equally be cited by those who regard an active participation in public affairs not only as necessary to happiness but as a positive aid and stimulus to political genius. . . . The saunteringor sedentary life of a private tutor, a university professor, and a Customs official suited Adam Smith and gave him twenty years of golden leisure in which to revolve, and ultimately to revolutionise, economic thought and commercial policy. But such a life would never have satisfied Friedrich List. What is one man's food is another man's poison.'

The distinction is one of deep significance, and affords a clue

to the differences in their respective systems. If it is true that the philosopher, who works out his theories in his study, often fails when he is set to the practical business of life, it is none the less true that the practical business man is tolerably certain to fail when set to work out a true theory of his subject. He goes right in business solely by reason of his empirical knowledge, without any understanding of main principles. The philosopher lacks this empirical knowledge; in his search for principles, he is accustomed to pay little attention to details; and it is details more than principles which determine the practical current of life. But empirical knowledge is for the most part applicable only to the particular department of affairs in which it has been gained. A furnisher would be of no more use than the theorist if applied to the grocery trade; nor would a grocer be likely to succeed as a banker or a corn-merchant. When the subject under examination is not one trade only but all trades—not industry only, but commerce and exchange, politics and government—then indeed the detailed knowledge of the practical man is likely to lead him astray; it is likely to be even worse than useless; for, as in his own particular business, he has learnt to rely with confidence on his empirical knowledge, he will carry that same confidence with him into other affairs, which would at least be approached with diffidence by one who professed no knowledge of any affairs. The fact that philosophers often are wholly wrong in their theories is no argument in favour of the 'business' man's view, any more than the fact that business men often go bankrupt is an argument in favour of philosophers going into business. When men of science discover they have made an error and proceed to retract it, the public are apt to take the view that science is no longer worthy to be trusted, and that they would do better to follow the opinions which tradition or other authority has handed down to them. They forget, however, that though science may be wrong, say, in 10 per cent. of its opinions, the public are certainly wrong in 25 per cent. of their opinions; and that, though nothing like infallibility can be reached, the man of science is more likely to be right than the man of affairs.

List, during the propaganda of his later life, always sided against the theorist. His constant fear was that his country would be ruined by an error in theory, 'like the patient who 'followed a printed prescription and died of a misprint.' But, as we have pointed out, the glorification of practice is no answer to the inadequacy of theory.

Reverting from this digression to our account of List's life,

we next find him agitating for reform against the oppressive measures of the bureaucracy. Wangenheim, the curator of Tübingen University, soon appointed List to the Chair of Administration and Politics. But his real interests lay in an active propaganda ; and he soon became the leader of a movement for the purpose of securing Free Trade between the various German States, which at that time were cut off from one another by high tariff barriers. His efforts, though ultimately successful, brought him into sharp opposition with the authorities. He was compelled to vacate his chair ; and soon afterwards, being elected a deputy to the representative assembly of Würtemberg, he attacked the administration so vigorously that he was charged with sedition, and his house entered by the police. After a long trial, he was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment with hard labour in a fortress and payment of eleven-twelfths of the cost of the action. He immediately left Würtemberg and took refuge in other German States, in Paris, in London, and in Switzerland, constantly harassed by want of money, till, thinking that it would be safe for him to return home, he crossed the border of his native country. Here he was promptly seized and imprisoned. Shortly after he had been released he was again imprisoned ; but at last he was finally freed and given three days in which to leave the country. He found himself hounded out wherever he endeavoured to settle, and at last took ship and sailed to America.

After travelling about for a time he took a small farm, but this soon turned out a failure ; and it was not long before his natural bent asserted itself, and he was drawn into the vortex of protectionist propaganda that was then agitating the United States. He interested himself also in railway developement ; and after a few years was overcome by home-sickness, and returned to Germany full of the plan of covering that country with a great network of rails. After various wanderings in Europe, and a life full of activity, he published his ' National System of Political Economy ' in May 1841. In spite of his life-long hostility to England, at the end of his life he endeavoured to bring about an alliance between Germany and England ; but no attention was paid to his propaganda, and in 1846, broken down in health and spirits, he ended his own life. Two years later the Würtemberg Legislature, by which he had been persecuted in his youth, passed a unanimous resolution in his honour.

The fundamental principles of List's ' National System ' were that national wealth consisted, not in the amount of commodities possessed by a nation, but in the developement of its productive power ; and that a due proportion had to be observed between

industry, commerce, and agriculture. List looked forward, indeed, to a condition of universal peace and Free Trade; but recognising the impracticability of such ideals at the present time, he regarded the nation as the proper unit for whose prosperity to work. The political power and civilisation of any nation he considered to be dependent on their manufactures, as the basis of trade, of shipping, and of improvements in agriculture. Accordingly he laid down the maxim that every nation ought to use its utmost exertions to rise first from the savage to the pastoral stage, then from the pastoral to the agricultural, and from the agricultural to the higher conditions in which, along with agriculture, manufactures and commerce are highly developed. 'Manufacturing power,' as opposed to a purely agricultural condition, 'promotes science, art, and political 'developement, increases the well-being of the people, the popu-'lation, national revenue, and national power.' List advocated freedom of trade for nations passing from the savage to the pastoral, and from the pastoral to the agricultural conditions. But for a successful transition from the purely agricultural state to the final state, in which agriculture, industry, and commerce all flourished in combination, he held that Protection was under existing conditions essential. But as soon as the industries, thus encouraged, had established themselves on a secure footing, the Protection must be withdrawn again to admit the advantages of competition. In short, List regarded Protection as a temporary phase to be passed through by nations, which should be withdrawn when they had reached a high degree of manufacturing power. Germany, at the time when he wrote, was entering upon the phase when Protection was desirable. England had already passed through that phase; and List applauded the wisdom of the English in adopting Free Trade,

Another leading principle advocated by List was a 'cosmo-'politan division of labour' between tropical and temperate zones. The tropics, while possessing a natural monopoly of valuable agricultural products, are less fitted than temperate climates for manufacturing industry. Agriculture, therefore, should be the main business of the tropics, while manufactures and the political power which, in List's view, attends manufacturing countries, belong to the temperate zones. The largest world-movement in commerce should be in the exchange of the agricultural produce and raw materials of the tropics for the manufactured articles of temperate climates. 'We lay it down as a general principle that a nation is rich and 'powerful in the proportion in which it exports manufactures, 'imports raw materials, and consumes tropical products.'

Acting on this principle, List altogether condemned Protection for agriculture. 'It is madness to help home agriculture by 'Protection, since home agriculture can only be advanced on 'economic principles by the developement of home manufac-'tures, and the exclusion of foreign raw materials and agricul-'tural products can only depress home manufactures.' He was also opposed to retaliation, 'a principle which would lead to the 'most absurd and ruinous measures'; though he would allow it when it was employed for the purpose of establishing manufactures—that is, not as retaliation, but as Protection.

From what has been said, it will be clear that List's views have little relevance to modern political questions. As might have been expected from a man of his temperament, they were formed with special reference to the practical requirements and special conditions of his own time and his own country, and are not founded on any scientific principles which are independent of local and temporary conditions.

Very different is the position occupied by the views of Adam Smith. His political economy was founded on principles of such wide generality as to be extensively applicable at the present day. In his book 'A Project of Empire' Professor Nicholson has set himself the task of pointing out the bearing of Adam Smith's views on modern questions. The fundamental error popularly made regarding Adam Smith is in associating him with the extreme views of the Manchester School, *laissez-faire* and anti-Imperialism. The 'Project of Empire' will doubtless finally dissipate this persistent error. No one can read through 'The Wealth of Nations' without observing how stoutly the idea of nationality is upheld. So far from being cosmopolitan in his views, Adam Smith invariably considers questions from the point of view of his country, and not from that of humanity at large. A deep spirit of patriotism pervades the whole of 'The Wealth of Nations.' As Professor Nicholson justly remarks: 'Adam Smith took it for granted that in every 'country the idea of nationality was absolutely dominant.' So, too, he must be set down as an Imperialist of the most thorough description. Yet his methods of achieving his objects are very different from those now advocated by the party of extreme Nationalism and Imperialism.

A great deal of the difficulty in understanding Adam Smith's views is due to the fact that most of the subjects with which he deals have now become the shuttlecocks of party strife. Let us here diverge for a brief moment to inquire why it is that the party spirit appears to be so universally deleterious to any subject falling under it. Why is it that when any matter arises

which is recognised to be of first-rate importance there is a general endeavour to keep it 'above party'? There is nothing apparently obnoxious in a set of persons, holding some view in common, working together for the consummation of their wishes. Why, then, is it considered injurious to the solution of a problem that it should be made a party question? The answer is that the party spirit breeds dogmatism, and that dogmatism is fatal to truth. Huxley was attacking dogmatism when he said, 'Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed.' Parties always in time adopt a creed. When a particular policy forms part of a creed, it has behind it not only the authority that reasonable arguments give it, but the additional authority that it derives from being a creed, the feeling that one is committed to it, that it is a necessary plank in one's whole system of beliefs and thought. We are firmly convinced that Halley's Comet will turn up again in the neighbourhood of the earth somewhere about seventy years hence. But if an eminent authority were to come forward with arguments to the effect that the comet's orbit had become hyperbolic, and that the comet itself was disappearing for ever into space, we should listen to him with complete readiness to be converted if his arguments appeared sound. Let the matter, however, become a party question, so that one party declares the orbit to be elliptical, while the other declares it to be hyperbolic; and let our eminent authority now step in with his arguments. He will immediately be greeted by one party as their dearest friend, and by the other party as their bitterest enemy. The one party will be convinced far too easily; while the other will be convinced, if at all, only after undue difficulty. The bare question of fact is complicated by the *amour propre* and dogmatism of party. The arguments fall like heavily loaded dice, in which the true probabilities of the situation are altogether obscured.

It appears to be an inevitable misfortune of English politics that all the foremost questions have fallen under the sway of dogmatism. The arguments of political economy are apt to be so elusive and difficult to understand, while the temptation to dogmatism and a creed is so enormous, that scarcely anyone survives the ordeal. It is this which makes it hard to get at a true understanding of Adam Smith's views. His whole work is extraordinarily free from the dogmatic spirit. His advocacy of an opinion commonly associated with one party does not imply agreement in any of the other opinions of that party. Because he laid great stress upon the importance of individual initiative and enterprise, it is assumed that he belonged to the school of dogmatic *laissez-faire*. Because he

held that the colonies ought to subscribe their share to imperial defence, it is assumed that he was a cosmopolitan and a Little Englander. Both assumptions are wholly at variance with the facts.

Adam Smith's Free Trade was not deduced from any principle of non-interference, such as was subsequently adopted by the Manchester School. His object was to show that freedom of importation, as well as of exportation, conduced in the highest degree to the welfare of the nation which practised it. Throughout 'The Wealth of Nations' he is constantly insisting upon the importance of the home market; and over and over again points out that capital invested in the home trade employs more labour, and is therefore more beneficial to the country, than capital invested in foreign trade or in shipping. His strong natural bias was to encourage the home trade by every possible means; but he held that legislative interference to promote this end invariably defeated itself, and did more harm than good. Many of his arguments against Protection apply with equal force to the situation at the present day. One great aim of Tariff Reformers, for instance, is to prove that our industries are decadent. Probably there never has been a time in the national history when this complaint was not made. In Adam Smith's time it was certainly made, and answered by him :—

'Progress is frequently so gradual that at near periods the improvement is not only not sensible, but from the declension either of certain branches of industry, or of certain districts of the country—things which sometimes happen though the country in general be in great prosperity—there frequently arises a suspicion that the riches and industry of the whole are decaying. The annual produce of the land and labour of England, for example, is certainly much greater than it was, a little more than a century ago, at the restoration of Charles II. Though at present few people, I believe, doubt of this, yet during this period five years have seldom passed away in which some book or pamphlet has not been published, written too with such abilities as to gain some authority with the public, and pretending to demonstrate that the wealth of the nation was fast declining, that the country was depopulated, agriculture neglected, manufactures decaying, and trade undone. Nor have these publications been all party pamphlets, the wretched offspring of falsehood and venality. Many of them have been written by very candid and very intelligent people; who wrote nothing but what they believed, and for no other reason but because they believed it.'

Although Adam Smith considered Protection universally and necessarily injurious to the country which practised it, he was not so absolutely opposed to retaliation. True, he thought

retaliation an evil; but it might lead to a more than compensatory good. 'The recovery of a great foreign market will 'generally more than compensate the transitory inconveniency 'of paying dearer for a short time for some sorts of goods.' Retaliation, in short, was justified only by success. Retaliation which did not succeed in recovering a foreign market (and history shows that it scarcely ever is successful) was worse than useless. It brought in its train all the evil of dear goods, while having no redeeming advantage. Retaliation by way of revenge Adam Smith emphatically condemned. He was also strongly opposed to any preference to those countries which were supposed to be our best customers.

'As they give us their custom, it is pretended, we should give them ours The sneaking arts of underling tradesmen are thus erected into political maxims for the conduct of a great empire; for it is the most underling tradesmen only who make it a rule to employ chiefly their own customers. A great trader purchases his goods always where they are cheapest and best, without regard to any little interest of this kind.'

With reference to colonies, Adam Smith was an extreme Imperialist. But he differed profoundly from that view of Imperialism which throws all the burden and responsibility upon the Mother Country, while all the benefits are reaped by the colonies. His views are succinctly expressed in the final peroration of 'The Wealth of Nations':—

'If the colonies, notwithstanding their refusal to submit to British taxes, are still to be considered as provinces of the British Empire, their defence in some future war may cost Great Britain as great an expense as it ever has done in any former war. The rulers of Great Britain have, for more than a century past, amused the people with the imagination that they possessed a great empire on the west side of the Atlantic. The empire, however, has hitherto existed in imagination only. It has hitherto been, not an empire, but the project of an empire. . . . It is surely now time that our rulers should either realise this golden dream, in which they have been indulging themselves perhaps, as well as the people; or that they should awake from it themselves, and endeavour to awaken the people. If the project cannot be completed, it ought to be given up. If any of the provinces of the British Empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavour to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.'

In the Tariff Reform controversy there are two distinct lines of argument. The movement is supported on the one hand by arguments that are frankly Protectionist, and on the other by arguments for the consolidation of the Empire. The talk about decadent industries, increased employment, etc., have no relevance to Imperialism. They are simply urged on account of the supposed beneficial effects to trade ensuing from import duties on manufactured articles. Every one of these arguments has been in constant use at all times in favour of Protection. Their answers are to be found in all text-books of political economy. Adam Smith would unquestionably have been in complete opposition to them.

Consolidation of the Empire, however, is rather a different matter. If complete Free Trade could be established within the Empire, it might be well worth consideration whether we should not enter into a Customs Union with the colonies which would erect a low barrier running round the borders of the Empire. It has never been contrary to the principles of Free Trade to levy Customs duties, purely as a means of raising revenue, nor where equivalent Excise duties are also levied. Adam Smith's ideal appears to have been of this nature: the proceeds of the Customs being employed for meeting the cost of imperial defence. Professor Nicholson's views are similar to those of Adam Smith. In his 'Project of Empire' he says: 'If a Customs Union could be 'adopted by the British Empire, with a provision for the assign- 'ment of a certain proportion of the yield for imperial purposes, 'especially defence, it would be absurd to object merely on the 'ground of the difficulty of imposing equivalent Excises.' He further points out that these Customs might be used 'not merely 'for revenue but for other aims.' The immense possibilities of effective retaliation, given by such a Customs Union, are cited as an instance. All this is true enough; the ideal is a high one; but, alas! it is far removed from practical politics. In the first place, there is not the smallest indication that the colonies would consent to give up the revenue which they derive from taxing imports from the Mother Country. Free Trade within the Empire cannot be realised until the colonies are prepared to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of empire. In the second place, it is obvious that when once the principle of taxing imports has been admitted, the Customs will not long be confined to their original purpose, but will soon come to be used for Protectionist purposes. Nothing is more striking than the change of issue which has come over the fiscal controversy in the last few years. Originally started by Mr. Chamberlain purely as a step for the consolidation of the Empire, it had at

the last General Election degenerated into a plain Protectionist movement. Imperialism had altogether dropped out. The present position is that all the arguments and all the thoughts of Tariff Reformers are turned towards Protection, though they avoid the use of a discredited name and draw to themselves the *kudos* of being advanced Imperialists. Here indeed is an object-lesson of the danger of Customs established for Imperial purposes.

Though we readily confess to the opinion that much of the current sentimentality about empire is spurious and overwrought, yet we think it must be recognised that social progress is mainly achieved by the consolidation of small nations into large nations, and of large nations into empires. A consolidated British Empire, as conceived by Adam Smith, would be worth great sacrifices. But the movement must come from the colonies, not from the Mother Country. Until they are prepared to abandon their selfish nationalism, take their share of the burden, and accept intra-Imperial Free Trade, nothing can be done. As long as an empire is looked upon, not from the view of solid advantage, but from the mere swagger of owning large tracts of land and colouring maps red, so long must we be content, in Adam Smith's mournful words, ' not with an empire, ' but with the project of an empire ; not a gold-mine, but the ' project of a gold-mine ' ; so long also must we continue ' to ' accommodate our future views and designs to the real mediocrity ' of our circumstances.'

Art. IX.—HARDMAN'S HISTORY OF MALTA.

A History of Malta during the period of the French and British Occupations, 1798–1815. By the late William Hardman. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. London: Longmans. 1909.

Wanderers by the shores of the eastern Mediterranean will probably have often heard the assertion 'Zante, Zante, 'Fior di Levante,' and the counter-statement, 'Malta, Malta, 'Fior del mondo,' to which a possible dissident 'That's not 'rhyme' may have been met with the classical reply, 'No, but 'it's true.' The truth must be considered largely a matter of sentiment; for to the stranger, at least, though the strategic value and the commercial importance of Malta may be well known, the beauty is not so evident, and he might be excused for thinking that anything less like a flower it would be difficult to meet with. Affection grows on acquaintance or familiarity, and in the eyes of the native or the long-time resident it may have a beauty exceeding that of a landscape by Millais. Mr. Hardman, who made his home in it for fifty years, learnt to love it as his native land and to look on it as one of the brightest jewels in the crown of England's king; but he found himself annoyed by the frequent and insistent assertion of natives that the English held the island as a gift from them, who ought therefore to have, as by right, the principal share in its administrative government. He found, as others before him have found, that this belief was deeply ingrained in the native mind, and conceived that it would be a valuable corrective to the agitation which, always simmering, now and again boils over, if he were to place on record, in an easily accessible form, the true story of how the island came to the English. Unfortunately, he died before the work was quite finished; but the task of preparing it for the press happily fell to the able hands of Dr. Rose, under whose sponsorship it now sees the light; though, with the exception of his contributing the very interesting introduction and a few notes, the work remains essentially Mr. Hardman's. Dr. Rose's part has been chiefly that of arrangement and compression.

Clearly, in pursuance of the main object, it was of the first importance to examine not only the statement that the Maltese people gave the island to England, but also whether it was ever theirs to give. Mr. Hardman has thus prefaced his inquiry with a brief relation of the earlier fortunes of the island, or rather islands—for there are in reality three, Malta, Gozo and,

between them, Comino; to which, if we descend to minutiæ, may be added a fourth, Cominotto. These, he says, had been considered a fief of the kingdom of Sicily from the time of the Normans 'up to the date of the French capture in 1798.' What the rights of the Normans or their successors were, or how acquired, does not appear; but it may readily be granted that early in the sixteenth century the Emperor, Charles V., held them as his. They were of no value—not even nominal—till, on the ejection of the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, the Emperor awoke to a realisation of their possible importance and assigned the islands to them as a shelter and resting-place, subject to their owning him as their liege lord—though rather, it would appear, as King of Spain than of Sicily—and acting as an advanced post of the Christian against the Mussulman.

And so they had done, till the French conquest, when any rights that Spain or Sicily may have had were destroyed, and the islands became the property of the conquerors. These, again, were driven out and the islands fell to these second conquerors, unless prior and valid rights could be shown to exist. Any right that the King of Sicily could have had—shadowy enough at the best, or the Knights of St. John—which were an intolerable anachronism and public danger, might be dismissed, and were dismissed in diplomatic language much more wordy than the case seems to have required. There remain the Maltese, who—perhaps by reason of their nationality, children of the soil—might claim to own the land from the beginning; or by reason of the conquest, if they were the conquerors. It is this last which has been their favourite assertion, and to the consideration of which Mr. Hardman more especially devoted himself; but there is, through all, a tacit, unnamed claim that the island belongs to the natives by birthright; and this seems to deserve examination, though Mr. Hardman has passed it by unnoticed.

But, in fact, who are the Maltese? The island, of old time, appears to have been a trading station of the Phœnicians; its people were of Phœnician, Semitic, Syriac stock; its ancient monuments are Phœnician. It was afterwards held by Greeks, Romans, Saracens, and Normans, who reasserted the old Roman Christianity; but amid the clash of contending races the Arabic blood maintained its supremacy, and the language, the true Maltese, is a dialect of Arabic. These people were essentially aquatic—fishermen, divers, sponge-hunters; the island, by nature a bare rock, offered little scope for agriculture, though the most industrious spade husbandry may have coaxed something from the scanty soil. With the advent of the Knights of

St. John this was changed. In their train came soldiers, servants, camp-followers, and a crowd of women, of all honest and many dishonest trades. These were mainly Italian, or at least in such large proportion that Italian was adopted as the common language; and during the 250 years they increased and multiplied in various ways, legitimate and illegitimate, so that towards the end of the eighteenth century the population of Italian-speaking people, of very mixed descent, was extremely large, considering the small size of the islands. Such a population, widely different from the earlier but perhaps equally mixed people, who spoke Arabic and had inhabited the island when it was practically independent, may be called Maltese; but, coming to the island as followers of the Knights, cannot be considered as having originally any share in either it or its government, and very certainly were never given any by the Knights, who, indeed, looked on them with the contempt which a well-born knight might be supposed to feel towards a people of this promiscuous origin. Later, after the ejection of the French, when it was proposed to re-establish the Order, and to found, as a new branch of it, a Maltese *langue*, in which proofs of nobility would not be required, they utterly scouted the idea; and one, nominated Grand Master by the Pope, and to whom Bonaparte insisted Malta should be given up, said plainly and as repeating the opinion of the Order:

'Cette langue Maltaise ne peut pas exister; il est impossible que des hommes distingués par leur naissance, et par des principes d'honneur, vivent avec de la canaille, des esclaves affranchis, des galériens, et des bâtards de nos Chevaliers et leurs laquais.'

Although, no doubt, there was among them a considerable sprinkling of lawyers and surgeons, it is not to be supposed that these were of a high class; and for the rest, the Grand Master's estimate is probably not very far wrong. But whether right or wrong, it is clear and certain that a people who were so regarded by the governing class had no share in the government of the islands, and that their lords—as the Knights may well be called—would have ridiculed the idea of their having any rights whatever—except life, and not very much of even that. To follow this out in any detail might well have been most painful to a man who, like Mr. Hardman, had lived on friendly terms with the descendants of many of them; but he quotes from various writers of the time evidence as to the depravity of the populace under the Knights, and says, as a comment on the whole:

'At the close of the eighteenth century there existed in Malta an oligarchy, despotic and arrogant in the extreme, without the slightest

sympathy for the ruled, with nothing to their credit but the military reputation which their valiant predecessors of the sixteenth century had bequeathed them. Furthermore the immorality of the Knights now placed an impassable barrier to any assimilation between the governing and governed classes.'

The result of all this is that neither the primitive, Arabic-speaking inhabitants nor the more recent Italian-speaking settlers had the slightest claim to political rights of any kind, and that whatever claim they had to ownership of the island must have come to them by winning it from the French. This is Mr. Hardman's postulate, and it is impossible to cavil at it.

The question, then, as Mr. Hardman puts it, is, 'Did the 'Maltese win or mainly contribute to win the island from the 'French?' He describes in detail how, in the first instance, the French obtained possession of it; but as he very closely follows the narrative of M. de la Jonquière, which we reviewed nine years ago,* it is unnecessary to repeat it, save to add that Mr. Hardman shows that, in addition to the imbecility of the Grand Master, the French cause was aided by the treason of several of the French Knights, and by the complicity of the Maltese, who, hating the rule of the Order, had persuaded themselves that that of the French would be lighter.

In narrating the circumstances of the surrender, Mr. Hardman refers frequently to the narrative of Doublet, to which he attaches more credit than it seems to deserve. Pierre Doublet (who claims to have been 'a secretary in the French section of 'Hompesch's secretariat,' and may perhaps be more correctly described as a clerk in the secretary's office) took a prominent part in the negotiations for the surrender; he was afterwards in the service of the French during their occupation of Valetta; and some ten to twenty years later, for the purpose of repudiating a charge of treachery towards the 'Order of St. John,' wrote his story of 'The Occupation of Malta in 1798.'† The work of such a man, written in such circumstances, and so long after the event, seems to us to be without authority; and the list of writers, ranging from 1829 to 1854, who have accepted his statements can scarcely be considered as a corroboration of them. In the present instance, however, there are various concurring proofs of the pressure which the Maltese brought to bear on the Grand Master. One is a MS., anonymous, indeed, and without

* 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1901.

† Mr. Hardman cites it under this title. In the original the title is 'Mémoires historiques sur l'invasion et occupation de Malte par une armée française en 1798.'

date, but among Hompesch's papers, now in the Public Library of Malta :

'Du milieu du tumulte il sortit une députation composée des Juges et de tous les magistrats du peuple ; voici le discours qu'ils adressèrent à leur souverain. Malte est attaquée, l'Ordre ne peut la défendre et vous allez exposer nos personnes et nos biens à la fureur d'un vainqueur irrité. Nous vous déclarons, au nom du Peuple que nous représentons, que si, dans l'instant méme, vous ne vous résolvez pas à demander la paix, le peuple traitera lui même et sans vous.'

Another MS. cited is apparently the original, or rather the translation of the original, of the declaration, or representation, presented to the Grand Master and Council, now also in the Public Library :

'We the undersigned, Jurists and Syndics of the Four Cities, together with some of the principal Ministers and Counsellors of this city of Valetta, being fully persuaded that the garrison of this Fortress is unable to resist an invasion of a warlike people, such as that which now assails us—a people who have always proved themselves to be invincible—have in a body petitioned the reigning Sovereign that he would deign to arrange terms with the invaders, in some form or other, conformably with the generosity of a nation which has ever listened to those who ask for peace. Our prayer has been benignly granted. And that for all future time this document should be a record of our action, we the underwritten have signed this, our representation, with our own hands, affixing thereto the seal of this University, wherein we are all now assembled, this 10th day of June, 1798.'

And again, also from Hompesch's MSS., apparently drawn up by some of the Knights who, with Hompesch, were exiled to Trieste :

'There appeared before the Grand Master and Council, a deputation composed of Judges and of all the Magistrates of the People, and this is the discourse which they addressed to their Sovereign ! ! "Malta is attacked ; it is impossible for the Order to defend it, and you are about proceeding to expose our lives and our property to the fury of an irritated conqueror. We now declare to you in the name of the People, whom we represent, that if you do not this moment sue for peace, the People will do so without you." '

The result was that on the morning of June 12 the fortress was peaceably surrendered ; concerning which Mr. Hardman says :

'Various theories have been advanced as to the cause which rendered Malta so easy a conquest by Bonaparte, or again as to who should bear the responsibility of its loss. These opinions have differed according to the prejudices or nationality of the writers. Whilst Maltese historians have attributed the loss of the island to the pusillanimous

behaviour of the Grand Master and cowardice of the Knights, it can incontestably be proved that its fall was due to treachery and intrigue within the Order itself, combined, as we have seen, with an imperative demand for a suspension of hostilities, followed by the act of capitulation, which was insisted upon by the Maltese citizens.'

These expected to have their situation much improved from what it had been under the government of the Order. They were quickly undeceived ; the French army, under the command of Bonaparte, everywhere proved itself an ingenious and powerful instrument for raising money, and on June 13, the day after the entry of the French, the Comptroller of the Army was instructed to

' remove all the gold, silver and precious stones which may be found in the Church of St. John and other places, dependencies of the Order of Malta, the silver plate in the Inns, and that of the Grand Master. They will cause to be melted during the course of to-morrow all the gold into ingots, which will be placed in the military chest following the Army. An inventory of all the precious stones will be made by them, and such precious stones shall be placed under seal in the military chest following the Army. They will sell to the merchants of the place silver plate to the extent of 250,000 to 300,000 francs against payment in gold or silver coin, which shall be placed in the military chest following the Army. The remainder of the silver plate shall be placed in the Paymaster's military chest, who will leave the same at the Mint, there to be coined, and its produce remitted to the Paymaster of the division.'

And following this is a statement of the treasure actually seized, equivalent in all to 1,185,170 livres, the bulk being taken from the Church of St. John, in diamonds, gold, and silver. This looting of the churches gave great offence to the Maltese; and Mr. Hardman quotes from the journal of the President of the Commission, which attributes their disaffection to depredations, forced contributions, exactions, heavy taxes, stoppage of pensions and of daily doles, raising interest on loans from the Monte de Pietà from 4 to 6 per cent., closing many of the churches, introducing civil marriages and registration of births, with many other causes, which in the aggregate excited a deep feeling of anger that was ready to break out in open revolt, when the ' Guillaume Tell,' escaping from the battle of the Nile, arrived on August 29 with the news of the almost total destruction of the French fleet. The Maltese realised that now the French were shorn of their strength, and were quite prepared when, on September 2,

' functionaries were sent from Valetta to Citta Vecchia for the purpose of disposing by public auction of certain articles belonging to the

local Carmelite Church, and of other churches and monasteries which had been suppressed. Against these measures the country people were determined to make a stand. The officials were met and compelled to return to Valetta, the tocsin was sounded from the church towers, the commanding officer and garrison of the ancient capital were barbarously murdered, and the Valetta garrison defied.'

The date is very distinctly marked: there was some promiscuous fighting from which the French retired into Valetta, and from this day they were virtually imprisoned within the fortifications. Before this they had been feeling acutely the pressure of the English sea-power. Mr. Hardman speaks of it as already felt by July 17, which Dr. Rose considers an anticipation rather than a reality, dating the actual ascendancy of the English from the battle of the Nile on August 1, or from the arrival of the news on August 29; but on July 21, the Commissary, Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, had written to the Directory:

'J'ai lieu de craindre que les communications ne soient interceptées momentanément, ou au moins, difficiles entre l'armée et l'isle de Malte. Tout nous confirme le passage de l'escadre Anglaise à Messine le 23 Juin. Un bâtiment venu ici a parlé au pilote qui a guidé leurs vaisseaux dans le détroit. Il est à supposer qu'elle a fait voile vers le levant à la suite de notre escadre. Cependant tous les bâtimens venus de ce côté n'annoncent que l'existence de 3 frégates Anglaises et un bâtiment léger qui croisent dans le canal. . . . Il y a trois jours est rentré un aviso sorti trois jours avant. Il a trouvé à 20 lieues une frégate Anglaise qui lui a pris ses munitions et vivres, mais a renvoyé l'équipage et le bâtiment. Ainsi environnés d'ennemis nous ne sommes pas sans inquiétude sur les approvisionnements.'

The difficulty was all the greater as nothing could be got from Sicily; the boats sent to the African coast had been stopped by the English; Bonaparte had left only 50,000 frs., and though there were a quantity of plate and some land which had been ordered to be sold, there was no one to buy. When, then, the small supplies that they had been able to get from the country parts of the island were stopped, the garrison at once felt the pinch—many weeks before the beginning of the blockade by the Portuguese squadron, under orders from Nelson, on September 19. Except, perhaps, by the French themselves, the revolt of the Maltese was not unforeseen. Some days before it occurred, Acton, as Neapolitan Minister, had a report to the effect that

'the Maltese are by no means satisfied with their new Government or Governor-in-Chief, M. de Vaubois, and second in command,

M. Berthier, who are Jews by birth,* and of that sect. The contributions imposed on the patriots are enormous, and exacted with the utmost rigour—there is great misery and a general discontent. Massacres of the French are daily committed both by day and night, with open insults and contempt.'

At the time the Maltese seem to have imagined that the King of Naples would be able and willing to afford them the necessary support; and they begged, in the first instance, for a grant of arms, ammunition, and Neapolitan colours. This Ferdinand possibly could not, and, at any rate, would not make. But some days later, and almost coincident with the arrival of the Portuguese off the harbour, came Sir James Saumarez on his way to Gibraltar in charge of the French prizes, and from them he could, and did give the insurgents a plentiful supply. It was one of life's bigger ironies that the French were, for the time, fought with French weapons and French ammunition.

It was then, September 25, that Saumarez and the Marquis de Niza, commanding the Portuguese, sent in a joint summons, possibly by way of formally instituting the blockade, or perhaps thinking that the appearance of the English squadron would be accepted as an excuse for surrender. But with the glories of the Italian campaign fresh in their memories, the French had no idea of such a result, and replied proudly, though with scant courtesy: 'Vous avez oublié sans doute que des Français sont 'dans Malte. . . . Quant à votre sommation, les français n'en-'tendent pas ce stile.' With ordinary people such a reply would be bombast and brag; but the Frenchmen of that day are not to be judged by ordinary rules, and in this instance they meant what they said. We are accustomed to speak of the long blockade that followed from the English, or perhaps also, sometimes, from the Maltese point of view, never from the French. But though for the Maltese it was a period of hardship and deprivation; for the English, of strenuous, wearing, exhausting anxiety and vigilance, these had, at least, enough to eat, they had not the imminence of danger constantly before them, and when off watch could rest in peace. For the French it was different; they had not enough to eat—very far from it; nor to drink; night or day they never knew when an assault might not be made; their numbers were miserably insufficient from the first, and continually dwindled; and so, without food,

* Whether this is correct or not is doubtful; but, supposing that it is, it must be thought a curious coincidence that in the two contemporary and celebrated sieges of Valetta and Genoa, the defenders should be Jews.

drink, rest, clothes, or hope, they bore up—not only the officers, but the rank and file and the common sailors—without revolt, without serious grumbling. For France it was a time more glorious than the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. These, splendid as they were, were largely the work of their general—the fame is Bonaparte's ; Malta is all their own. In the pages of history, Vaubois is scarcely mentioned ; and though they lost in the end, it was after a display of heroism and endurance which was itself a triumph. Already, on September 18, the day before the true blockade began, Vaubois wrote :

'La Revolte se continue. . . Nous nous sommes tenus dans nos murs pour ne pas compromettre notre faible garnison. Elle n'est en effectif actuellement, hôpitaux déduits, et d'après nos pertes, que de 2200 hommes, et qu'est-ce que cette poignée de monde pour une immense étendue de remparts ? D'un autre côté, n'ayant pu rien tirer de la Sicile depuis notre entrée ici, nous avons vécu sur le passé, et nous n'avons plus que du pain et de l'eau. Dans un pays où le climat brûlant épuise les forces du soldat, il faut autre chose pour en obtenir un service actif. Nous avons donc besoin d'hommes et de vivres. . . . Il nous faut de tout pour la marine et pour la terre.'

The Commissary, Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely, was to have sailed on the 19th in 'La Justice' frigate, which had found a refuge in Valetta after the battle of the Nile ; but the arrival of the Marquis de Niza and his squadron prevented this ; many months elapsed before 'La Justice' could leave the Grand Harbour, and Regnaud had to wait several weeks before, on November 9, he succeeded in getting away to Civita Vecchia in a small coasting vessel.

This simple statement will at once give an idea of the stringency of the blockade. Meanwhile Vaubois was from time to time supplementing his former letter. On October 7 he wrote :

'Depuis quatre decades nous sommes bloqués dans Malte par terre par tous les habitans de l'isle en insurrection, et par mer par quatre vaisseaux portugais et deux frégates. Vous pouvez compter sur le courage des Républicains qui se trouvent enfermés ici, mais nous manquons de tout. Nous n'avons pas de viande ; nous n'avons point de vin, nous n'avons point d'eau de vie ; tous commestibles en général nous manquent excepté le blé. Nous sommes mal approvisionnés en boulets de 18 et de 24 ; nous n'avons pas de plomb, pour faire des balles. Un million de cartouches d'infanterie nous serait nécessaire. Nous n'avons pas assez de troupes à beaucoup près pour garder nos immenses remparts. Le soldat mal nourri est sur les dents. Nous manquons absolument d'habillements, de tout genre. Les bivouacs souffrent prodigieusement. Il en faudrait non seulement pour les soldats, mais encore pour les matelots des vaisseaux

"Le Guillaume Tell," "La Diane," "La Justice," "La Cartaginoise" et "Le Dégo." Partie de ces matelots font le service à terre pour nous aider.'

This explains the discrepancy which Dr. Rose has pointed out between the former statement of Vaubois, already quoted, that the effective force of the garrison, deducting sick and wounded, was 2200 men, and that afterwards made by the Maltese, that it was 3000 after 1500 had been killed. The Maltese were, of course, exaggerating; but Vaubois, at an earlier date, counted only those directly under his command; the Maltese included also the sailors, who, as Vaubois now admitted, added to the fighting strength of the garrison. Whatever the actual numbers, they were certainly far below the requirements of the extended lines; but the strength of the fortifications was so great that passive resistance needed but little active support to render them impregnable against the amateur attacks of the Maltese on shore; and it was left to a later age, without any experience of war, to imagine that wooden ships ought to attack a first-class fortress.* All that the ships attempted to do—and it appears that their Government did not then realise the tremendous force of this 'all'—was to keep up a strict blockade and to encourage the native insurgents. Our Ministers seem to have been curiously ignorant of the value of Malta from either a naval or commercial point of view, though weakly alive to the fact that it might be a convenient *place d'armes* for the French. On October 3, when still ignorant of the decisive victory which Nelson had won at the Nile—Lord Grenville, the Foreign Secretary, wrote to Sir William Hamilton at Naples:

'Among the first objects to which His Majesty's attention would be directed in case of the renewal of the war between Naples and France, would be that of establishing an effective blockade of Malta. . . . If by these measures the Island of Malta should be wrested from the French, it will remain to be considered what future system should be adopted for its defence and government. . . . His Majesty does not entertain any idea of acquiring the sovereignty of Malta to himself, or of any of the Venetian Islands. He is ignorant how far any such wish is entertained by the Emperor of Russia, or by His Sicilian Majesty, though it does not appear to His Majesty that such an acquisition would be advantageous to either of those sovereigns.'

To this Dr. Rose calls particular attention, as evidence that it was in no spirit of self-aggrandisement nor with any covetous longing for the island that the English undertook the blockade

* As in 1854, when Sir Charles Napier commanded a wooden fleet off Cronstadt.

and found themselves committed to its reduction. They had no intention of taking it to themselves ; no dream of the possibility or desirability of such a step. All the same the blockade went on. On October 6, Captain Ball, in the 74-gun ship 'Alexander,' with several smaller vessels, was sent from Naples by Nelson, to co-operate with Niza and to make the blockade more stringent. Later in the month, Nelson himself came off the island, and on the 23rd relieved the Portuguese squadron, which went to Naples. From this time on the blockade was carried on solely by the English, sometimes under the command of Nelson, sometimes under that of Keith, frequently under Ball alone or other captains with him ; but, with one or two exceptions, with a wearisome but deadly monotony. It is more especially desirable to note what part the forces on shore had in the reduction ; in attempting which we are met by the unpleasant fact that little credence can be given to the Maltese reports. The very first of these, dated September 5, explains that

> 'the French troops are well organised, commanded by efficient officers and furnished with excellent arms ; whilst the Maltese troops, on the contrary, are irregulars, with few guns, and those not very good, captained by individuals whom necessity and not profession has made officers '—

but, notwithstanding this, claims to have made about sixty of them prisoners, to have inflicted an ignominious defeat on them, to have killed 'about 1500,' and to have 'compelled them to 'take refuge within the walls,' with a loss to themselves of ten men killed. The absurdity of such a statement 'throws,' as Dr. Rose remarks, 'light on the credibility of the report.' But the estimate of their own numbers is not likely to be minimised ; on the contrary, it was their object to exaggerate their service and their needs as much as possible ; and this is their account : 'We are able to occupy our positions with about 3200 'men badly equipped with guns, but no bayonets, and from 6000 'to 7000 men armed, some with pikes, some with swords, and 'others with cudgels.' Of food-stuffs and money to buy them they are, they say, absolutely destitute, and they petition the King of Naples to arrange for their being supplied from Sicily on credit. The Sicilians were not too willing to furnish corn on these terms ; and though Saumarez partly relieved their great want of arms, they unquestionably suffered much for want of food, till, on October 27, Ball took possession of Gozo, an indefensible post, where the French had a small garrison and a large store of ammunition and flour. From the French, on their part, we have the report of Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, written on

his arrival at Rome, after his somewhat hazardous escape on November 9. He relates the incidents of the blockade, and goes on to explain the state of the garrison and of the attack at the date of his leaving:

'Toutes les fortifications et tous les forts de la ville entière de Malte et tous les ports sont au pouvoir de la garnison, et on n'éprouve aucune crainte de voir la force les leur enlever. Les assiégeants, si on peut appeler ainsi les hommes armés qui environnent la ville, n'ont de corps réguliers, selon ce qu'on a appris, que l'ancien régiment des chasseurs de Malte et quelques corps de volontaires. . . . Les Portugais et les Anglais leur ont amené de nouveaux officiers pour les diriger dans leurs travaux. . . . Ils ont fait des travaux assez considérables et placé quelques pièces au Couradin.'

Of the Maltese he estimates the number in arms at about 12,000, including those that were turned out of Valetta as a precautionary measure. The garrison had lost, killed at the first and in an unsuccessful sortie, twenty-five to thirty, and there were about 400 sick in hospital; but, on the other hand, it had been increased by the crews of the ships of war, who were doing duty as artillerymen and soldiers under the command of their own officers and the two Rear-Admirals Decrès and Villeneuve; the ships being for greater safety in the Port des Galères (Dockyard Creek), which was closed by a chain stretched across the mouth of it. The garrison, when he left, was 'plein de courage, 'd'énergie, de dévouement.' There was great want of clothes, shirts, shoes, and medicines; provisions were scarce, but they were hopeful of supplies from Tripoli, though two ships, carrying ninety-two oxen, had been captured. On November 26, Vaubois wrote from Malta:

'Le blocus de Malte par terre et par mer se continue. Comptez sur notre résistance et notre courage. Mais les subsistances, les munitions de guerre de toute espèce s'épuisent. . . . Après le malheur qu'a éprouvé l'escadre, il est heureux pour nous d'avoir recueilli ici le "Guillaume Tell," "La Diane" et "la Justice." Sans l'arrivée de ces bâtiments, il m'eût été impossible d'occuper l'ouvrage immense de la Côte Noire. . . . Tout est commun pour notre pauvre nourriture, entre la terre et la marine. L'eau est nitreuse; quelle boisson!'

Other letters to the same effect follow, the originals of many of which, captured by the blockading squadron, are now in the British Museum. With these are interspersed some from Captain Ball, who, still dating from the 'Alexander,' wrote officially to Nelson on November 30: 'The Maltese troops 'evince great courage and perseverance on all occasions, and are

'very desirous of storming Valetta whenever it is thought practicable . . .' but privately, on the same day,

'The Maltese chiefs hurt the general cause by petty jealousies. I have exerted every possible influence to induce them to unite for the common good, and they promise me to act up to my wishes. General Vital has such bad health that he cannot be active, but he is very ambitious and turbulent, and has caused great dissatisfaction in his management of public money . . .'

and on the 10th :

'A French despatch-boat lately got into Malta at night in a gale of wind. My guard-boat wounded three of their men, and would have taken her had the Maltese boats done their duty. She carried the French very bad news, and occasioned much dejection among them.'

A letter of the 13th, in the British Museum, from Doublet, now Commissary of the garrison in succession to Regnaud, makes no mention of this despatch-boat and says :

'Rien ne nous arrive de France ni d'ailleurs et nous manquons de deux objets bien essentiels, la viande et le vin. Hâtez-vous, Citoyen Ministre, de nous envoyer des secours efficaces ou des provisions, sans lesquelles, malgré tout le courage et le dévouement de la brave garnison, nous ne pourrions conserver cette isle importante à la République.'

An official paper of December 21, the original of which is also in the British Museum, returns, as present under arms, 3822, and in hospital 172, together with 70 hospital attendants, giving a total of just over 4000 men.

It would be tedious to go further into the details of the story which Mr. Hardman has elaborated for the benefit of his Maltese friends. The garrison scouted the efforts of the Maltese, who, without a siege train and without siege equipment, could do nothing beyond keeping up the blockade on shore. So far they did assist in the siege, and by compelling the French to remain inside their fortifications, deprived them of the small refreshment they might have procured in the country. But as the Maltese were themselves virtually dependent on the wheat supplied from Sicily, it may be judged that any relief the French could have got by raiding the villages must have been infinitesimal ; it might have served to prolong their agony for a few weeks ; it could scarcely have done more.

The real work was entirely done by the blockading squadron, and that was singularly effective. No doubt, in the early days, small country vessels did occasionally get in, bringing wine and oil from Civita Vecchia ; but the advance of the Neapolitans

to Rome—which has been generally described as both rash and useless, and has been cited as a notable instance of Nelson's incapacity for political judgement—put a stop to that small relief for the time. It was not till the advance of the French proved the worthlessness of the Neapolitan troops led by Neapolitan officers, that an attempt could be made to reopen that particular traffic; but by that time the blockade had been more completely organised, and very few indeed of the relieving vessels could get through. It was soon found that the smaller the boat, the less likely it was to be seen, the greater probability of its getting in; but for such small boats the passage from Marseilles or Toulon or Genoa was risky; they could only hope for success in the long nights of winter; and the Gulf of Lyons in the winter is not altogether a safe navigation for craft of this kind, quite independent of the chance of their being picked up by a British frigate on the passage, or by the blockading squadron at the end of it. The quantity of provisions that could be got through in this way was extremely small.

But the effect of the blockade was bound to be slow; and Captain Ball, left in command, could not bring himself to believe that the Maltese in arms were not all that they fancied themselves. They had an idea that they could carry by storm the Cottonera lines—defending the old town on the extreme east. It is difficult to say why, for they had not been breached; it can only be that, being longer than any of the other defences, it was hoped that there might be a weak place in them. This was really all that Ball had to go on when, on December 26, he wrote to Nelson: 'If it be possible to storm Cottonera with 'a prospect of success, we shall try it soon.' It was thought, apparently, that active measures might give new life to the men, who were suffering from discouragement more even than from hardship. On January 6, Ball wrote:

'The Maltese troops are getting sickly and discontented with their hard fare, and the moment is arrived when a bold stroke must be made. I have assembled all the chiefs and sworn them to secrecy, and to take into consideration a plan for storming the enemy's works, in which I have the most sanguine hopes of success, and I shall put it to the proof on the 9th or 10th instant.'

The proposed attack was delayed, possibly—for it is not so stated—by the knowledge that among the Maltese inside Valetta a plot was on foot to overpower the garrison and seize the town. It was described by Villeneuve in a letter of January 17, 1799, as 'une des plus profondes conjurations qui ait 'été conçue et dont le résultat eût été le massacre de tous les

'français qui sont à Malte, et la perte pour la République de 'cette possession importante'. It was to have broken out on the evening of the 11th, but, happily, Vaubois had some information which had aroused his suspicions. The garrison was on the watch, and the rising was quelled before it had time to develope itself. There was no sentimentalism about the republican way of putting down such an insurrection, and a number of the ringleaders were shot on the Palace Square; but for six days—up to the date of his writing—the garrison had been under arms, and the men were utterly exhausted; after which comes an urgent appeal for reinforcements and supplies. These should be sent in several ships, and some might get in; only four days ago, one vessel from Marseilles, of 160 tons, had got in: she was laden entirely with wine and oil, 'Nous avons à présent un 'approvisionnement assuré pour toute l'été pour la garnison, 'mais les habitants de la ville ne se nourrissent absolument 'qu'avec du pain qu'ils trempent dans l'huile.'

The news of the failure of the plot, and of the sanguinary vengeance taken by the French, so damped the ardour of the Maltese outside that Ball came to the conclusion that the contemplated attack should be still further delayed, and wrote to this effect to the native leaders, who replied that, having communicated his opinion to the troops, they unanimously 'declared they would not have the attack deferred, nor could they 'allow the English to lead in scaling the walls, as it would reflect 'an eternal disgrace on their character.' The attack was accordingly made on the 20th and was beaten back, apparently without difficulty. Ball wrote that had the Maltese 'possessed 'any spirit of enterprise or courage we could have forced the 'French to capitulate,' but Villeneuve, writing a few days later, did not think it worth mentioning, though he said they had information from sundry prisoners that an attack was to be made. The most interesting part of his letter is the following:

'Le 2 de ce mois [Pluviôse, 21 Janvier] nous avons célébré ici l'anniversaire de la mort du dernier despote des français, et le souvenir flatteur de tous les évènements qui ont été la suite de ce grand acte, a remplacé, pendant cette journée, l'horreur des trahisons, des complots et des assassinats dont nous sommes environnés.'

As in this country it is believed that Villeneuve, an officer of the old navy, continued serving as a lover of his country rather than as a lover of the Republic, it is worth while pausing a moment to point out that, though unquestionably of a good old family, his service in the Royal Navy had been but small, that his grade in it

was quite subordinate, and that this approval of the French king's murder, entirely gratuitous and unasked for, does not tell of any disapproval of the actions or dissidence from the principles of the extremists. The Maltese attempt on the Cottonera lines was not renewed ; the Maltese troops, so called, continued to keep the French shut in Valetta, though as they themselves were generally in want of provisions, and wrote many letters to Nelson and the King of Naples begging that supplies might be sent, it is difficult to suppose that any important object was served by the land blockade. It was the sea blockade alone that was important ; and it is to the stringency of that alone that the French letters refer. At the end of March, Ball, comparing the accounts of spies, deserters, and prisoners, wrote that the allowance of provisions to the garrison was,

> ' each day, 1½ lb. of bread, per man.
> 3 days a week, 4 oz. of salt meat.
> 4 days a week, 2 oz. of beans, and 1 oz. of oil.
> Every ten days, a bottle of wine and a wine glass of brandy.
> Double rations to officers.'

And on this scale, he understood, they were victualled for ten or twelve weeks. The garrison, according to this information, consisted of about 3500 men, of whom nearly 750 were in hospital ' Two or three die daily.' The prevailing diseases are ' scurvy, ' venereal and fever.' They have been encouraged by the news of the occupation of Naples, and the hope that Sicily will have the same fate. Meantime the Maltese were in a bad way. According to Ball's letter of March 31,

> ' The miseries and wretched poverty of the Maltese have caused a malignant fever to break out, which has swept off a number of the troops as well as inhabitants. All the Portuguese and Neapolitan officers are sick, and some in a very dangerous way. Out of eleven British artillerymen who were landed here, two are dead and three are dangerously ill. The infection got into my ship from having frequent communication with the inhabitants, and the sick list suddenly increased from five to twenty-seven, of which two only died, all the rest recovered, and the ship is now as healthy as ever, by taking precautions and fitting up a house in an airy situation on shore, where I sent every man who had the slightest symptom of the fever.'

Many of the Maltese had died of hunger, and the extremity of want had driven many to criminal acts. There were frequent reports that a Russian force was coming ; and in almost every letter Ball refers to the Maltese dread of this, to their wish that the island should be ceded, by ' His Sicilian Majesty ' to Great

Britain, and that, in any case, he, Ball, should be Governor. He believed that if the Russians did land in force, Nelson had only to come off the island to receive the surrender of the French, for they, too, had no wish to be forced to surrender to the Russians.

In the middle of May the stringency of the blockade was relaxed, in consequence of the entry into the Mediterranean of Bruix's fleet, the meaning of which was not understood, and the danger of which was exaggerated. Even now, Dr. Rose judges of it according to this idea rather than to actualities :

'Mr. Hardman's narrative,' he says, 'does not bring out with sufficient emphasis the danger to the Allies of the entrance of Bruix with the Brest fleet into the Mediterranean. It numbered 25 sail of the line and 10 smaller vessels. Had not Lord Keith by bold and skilful seamanship prevented the union of this fleet with that blockaded in Cadiz, the result must have been disastrous. As it was, Lord St. Vincent had at once to order an immediate concentration of all British ships in that sea, and gather up the scattered squadrons round his own fleet. Fortunately, Bruix did next to nothing except throw provisions into Genoa (then besieged by the Austrians), and then made for Carthagena, and ultimately passed out into the Atlantic.'

For this, Dr. Rose refers to Mahan's ' Influence of Sea Power,' and to vol. viii. of the Cambridge History ; but both these volumes were published before the latest volumes of M. de la Jonquière's ' Expédition d'Egypte,' from which it appears clearly enough that the design, whatever it was, was baffled, not by ' the bold and skilful seamanship ' of Keith, but by the confused and impossible orders given to Bruix by the Directory, and by Bruix's incapacity to give his own interpretation to those orders. Undoubtedly, if the twenty-five sail of the line had been as English ships, and Bruix as Nelson, the English situation would or might have been awkward ; especially as St. Vincent and Keith could not agree as to who was Commander-in-Chief, and Nelson preferred to disobey orders and remain where he was ; the only excuse for which is that he had gauged the probabilities of Bruix's conduct more correctly than Keith.

But all the same, the repeated orders, which even Nelson could not disobey, compelled him to recall the ships off Malta, wholly or in part, for a few weeks ; and it was this, not the disobedience—as Dr. Rose seems to think—which tended to prolong the siege. From the blockader's point of view, the step was simply disastrous. On May 31, Lieutenant Vivion, of the Artillery, who had been left with the Maltese, wrote to Nelson :

'Ever since the departure of the British squadron, the enemy have been complete masters of the seas in this neighbourhood, and have not only blocked up our two ports of St. Paul's and Marsa Scirocco, but interrupted and carried into Valetta every vessel and boat which has appeared in the offing. They have sent five or six speronaras armed, which apparently have gone over to the coast of Sicily.'

Yielding to his representations, the Maltese had fitted out a few armed speronaras, under the command of 'experienced corsairs' —pirates—which would, he hoped, be of great utility. But the return of the squadron, and especially of Captain Ball, was most anxiously looked for. Early in June Ball did return for a few days, but was again called off, and on the 19th, in another letter to Nelson, Vivion wrote :—

'The inhabitants of this island are not yet aware of Captain Ball's having left them. . . . It is of some consequence that they should be kept in ignorance of this event at present, as I am sorry to observe to your lordship that they begin to show a very great indifference as to the event of this contest, the generality of the better sort beginning to relax very much in their exertions, both in their persons and their purses, for the general cause.'

On the 25th he wrote to Ball that the lower classes were in a state of rebellion against their chiefs, and that he had had some 'difficulty in saving the lives of these.' Things were further complicated a few days later by the arrival, from Trieste, of three Knights of the Order, men of standing and influence, one of whom had formerly commanded the Maltese Chasseurs. Vivion understood that they had in view the cession of the island to them, as representing the Order; and they were excessively angry and disgusted when he sent them off in a boat with sufficient provisions to enable them to reach Sicily. On the 27th the blockade was renewed, this time by Captain Dixon in the 'Lion'; but on July 6 Ball, in the 'Alexander,' again took up the command.

Of the many incidents of his command it is impossible to speak in detail. Many are comic, some are tragic, all are interesting; but the exigencies of space oblige us to confine our attention to the point before us, the relative share of the Maltese and the British in bringing about the surrender of Valetta. Time and again self-called agents arrived, asserting that they were sent by the King of Sicily or by the Queen to negotiate directly with the French, or with the Maltese peasants. As they never had any written authority, Ball, in all cases, had them sent out of the island. On August 20 he wrote :

'The Maltese armed peasants are so sickly that I ordered the marines from the "Lion" and "Success" to be landed to strengthen the posts. . .

I am informed that the French have not received the smallest supply of fresh provisions from this island or Gozo these last four months ; they have eaten all the cats, dogs, horses and mules in the garrison. Mule's flesh sold for four shillings a pound a month ago.'

He believed that if Nelson would come himself, the French would surrender ; and suggested that they would be forced to do so if the English troops at Messina could be sent, with mortars and guns. He thought that Vaubois was holding on in hopes that when the bad weather set in they might be able to escape. On September 3, Colonel Graham—the future Lord Lynedoch—then in command at Messina, wrote to Nelson that it was impossible for him to go to Malta or to send a man, without orders from Mahon. He believed that if Sir James Erskine would sanction it, and send some men from Minorca, he might go with a brigade of 1200 men, mortars, and siege guns, the arrival of which would be decisive. Erskine, however, was daily expecting his relief and would not act. When, in November, General Fox superseded him, he at once authorised Graham to go with all or any part of the troops he had at Messina, which he did, and early in December landed in Malta with about 800 men. To these were added 400 marines from the squadron, and 1500 natives who might have been of some use if they had been formed into regiments and disciplined. The fortifications of Valetta and dependencies,* wrote Colonel Lindenthal to Fox, on the 10th,

' are so strong that I do not suppose there will ever be sent here an army provided with the necessary artillery stores and provisions requisite for a regular siege. But there is every probability that the place might be forced to capitulate in less than two months if the blockade can be continued to that period, enforced at the same time by sending more troops and artillery to harass and frighten the enemy, who is by no means strong enough for such extensive works. But all what has been said of a speedy surrender of the place, in case we could make a show of regular troops, has no foundation whatsoever. The garrison has still provisions for three months.'

At the same time that Graham went with these troops, the blockade was strengthened by Sir Thomas Troubridge in the ' Culloden,' and for the next two months the story is considerably enlivened by Troubridge's denunciations, *more suo*, of the

* Valetta is, strictly speaking, simply the principal town. In the *enceinte* there are, in addition, three smaller towns and three large forts.

Neapolitan Government and King and all that was theirs. Here are some samples:

'The granaries are all full at Girgenti, and the scarcity is all trick and villainy. . . . These poor inhabitants are to be sacrificed to the villainy of the Neapolitans. . . . Sir William Hamilton says Prince Luzzi refused corn some time ago, and he does not think it worth while to make another application. If this is the case, I wish he commanded at the distressing scenes instead of me. Puglia has an immense harvest; near eighty sail left Messina before I did to load corn. . . . The King of Naples, or rather the Queen and her party are bent on starving us. . . . I curse the day I ever served the King of Naples. . . . On my honour, if the Palermo traitors were here, I would shoot them first and then myself. . . . Much, very much, of our distress is to be attributed to Sir William Hamilton not thinking it necessary to make a second application to Prince Luzzi, because he was refused three months ago to a similar application; the scarcity, if it exists in Sicily, is by the monopoly of Trabia. Whatever is wanted, his stores are full when he has brought things to a high price. . . . The monopolising trash of Sicilians. . . . I have sent the "Citoyenne" to Girgenti to ask and demand, with firmness, supplies agreeable to Treaty; if refused, to seize on any vessels laden as far as 800 salms, and bring them to me, guaranteeing the payment by myself. I have also sent the "Stromboli" to Messina with directions to load corn and seize any he may meet coming from the Adriatic; the measures are strong, but necessity forced them. . . . I know I shall gain the displeasure of the King and all the petty merchants about his Court—nothing that could happen will give me less concern.'

These isolated sentences give a very inadequate idea of the accumulated force of Troubridge's language; but they are sufficient to point out the extent of the share which the so-called feudatory suzerain had in the recovery of the island, and to enable us to judge of any claim to it as based thereon.

As to Nelson's personal share in the blockade, it was, in Dr. Rose's opinion, not nearly as much as it might and ought to have been. He has, perhaps, not fully recognised that Nelson—in whose instructions Malta held a very insignificant place—had what, at that time, seemed to our Government more important interests to attend to. It appears certain that the Government had not then any exalted opinion of the value of Malta. It is difficult to say that they were in error; the island's extreme commercial value in later times is derived from the modern developement of the Mediterranean trade, and even its strategic importance is mainly a reflection from the events of 1840 and 1854. Nelson never thought highly of it; and the principal reasons for taking it in the first place and holding on to it afterwards were our hostility to the French and

our suspicion of their motives. We can thus better understand Nelson's thinking that the blockade—which was certain to be a long and tedious affair—was the proper work of a subordinate, and that quite independent of his devotion to, his unwillingness to be separated from the fair Emma, and perhaps, above all, his morbid jealousy of Keith.

Yielding, however, to explicit orders, he did personally visit Malta in February 1800, bringing with him 1200 Neapolitan soldiers—worthless, as Neapolitan soldiers usually were—and in time to capture the 'Généreux,' which was intent on trying to break the blockade. More than that he would not do, and returned to Palermo. But the blow to the French was very great. They had permitted themselves to hope; and this hope was rudely shattered by the capture of the 'Généreux' and the driving off of her consorts. One way of relief was still open to them—to get rid of a number of unnecessary mouths—and that they attempted. All through the winter it had seemed to Ball and Troubridge that an attempt was going to be made to send away the imprisoned ships of war. After the capture of the 'Généreux,' these preparations became clearer. 'The 'ships in the harbour, the "Guillaume Tell," etc.,' wrote Graham, on February 24, 'are evidently in a great state of 'forwardness for sea.' Keith thought that the loss of the 'Généreux' would bring the French to terms; but though keenly sensible of the loss, they did not give up all hope. On March 4, 1800, Villeneuve wrote to the Ministre de la Marine:

'J'ai proposé au Général Vaubois le départ du vaisseau "Le Guillaume Tell" pour France, parceque nous trouverions une économie de subsistance, qui, vu l'extrême modicité des rations, ne pouvait se trouver que dans une réduction de consommateurs; que la saison actuelle pouvait fournir des chances heureuses à ce vaisseau pour arriver à Toulon. . . Enfin, que ce vaisseau, remis à la disposition du Gouvernement, pourrait être employé encore efficacement à notre ravitaillement et remplacer les pertes que nous venons de faire.'

Two days later he added a postscript to say that by the 'Bellona,' of Marseilles, of 150 tons, they had got salt meat, wine, and brandy, to the great joy of the garrison; and also the gratifying news of 18 Brumaire:

'L'assurance de retrouver à notre retour en France, une patrie, nos familles, nos biens, protégés par un gouvernement aussi ferme que juste et éclairé, ne peut que relever le courage, la persévérance et le dévouement des français dévoués à la défense d'une place aussi importante.'

This, again, is not the language of one who was a royalist at

heart. In all Villeneuve's letters there is not a sentence which hints at the least dissatisfaction with the Jacobin excesses or with Bonaparte's assumption of power. That perhaps was not to be expected; but there does not appear any reason for the expressions of full agreement with them, except that he really felt it. After many other letters and minutes of conferences he wrote on March 31:

'Le "Guillaume Tell" a mis à la voile dans la nuit du 8 au 9 [Germinal; March 29–30] par un vent de S.E. frais par grains. L'Amiral Nelson venait de mouiller * sous le vent du port à deux portées de canons avec les vaisseaux "Le Foudroyant" de 80, "L'Alexandre" de 74, "Le Lyon" de 64. Deux frégates, trois bricks étaient à la voile au vent et en face du port; deux autres vaisseaux étaient mouillés à Marsa Scirocco. Quoique cette position rendit le départ infiniment chanceux, il ne pouvait cependant être différé d'avantage. Les ennemis avaient tiré pendant tout l'après-midi du 8 des bombes et des boulets sur ce vaisseau; et s'ils eussent pu continuer le lendemain ils l'auraient assurément endommagé dans sa mâture et dans son grément, et mis dans l'impossibilité de pouvoir jamais partir; d'ailleurs étant deblindé,† et ayant ses poudres à bord, il eût été un sujet de vive inquiétude pour lui-même et pour le port s'il eût été atteint de quelque bombe. C'est après nous être concertés sur cet état de choses, entre le Général Vaubois, moi et le Contre-Amiral Decrès, que ce dernier a appareillé à onze heures et demie du soir. Les batteries de terre l'ont signalé aussitôt qu'il a été sous voiles et ont tiré sur lui, les vaisseaux ennemis ont répondu à ces signaux, et ont aussi mis à la voile. Nous avons aperçu des signaux en mer jusqu'à trois heures du matin. Au jour nous ne les avons plus aperçu, et il n'est resté devant le port qu'un vaisseau ("L'Alexandre"), et une frégate. J'espère que par le vent qu'il a fait et les bonnes qualités du "Guillaume Tell" qu'il aura échappé à ce premier danger de traversée.'

We have so often had the English account of this putting to sea, that it is with particular interest that we now read the French story. We know, what Villeneuve did not for some time, that the 'Guillaume Tell' did not 'échapper à ce premier danger.' It was a desperate attempt, and perhaps—which she could not possibly have foreseen—it was by bad fortune that she ran up against the 'Penelope,' a fast, well-appointed, and brilliantly commanded frigate, instead of one of the slower, half-manned

* In this Villeneuve was in error. The 'Foudroyant' was there; Nelson himself was at Palermo.

† *Blinder* is to cover the decks or even the ship's sides with coils of rope, as a sort of armour. The 'Guillaume Tell' and the other ships in Dockyard Creek had been *blindé* as to their upper decks. In preparing for sea, she was *deblindé*—a word not in the dictionaries.

line-of-battle-ships. The action has been frequently described both by pen and paint-brush, and is one of which the descendants of Blackwood and of Inglis—the captain and the first lieutenant of the 'Penelope'—are rightly proud; but it must be remembered that it was not from the 'Penelope' that the 'Guillaume Tell' was running, but from two line-of-battle ships astern, which were coming up as fast as they could. The 'Guillaume Tell' could not afford to wait, for she knew that if she did she would immediately have them upon her. It was the distinction and the fortune of the 'Penelope' to compel her to wait and be captured after a brilliant resistance. On April 18, Villeneuve was still uncertain whether she had not got away. He wrote:

'D'après les rapports de l'ennemi, il paraît que le vaisseau "Le Guillaume Tell" n'a pu échapper à la poursuite des vaisseaux qui l'ont chassé au moment de son départ, et qu'il a été pris à la hauteur du Cap Passaro après une défense dont les Anglais eux-mêmes ne parlent qu'avec éloge. Si tel était le sort de ce vaisseau de tomber entre les mains de l'ennemi, il vaut mieux qu'il ait été pris de cette manière que de succomber avec la place de Malte sans défense, ainsi qu'en sont menacés les bâtiments qui nous restent, si dans le courant des deux mois prochains nous ne recevons un puissant secours.'

Meantime Graham, with the local rank of Brigadier-General, was planning how he could take the fortress by action on shore. He seems to have had little faith in the slow work of the squadron, and to have looked on it as, at best, auxiliary to that of the soldiers. Consequently, in his mind, the strength of the attack was the number and efficiency of the soldiers, and he frequently deplores the actualities of his position. That the presence of the English troops kept up the courage of the Maltese and enabled them to maintain by land the blockade which the French were not tempted seriously to contest, is clear enough; but it is equally clear that the feeble efforts of the attack did little or no harm to the fortifications, and in fact gave no uneasiness, except when the 'Guillaume Tell' was *deblindé* for the few days before she put to sea. The one subject of their fears was want of provisions, to which was added, as time went on, the diseases which are apt to trouble men who sustain life on one-third of the necessary quantity of food, and that of inferior quality:

'Les plus pressants articles,' wrote Vaubois, apparently early in July, 'sont la farine et l'huile. Par de nouvelles économies je prolongerai la durée du blé une partie de Fructidor [end of August] à ce que j'espère; il est cependant de fort mauvaise qualité, parcequ'il

y a quatre ans au moins qu'il est en fosse. . . Le courage et la fermeté ne manquent pas, mais l'estomac les commande, nous sommes habitués à très peu, mais il le faut ce très peu. La dissenterie se déclare ; tout le monde est plein de vers, et des maladies scrofuleuses se manifestent. La population offre un spectacle déchirant ; ces misérables n'ont qu'un peu de mauvais pain et de l'eau ; s'ils avaient de l'huile ils se croiraient heureux.'

And in a letter of July 18, mostly a duplicate of this, he added :

' L'ennemi ne nous fait rien. Ses cannonades, son bombardement, ne nous causent pas d'inquiétude. C'est notre peu de subsistance qui nous alarme.'

And the end came as it was foreseen. On September 2* a council of war, convoked by Vaubois, and consisting of

' les Généraux, officiers supérieures de terre et de mer, les commissaires ordonnateurs des guerres et de la marine, les commandants des forts, les officiers de tous grades qui se trouvent commander les détachements des différents corps,'

decided that they could do no more ; that there was absolutely nothing but bread and water, and of that, at one-third rations, enough for one week ; that the hope of breaking out was vain, and there was no possibility of getting food if they did so. The result of their deliberations was that they agreed that Vaubois

' enverra un parlementaire au commandant Anglais, pour proposer la capitulation, et que le Contre-Admiral Villeneuve s'y réunira pour stipuler en faveur des marins, afin de les faire jouir des mêmes avantages qui pourront être accordés à la garnison.'

And on September 5 the capitulation was signed, by Vaubois and Villeneuve for the French, Major-General Pigot,† who had superseded Graham, and Captain George Martin, the senior naval officer, for the English. It is much to be regretted that the articles of capitulation, here given at length, are in translation only, and that in this some passages are certainly wrong, while others may be thought doubtful. It is impossible to criticise, with any assurance, the words of a translation in which the English commander is represented as signing ' Pigot, Major-General ' ; the senior naval officer as ' Captain Martin '—from which we may judge that the translation has been made from a

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* Two years exactly from the outbreak of the Maltese.

† Henry Pigot, a son of Admiral Pigot who superseded Rodney after the victory of April 12, and brother of the Captain Pigot at once the cause and victim of the mutiny of the ' Hermione.'

French copy, not from the original; or when we find the proviso, 'granted,' that

'their effects and papers [*sc.* of the French civil and military officers] are not to be subject to any search, under a guarantee given by the French Generals that they do not contain any public or private property.'

Mr. Hardman has laid stress on the fact that Pigot did not sign 'as commanding the troops of His Britannic Majesty and his 'Allies.' It is impossible, from the evidence before us, to say what he signed as; but the preamble to the articles—as here printed—is 'Major-General Pigot, commanding the troops of 'His Britannic Majesty and his Allies, and Captain Martin, com-'manding the British squadron and that of the Allies before 'Malta.' Mr. Hardman's argument as it stands is worthless; but even if we allow that 'Allies' were named, as is not improbable, the word certainly referred mainly to Russians and Neapolitans, and, if at all, in a very minimised degree to the Maltese. There can be no doubt whatever that it was to the British that the fortress surrendered; that it never, for half an hour or half a minute, belonged to the Maltese; that it, or the government of it, was never theirs to give, and this is the summary and burden of Mr. Hardman's argument.

Of the long and angry contention as to whom the English were to surrender it to—a dispute which, like many others, arose out of the fear of the Government to undertake duties which might lead to trouble—it is a matter which lies altogether beyond the purpose of Mr. Hardman. That is achieved when he has shown that the Maltese did not give the island to the English, who by their own right hand captured it and kept it, till it was formally taken over by the English Government in October 1813, with a guarantee to the Maltese of protection in person and property and the free exercise of their religion. And there is nothing more to be said. Whether all the Maltese who read Mr. Hardman's work will understand that much is to be doubted; but those, Maltese or others, who can do so, have here a singularly interesting and connected story of one of the most remarkable sieges in history.

Art. X.—THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.

A History of English Poetry. By W. J. Courthope. 6 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1895–1910.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt, in his preface to the curious 1874 edition of Warton's 'History of Poetry,' setting forth in no very diffident vein the importance of his editorial work, deems it becoming to conclude on a different note, and ends thus: 'Until *the* Historian of English Poetry shall arise, I humbly 'trust that my very long advance on all preceding editions of this 'standard work may be accepted in the spirit in which it is 'offered.' Whether Mr. Courthope be the ideal historian pointed at in the above passage we will not take upon ourselves to decide. That his 'History of English Poetry,' now after fifteen years' travail happily completed, is a monument of industry and scholarship is beyond question. Mr. Courthope has had a happier fate than had Warton in bringing his work to completion: and while the older book has never been in any of its avatars—and is even less in Carew Hazlitt's edition than before—other than a series of brilliant fragments, Mr. Courthope's history, the work of a single hand, follows a consistent design throughout. It has every chance upon that account of reigning long upon our shelves without a rival or an imitator. Some of the author's views will doubtless evoke strong dissent. Yet even those whom the book satisfies the least will respect its author for his industry and independence, and will cherish his work for its learning.

Touching any history of literature, still more any history of poetry, this paradox can be maintained, that the conditions for success are in a certain degree conditions likewise of failure. And the reason of it is this. Of all literature it is true, but of poetry most obviously true, that nothing thereof exists but the achievement: to try and translate that accomplishment into other words is in the nature of things to attempt the impossible. So the only history of literature—of poetry—which would be quite true to its purpose would be a book of elegant extracts. It might be answered that history in its fullest sense is always a translation: that battles and embassies cannot transact themselves before the eyes of the spectator. But it is not hard to see the difference between translating into language what is already of language, and doing the same to what belongs to the sphere of action. The former task fosters even more than ordinary criticism does the idea always rank in the popular mind that

poetry (or that all humane letters) constitutes a kind of elegant trick, an art of saying ingeniously what any man might think and understand : or more simply in the case of poetry that it is a sort of translation of prose. Poets themselves as critics have often thought this. Mr. Courthope is not a critic only but an elegant versifier, one might fairly say a poet : yet this idea at least accompanies him throughout—that there is a sort of substance, as the schoolmen would say, an *οὐσία* of poetry, which he can abstract and account for and explain within the compass of ordinary intelligence ; and that beyond that lie the accidents of poetry—the versification itself, the accomplishment in a word—which can in thought be separated from the other. Unless Mr. Courthope had this notion fixed in his mind, one scarcely sees how he could have undertaken his task or brought it to completion : therefore the idea is necessary. Yet it is a view largely false and full of pitfalls. This is why we say that the conditions for success in such a book as this are also in part conditions of failure.

The awkward word ' art ' stands in the way of all sound philosophy on the nature of poetry or of aught else that resembles poetry in kind. To commonplace minds ' art ' suggests ' trick.' Even the Greeks had no word for art which went much beyond the skill of handicraft. The ' art ' of Horace's ' ars poetica ' or Nero's ' qualis artifex ' looked higher, but did not reach the highest significance which ' art ' may have ; for that falls scarcely short of ' creation.' When we say that poetry, in a much more definite sense than literature generally, not less than painting, sculpture or music, is before all else an ' art,' we mean among other things that it is a definite mould in which ideas are cast, a defined method of thinking. We may explain any art in terms of prose : but in the act of translation the thing itself has disappeared. Ruskin can be eloquent about the stones of Venice or the painting of Turner : but this eloquence is a new art. The foolish notion that geniuses are often inspired idiots arises from a misunderstanding of the fact that each art is in itself a form of thinking. The genius in painting, in poetry, may be able to express himself well and clearly in conversational language, in common prose, or he may not. In the former case it is an accident for which he should give Heaven thanks : if he can *not* do what quite commonplace folk can, it argues him not an idiot, only one who is used to think in a different medium from commonplace folk. Conversely we can never really appreciate a work of art, not a poem any more than a painting or a symphony, save during those imaginative moments when we are with more or less of success (and inevitably also with more or less

of failure) managing to think in some fashion *in the medium* of the art we are criticising or enjoying. How precisely a man, who is not a painter, a poet, or a composer, may yet for the nonce and in a fashion think in terms of paint or poetry or music, may raise some question and ask for some explanation. For such we have here no space. But it is right at the outset to insist on this truth—the completeness in and by itself of every artistic production, of a poem and of all poetry, not less than of painting, sculpture, architecture, music ; because in the sequel, and in following Mr. Courthope through his history, we shall be obliged often to speak, still more often to hear him speak, in another fashion, in the average critic's fashion, as if poems could be retold in prose and the substance easily distinguished from the ' diction.' If in landscape-painting we were to regard (as we not unjustly might) the landscapes as the ' substance ' and the actual pictures as the accidents, then a history of (say) European landscape-painting might justifiably include some account of the geology of Europe. Transfer the analogy, and we understand why Mr. Courthope, who almost necessarily holds by ' the *ousia* and the accidents ' view of the art he is treating, brings in a vast quantity of matter only remotely bearing on the real substance or achievement of poetry in England. By way of introduction to the history of English poetry he deems it necessary to go back to classic civilization and to say something of the city life of the ancients. This leads him to contrast the citizen's education (*πολιτικὴ παιδεία*), which was characteristic of Greece in her best days, with the universal education (*ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία*) which was established in Hellenistic times. We then pass on to the survival of the same encyclopaedic teaching, or at least of the seven heads thereof, viz. grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, music, as they were still professed in scholastic Europe ; and thence to many other things of history and of the history of thought. These matters are not foreign to our historian's subject : to certain theories which in the course of Mr. Courthope's book he is to develope they are indeed germane ; to the same order of ideas belongs (we find out later) the picture he draws for us of the condition of the Holy Roman Empire at two different stages of its existence and of its decay. Much nearer to poetry come the *chanson courtoise* and the scholastic kind of romance embodied in the ' courts ' of love.' Yet even against this matter, interesting as it is, one is bound to enter a *caveat* which proves to be very necessary. It all tends to foster the habit of considering ' poetry ' one thing, the writing of poetry another thing.

On other occasions Mr. Courthope undoubtedly spreads

his net too wide. The subject of allegory carries him back to quote from the 'Phaedrus' (the well-known passage on Boreas and Orithyia), thence to Plato's allegories generally, and on to Neo-Platonism, by way of Philo, of Porphyry, and of Origen.* Such abstracts and brief chronicles are unnecessary to the instructed and at times rather confusing than helpful. To the ignorant they must needs often give the husk of knowledge without the kernel. It is difficult, for example, to imagine what one innocent of all Greek would make of such a sentence as this :—

'As a rule the Greek thought of his gods as patrons and guardians under whose protection he might place his house or his city ; he built altars to them by the forest side or the running stream ; and he introduced them into his dramas only when the situation became too complicated for solution by the aid of mere mortal man.'†

The final clause seems a complete *non sequitur* to the others. And though to this final clause we might assent, if we had our thoughts full of Aristotle and his rather mechanical rules of criticism, yet in essence and in spirit it would appear strangely misleading to anyone fresh from the pages of Aeschylus or Sophocles and imbued with their deep religiosity. So wide has he made his outlook that Mr. Courthope is perforced, it would appear, now and again to use ready-made criticism rather than to build always on his own account. There was little occasion in this work to drag in the *chansons de geste* which, whatever their true origin and character—questions on which M. Joseph Bédier has of late opened very wide the doors of conjecture—lie in spirit a good way off from the origins of English poetry. When, however, of these Mr. Courthope writes that they are '*invariably* composed in verses of five accents and ten syllables,'‡ he shows that his acquaintance with this order of poems is not exhaustive ; rather less than half of these *chansons* being in fact in decasyllabic verse.§ We are rather surprised to see so much prominence given among the *trouvères* of northern France to the name of Marie de France, who was only one among many, and disposed to attribute this to the circumstance that an essay is devoted to her in Hazlitt's 'Warton' ; while the omission from out Mr. Courthope's list of French poets (poets who wrote in French) of Thomas du 'Tristan,' also called Thomas de Bretagne, is yet more remarkable. For not alone is this Thomas

* Vol. i. p. 342–4. † Vol. i. p. 36.

‡ Vol. i. p. 62.

§ 'Sur environ cent chansons de geste dont le texte est parvenu jusqu'à nous, quarante-sept sont en vers décasyllabiques.' Léon Gautier, 'Les Epopées Françaises,' vol. i. p. 316.

the first of all the extant poets of the Tristan cycle : but he was probably an Anglo-Norman ; and Gaston Paris, in his charming essay on the Tristan legend ('Romania,' xviii), points out how English this Thomas is in sentiment and in his treatment of his theme. At a later period in his work, when once more he has to speak of troubadour poetry, Mr. Courthope appears to trust overmuch to other men's views and translations (see vol. iii. chapter vi.). Still more difficult is it to know what to make of the way our author deals with Ben Jonson's 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and the known fact of Jonson's indebtedness here to the epistles of Philostratus.* For Mr. Courthope presents us in translation with what he calls the 'passage' which Jonson used, and which our author quotes as from 'Philostrati Epistolæ xxiv.' Now no such 'passage' exists anywhere. Jonson's exquisite lyric is indeed indebted to Philostratus for almost all its matter ; but it has picked up the matter in a variety of places, drawing on the 33rd,† the 32nd, the 2nd, and the 46th letters (in this order). Mr. Courthope, we are persuaded, needs no helping hand in translating from the Greek sophist. At the same time it seems obvious that the rendering he gives us is not his own.‡ This matter is not one of mere pedantic finesse. The whole history and ethics of plagiarism is to some extent involved in the distinction between the weaving of Jonson's magic lines from a hotch-pot of remembered passages, and the bodily transfer of a single *locus*. It touches even the charges of plagiarism preferred against Shakespeare and oft repeated.

It seems ungenerous to pick out these minor defects in Mr. Courthope's book wherein there is much to praise. But the

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* Vol. iii. p. 185.

† The 24th, according to another system of numeration following another MS.

‡ Mr. Courthope's 'passage' ends thus : 'And if thou wilt do a favour to thy lover send back what remains of them' [some roses] 'no longer smelling of roses but only of thee,' on which he comments thus : 'Jonson with admirable propriety feigns that the grace which Philostratus only prays for has been granted, and that the miracle which is merely suggested as possible by Philostratus has been positively accomplished.' In reality Jonson's superiority here is greater, Philostratus' idea is more commonplace or common than Mr. Courthope's passage suggests. The translation should read (it is from Epist. xlvi.) : 'Send back their remains' [the dead roses], 'no longer smelling merely of roses but of thy [sweet] self as well' (*τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν ἀντίπεμψον μηκέτι πνέοντα ῥόδων μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ σοῦ*), and in this there is no suggestion of a miracle.

business of a critic is criticism, and it seemed best to rid ourselves at the outset of this the least grateful portion of our task.

Of no inheritance in literature—we may assert this without arrogance or affectation—is the history so interesting and so important as is the history of English poetry. The only other body of poetry which has attained heights comparable with its achievement, the Greek, was short-lived, and its origins are lost in obscurity. But the tree of English verse can be traced down to its roots which spring out of a tangled undergrowth of barbarous Teutonic-Gothic versification, common in its essentials to all the German family of nations, and capable of reaching (though in England it never quite reached) a very high accomplishment. It is true that the Norman Conquest, in extinguishing what we used to be allowed to call the Anglo-Saxon language, brought this class of poetry, this alliterative accented verse to a sudden end: for the revival of alliteration in 'Piers Plowman' is like the return of a ghost to earth. But that its influence was never completely destroyed might easily be shown by comparing a typically gorgeous passage of English verse with one from one of the Latin languages; whereby would be seen how the tradition of alliteration has remained with us—say better, how the instinct for alliteration has been imbedded in the English ear, as indeed is the case with all the nations of Teutonic or Gothic origin. Nevertheless this Anglo-Saxon verse is a thing only to look at and pass, in view of the extraordinary transformation which our versification underwent under the Norman kings. That amounts in effect to a new birth, comparable in every way with the new birth of Latin poetry under the influence of Greece. This Mr. Courthope very well expresses. 'If Langland,' he says, 'may be regarded as in 'some respects the Naevius of English poetry, Chaucer is cer-'tainly its Ennius.'* And this is not a vague comparison; it is a very close parallel. The difference between the case of early Latin, epic or gnomic, verse and our early poetry is that the former, if it ever existed, has all disappeared. Naevius may have in some sense represented it or he may not. The early Anglo-Saxon verse we know: and we know it something at its best quite different from 'The Vision of Piers the Plowman.' The revolution which culminated in the work of Chaucer began with the post-Conquest naturalisation of French poetry in this land.

In the case of our indebtedness to French poetry it matters little in what respect the *trouvères* of northern France were

* Vol. i. p. 267.

imitators of the Provençal poets, nor again why the romantic verse which arose in the twelfth century superseded the heroic *chansons de geste* :* least of all have we to ask where the poets of romance got their taste for love stories (of the Arthur cycle or what not), nor even to trace the history of the elaboration of the courts of love. These things were already established when French verse produced in English poetry that revolution which it has been said culminated (but not began) in Chaucer. As a mere question of history, and to anyone interested before all else in the prosody of our verse, the pre-Chaucerian English verse of the 'Ormulum,' the 'Bestiary,' 'The Owl and the Nightingale,' 'King Horn,' the 'Genesis and Exodus,' etc., is interesting enough. But the father of English poetry so far surpasses all his predecessors, and all but a very few of his successors, that he still deserves his ancient title. What then are the characteristics of this effectively initial verse in the immense cycle of English poetry? For we may guess that the impulse given from this starting-point will never quite die away. One very notable but also sufficiently obvious characteristic of Chaucer's verse is its technical achievement. We have to go no farther than the Prologue of the 'Canterbury Tales' and having read that to turn back to the best verse of the 'Roman de la Rose,' to see already gained that supremacy of English poetry over French which (we may justly hope) will to the end of time never be reversed.† Along with this technical excellence we see a

* Professor Ker in his 'Epic and Romance' speaks of the anarchic and heroic age reflected by the 'Gestes,' and its contrast with the age of the Romances and Lays. This last alone is reflected in our early English poetry: and the heroic age which speaks in some of the A.S. literature ('Beowulf,' 'The Scôp's Tale,' etc.) has no relation to that of the 'Gestes.' (Our idea of these last may come to be much altered if M. Bédier's theories should make way. He disbelieves in the 'heroic age' of French verse, and thinks the 'Gestes' more or less 'clerical' in origin and connected with the pilgrimages to the sites of well-known shrines. Thus they might come round to have —as it were from the other end—a distant connexion with the 'Canterbury Tales.') Let us remark in passing that the Romances and Lays are very little connected with the religious and serious side of medieval life, and not overmuch with its deeper chivalrous feelings. (Mr. Courthope has fully pointed this out in the case of Jean de Meung: it is true also of Chrestien de Troyes.) The religious life of the Middle Ages spoke in its art, its architecture and its music: in its vernacular literature it speaks much less.

† It is true that even the author of the second half of the 'Roman de la Rose' is a century earlier than Chaucer. But French vernacular poetry had much more than a hundred years the start of English poetry.

certain well-bred indifference, a lack of extreme sensibility (at any rate) to the moral side of things, which, with notable exceptions (the Miltons, the Wordsworths, and Shelleys), characterises our English poetry as a *whole* : which marks as a whole the class of that Elizabethan verse wherein we attained our apogee, and seems a sort of anticipation of Pope and the eighteenth century school. We see of course in Chaucer that interest in personalities, that dramatic sense, which we may claim as peculiarly national : only that belongs to the domain of literature in general, not especially of poetry. And (once again) we see very markedly the love of Nature which has never failed our poets from the first to the very latest. Out of the wonderfully skilled but monotonous versification of Gower we rarely strike a vein of true poetry, save when he is describing some natural scene—such as the glade where Actaeon surprised the goddess and earned his death. * These things, a marvellous sensitiveness to the beauties of language and to the beauties of Nature, and (if you like to add this too) to the characteristics, whimsicalities, but beauties likewise, of human beings, these mark our English verse from the beginning to the end.

Many readers will be averse from recognising in our English poetry as a whole a certain lack of moral earnestness, if only on account of the notable exceptions that we have in Milton, for instance, in Wordsworth and in Shelley. The question is one of comparison. The best poetry cannot exist unless it rest on a foundation of noble emotion : and such foundation—romantic love for one form of it, a firm patriotism for another—is easily discernible in the Elizabethan verse and drama. Yet when we compare this with the poetry of the great German Renaissance we see that there is a difference. The way to express that difference most flattering to our self-love is to say that we shun the didactic : for didactic in intention, throughout a large portion of their *œuvre*, Goethe, Schiller, Heine all three undoubtedly are. This makes a distinction between the poetry of the two greatest Teutonic nationalities ; and unquestionably one cause of the divergence between them is the influence which French poetry from the outset has had on ours. Mommsen in his scornful way speaks of the moments of intellectual weakness in the English and German nations when their literature admitted the influence of France. But in our case that influence has gone deep : though never since the fourteenth century have we owed so much as then we did to inspiration from beyond the Channel. There is

* We except the incantation of Medea in the fifth book of the 'Confessio.'

probably more of the true English (or say Teutonic) spirit in Langland than in Chaucer. But our rule, that poetry only exists in its accomplishment, excludes the 'Vision of Piers the Plowman' from any important place. Mr. Courthope we think devotes overmuch space to Langland. The average reader is commonly deceived by the exordium of the 'Vision,' which is beautiful and full of charm. Taken as a whole the poem (so to call it) contains not much that can be called poetry. Yet it is the case that it has always kept a place in the affections of the English, partly from its moral earnestness and partly maybe through a lingering unacknowledged taste for the old Saxon metre: so that 'Piers Plowman' is often placed alongside of Chaucer by Elizabethan writers.

After Chaucer's death a sudden decay set in in English poetry, which only revived after the accession of the Tudor house: a decay in all except technical skill began at once, and even technical skill in versifying rapidly followed suit. Then came a revival, due only one degree less than the first English verse to foreign influences. Wyatt and Surrey were inspired in almost equal degrees by the French and the Italian sonneteers and inventors of new forms of verse. The portion of his work (Vol. II., chaps. ii. iii.) which Mr. Courthope devotes to these two poets is among the best in his six volumes. Unfortunately, we cannot follow him here in much detail: for there are more notable epochs to be considered. Between Wyatt and Surrey, Mr. Courthope is probably right in giving the palm as a whole to the former: while on Surrey's noble lines written in captivity he makes the following fine panegyric:—

'I know of few verses in the whole range of human poetry in which the voice of Nature utters the accents of grief with more simplicity and truth; it seems to me to be the most pathetic *personal* elegy in English poetry. But it is something more. In Surrey's verses we seem to be listening to a lament over the chivalry that is passing out of the order of the modern world. They contain the concentrated essence of the traditions of knighthood, taught for generations in the school of every castle in Europe, and accepted in their purged and perfected form as the code of courtly manners. The splendour of noble apparel is before our eyes; the sound of knightly gaiety is in the air. We hear the baying of the hounds with the royal chase in the woods; the splintering of lances in the tilting-yard; the crash of swords on helmets decorated with the pledges granted by feminine beauty to manly valour; the laughter of the brightly-clad ladies in the gallery of the tennis-court. Mingled with this brilliancy of external action is an undernote of moral sentiment that gives the poem character and elevation; the principle of inviolable honour and loyalty, forming the strongest bond in the society of gentlemen; the

idea of a lofty courtesy investing with all the atmosphere of poetry the common intercourse of everyday life.' *

From Surrey comes the greatest legacy to succeeding English poetry. To him, if to any one, we may give credit for the invention of blank verse, and thus for being the true father of 'Marlowe's mighty line.' So that from Surrey we pass naturally, inevitably, to one half (the greatest half) of the achievement of Elizabethan poetry.

It is a moment in our history which one might willingly stretch out to a hundred years, as the singing of the bird stretched the doubting saint's minute to a century. But all historians have been subject to the same temptation, even though, and despite their industry, much thereon still remains to be said. Mr. Courthope wisely makes a sharp division in the Elizabethan poetry between the lyric and the dramatic: to the former he devotes a good part of two volumes (Vol. II. p. 203–end; Vol. III. 1–199), and the whole of Vol. IV. to the latter. The two arts overlap: they overlap most in Jonson's masques, which are a kind of foretaste of opera, as is opera, on its side, considered as a *genre* of art, an anticipation of 'Faust.' But Elizabethan drama and lyric are on the whole deeply divided. And they are divided by nothing more than by this fact, on which neither Mr. Courthope nor any other writer has laid sufficient stress, that the Elizabethan play was never fully acknowledged as *literature*. So that its special and inestimable literary achievement—Shakespeare's incomparable verse itself—came in as a sort of accident: a very curious thing to reflect on, and suggesting a world of dependent thoughts. This fact alone renders almost unnecessary the debate as to Shakespeare's popularity. For whether or not Shakespeare is to be reckoned among popular authors, he was not liked for his special literary merits.† Shakespeare's plays

* Vol. ii. p. 85.

† In 1874, Mr. Clement Ingleby published a collection of panegyrics (and criticisms) on Shakespeare under the title 'Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse.' More recently, Mr. C. E. Hughes has published 'Praise of Shakespeare' (1906), to which Mr. Sidney Lee contributes a Preface. There Mr. Lee writes: 'The conjecture that William Shakespeare lived and died unhonoured rests on no foundation of fact. The converse alone is true.' If the first sentence be taken in its exact meaning it is indubitably correct, and the second one may pass. But as by 'unhonoured' we generally mean insufficiently honoured, not honoured by absolutely none, then it is difficult to see what is the 'converse' that alone is true. The converse would be that Shakespeare was too much honoured in his day. (A good deal is written in ours that aims at that conclusion.) In reality nobody

were taken in the mass, just as were Marlowe's, Greene's, Peele's or Kyd's among his predecessors, Jonson's, Beaumont's, Fletcher's, Webster's, Heywood's and so forth, among his followers: they were admired for their plots, for their characters; no distinctive and conscious criticism of the poetry we may be sure was made. The epithets by which Shakespeare and his work are constantly described, 'mellifluous,' 'honeysweet,' etc., show almost conclusively that as 'a man of letters' he was judged by his lyric verse, the 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' the Sonnets. Thus as regards one part of Shakespeare's achievement, namely, his mighty line in blank verse, Pope's accusation falls flatlong. It falls equally in respect of the other most important part of Shakespeare's achievement—the creation of human types. For all that the world expected up to Shakespeare's day, and all it generally got, was the presentment of embodied qualities (as on Seneca's stage and as too in the old Moralities); and there is nothing to show that the playgoers were dissatisfied with what they received. Melodrama rather than drama marked the pre-Shakespearean stage, and this Mr. Courthope very well points out:—

'Seneca was the parent of the romantic melodrama of the Elizabethan theatre. Following the example of Marlowe, all the English poets who wrote in this manner imitated the extravagances of the Roman dramatist, but they replaced his stoical philosophy with the moral system popularised by "The Prince" of Machiavelli. Three distinct types of melodrama are found among their plays: (1) The

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who examines the facts of the case can hold that Shakespeare was 'highly distinguished' either in his own lifetime or for long afterwards. The panegyrics which Mr. Hughes has collected are from Francis Meres, Richard Barnfield, John Weaver, John Davies, Thomas Freeman and William Basse: these alone during Shakespeare's lifetime, and they are not a distinguished body. Meres' remarks sound most laudatory. But then you have to read the whole passage in 'Palladis Tamia' and note all the other writers and poets whom Meres lauds. Jonson's posthumous praise is indeed noble; but scarce less noble is his praise (not posthumous) of Michael Drayton. Then there is Webster's very slighting preface to 'Vittoria Corombona.' To the panegyrics of Shakespeare collected by Mr. Ingleby and Mr. Hughes those on Jonson printed at the end of Gifford's edition stand as twenty-six to sixteen; and the former unlike Shakespeare's are not mostly posthumous. Jonson is 'Saint Ben' to most of the Caroline Versifiers. He is the model of poetic achievement to Dryden, just as Dryden is the model of poetic achievement to Pope. Grant that Dryden had a high admiration of Shakespeare, it yet (like Jonson's own) stopped a good way this side idolatry.

Domestic Tragedy, represented by such plays as "Arden of Feversham" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy"; (2) Foreign, Domestic, and Political Tragedies, of which the chief examples are Marlowe's "Massacre at Paris," Chapman's "Bussy d'Ambois," "Conspiracy," and "Tragedy of Byron" and "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany"; (3) Tragedies of Crime and Revenge, founded on tales and legends, such as Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," Marston's "Antonio and Mellida," and "Antonio's Revenge"; Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," and Tourneur's "Atheist's" and "Revenger's Tragedy." All these, as a rule, bear on their face the signs that they were intended to gratify certain well-ascertained expectations in the audience: they resemble each other in the selection of subject—stories of murder, revenge, conspiracy; in their exhibition of mean and villainous characters; in their use of the machinery of stage horror—skulls, spectres, skeletons, strangulations, poisoned bowls, midnight bells, churchyards, and the like; and also in the strength of the imagery by means of which they elevate the minds of the spectators into sympathy with scenes of gloom and bloodshed. At the same time, as several of these poets were men of real imagination and learning, they showed much versatility in the treatment of their subjects, and their respective styles are stamped with a character which makes each of them deserving of separate consideration.'*

The probable true answer to Pope is that neither gain nor glory inspired Shakespeare to give what he had of his best—to give his insight into human character, and that versification which has never been imitated or approached; but that he gave them because he must, because they demanded to be born.

On the other hand—and this too is worth saying in parenthesis—modern critics often fall into an antithetical error in respect to the Elizabethan stage, by forgetting to how many hundreds of intelligent hearers in those days it really constituted all they got of 'literature'—of *belles-lettres*. The upper class and the highly educated fully and frankly acknowledged no literature but of the ancients. Even with such Nature must a thousand times have cried out against the pedantry of their theory. The middle class—many of whom must, like Shakespeare himself, in the excellent schools of the time, have acquired a taste for literature which their less fortunate lives gave them no leisure to pursue—these for their intellectual enjoyment were more dependent on the drama than on anything else. Thus the best of all our literatures grew up in the best way, instinctively, unconsciously, as the ancient epic had grown up. The consideration of those things shuts the door upon a vast amount of modern theorising on the effect of the build of the

* Vol. iv. pp. 234–5.

stage on the art of the stage, or the desirability of having or not having scenery. It shuts the door too on much theorising upon the motives which influenced either Shakespeare or the bulk of his contemporaries to write as they wrote. Mr. Courthope falls into the common error of our journalistic age in assuming that Shakespeare always had his finger on the pulse of his audience. 'An ever growing popularity,' Mr. Courthope writes, 'encouraged him in his practice' of grounding every play on some existing tale or history.* For all we know this practice may have been due to Shakespeare's own lack of invention on the side of plot.† You may choose to think with Mr. Courthope in this matter, and therefore that Hamlet's sentence about the one judicious man was more or less humbug of Shakespeare's: and you will choose to assume this, if you follow the fashion of the day in always stripping off something from the laurels of the great. But there is no external evidence on either side.

On other matters, Mr. Courthope's criticism of this branch of our literature is often excellent. He is very conservative, ascribing to Shakespeare not only the 'First Part of King 'Henry VI.,' but as having at least what Heywood calls a 'maine 'finger' in the 'Contention between the two famous Houses of 'York and Lancaster' and 'The Troublesome Raigne of King 'John.' He attributes to Shakespeare, as Swinburne is disposed to do, 'Arden of Feversham,' and again 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' as well as 'The Taming of *the* Shrew.' He also puts 'The 'Tempest' pretty early in Shakespeare's 'work,' *i.e.* as early as 1596. Here we cannot agree, despite the passage from Ben Jonson which seems like evidence in support. All that Brandes has urged on the other side, and even for accepting Tieck's theory that 'The Tempest' was a masque written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth ‡; all the concatenation of the plays confessed of the later period, as Brandes displays it; the extraordinarily late character of the versification in 'The 'Tempest'; the maturity of the sentiment; the almost evident allusions to James I., seem to us to outweigh the passage quoted from Ben Jonson and an unsupported statement of Malone's.

A recent writer has shown that the old-fashioned notion of reading Shakespeare's character and history through the

* Vol. iv. p. 105.

† A very English deficiency. This is just what Gaston Paris remarks of Thomas du Tristan—his interest in character, his lack of interest in events in the 'plot.' See also later in Mr. Courthope's volume, p. 167.

‡ G. Brandes' 'William Shakespeare,' vol. ii. p. 361 sqq.

utterances of his personages is not yet dead.* Mr. Courthope attempts no such fantastical *tour de force.* But he has something very interesting to say about the morale of the original Marlowesque drama, its continuation in Shakespeare's early work and gradual elimination. This earliest moral or immoral impulse Mr. Courthope detects in all the first University wits: he calls it Machiavellism. The modern representative of it is Nietzscheism. It is designed to set forth the claims of the non-moral overman: a cast of feeling which, without needing to be drawn directly from 'The Prince,' is not unnatural in an age self-conscious of immense intellectual vigour, yet which was, in contrast with the centuries which had foregone it, a peaceful era. For the law of action and reaction must always be allowed for in human sentiments: and just because in our time adventure (save for an aviator now and then) seems almost denied to men, and hundreds pass through the world without once having been in serious danger to life or limb—on this very account maybe are we inclined to make a hero of the wilful non-moral man. So did Marlowe in his 'Tamburlaine' and in his 'Faustus.' So did more or less the others of Marlowe's set, Peele and Greene. So did Shakespeare in the characters in 'Titus Andronicus,' in his (*penes* Mr. Courthope) first presentation of King John, but rather half-heartedly even at the outset; and (as 'gentle' is the adjective always used for Shakespeare's private character) we may be sure without much inward conviction.

Little enough of the ruthless *Uebermensch* appears in Shakespeare's sonnets, if we may assume that they do give the key to his heart. This is to-day matter for the keenest dispute, Mr. Lee (as everybody knows) now holding them for almost purely conventional. Mr. Courthope combats that view along with Mr. Lee's explanation of the 'Mr. W. H.' On to this battle-field we do not propose to enter, farther than is implied by the remark that, despite lines and passages of exquisite beauty, Shakespeare's sonnets cannot be taken to display him in a highly inspired mood. Adhering to the principle which we have laid down, that all of a man's work which 'exists' is the actual achievement, then we must say that Shakespeare's sonnets cannot count for very much, whether they were designed to express individual sentiments or conventional ones. This means that in the former case the feeling was evidently not overmastering: had it been so, it must, in the case of such a master

* 'The Man Shakespeare,' by Frank Harris, a book by no means without interest, though distinguished for neither learning nor modesty.

of language, have found fit words to express itself withal. It is not enough in praise of the sonnets to cite such lines as ' When ' to the sessions of sweet silent thought,' or ' Gilding pale streams ' with heavenly alchemy,' and a hundred others of great beauty ; we have to reckon also with the almost invariable bathos into which the concluding couplets fall, and from which a really high and strong emotion would have certainly rescued them. The sonnets lie perhaps on the better side of Shakespeare's two narrative poems, but far on the wrong side of his short lyrics. Of course the Elizabethan lyric is a thing of wonder, scarce to be spoken of, lest words profane its perfections.

Let us take leave of this admirable volume of Mr. Courthope's series by a quotation setting forth his views on the character and influence of the two greatest Elizabethans, Shakespeare and Jonson :—

' Shakespeare, in his imagination, resembles an eagle sailing sublimely in dazzling sunlight to far horizons, where sea and sky seem to blend in the infinities of space. On the wings of music and metaphor, he rises into regions where—and this is especially the case in his sonnets and his later plays—it is difficult to follow his flight. Jonson is like the trained falcon, that favourite companion in the Middle Ages of princes and nobles, keen of eye and sure in aim, often towering in air to strike at his quarry of vice and folly, of manners and character, but always well within the sphere of observation. His metrical language, aiming at a definite and precise object, is plain, strong, masculine. Though it is not wanting in images, the images are deliberately chosen as vehicles for ideas ; it is seldom with him as is so often the case with Shakespeare, that an idea is transformed into an image. The art with which rich stores of intellectual experience, obtained from tradition and literature, are brought to the illustration of a central thought is everywhere apparent.

' Hence the vast influence which he exerted on contemporary style. " There was at this time in England," says Schlegel, in his excellent and generally judicious survey of the Elizabethan stage, " a school of dramatic art, a school of which Shakespeare was the invisible and too often unacknowledged head : Ben Jonson remained almost without successors." This is the exact opposite of the truth. Shakespeare had no real successors. The lyrical and romantic impulse in society, of which his dramas are the expression, died rapidly out, so that men of the Jacobean period ceased to understand, by instinct and sympathy, the thoughts that had inspired the age of the Spanish Armada. Jonson's aims, on the other hand, were intelligible to all who had the power of thought : that is to say, to those who guided the course of taste.'*

* Vol. iv. pp. 302–3. On the place of Shakespeare's sonnets we have already expressed a different judgement. Nor do we profess to subscribe to all that is said on Jonson.

All about these Elizabethans lay such an atmosphere of poetry and of high feeling and noble endeavour that they could not go wrong. It is a very different state of things which we encounter when, passing over their lesser brethren, or say cater-cousins, the Carolingians or Carolines, passing over Milton likewise, for our space is infinitesimal compared with our subject, we drop with Dryden into the true eighteenth century verse. With Dryden the change really comes ; and it comes suddenly. There is a kind of tradition among men of letters and professors of literature that it is very unlettered not to appreciate Dryden. In Mr. Courthope's case we were prepared by his former work to find Pope too placed upon a high pedestal. This is at the outset less the case than we feared : probably just after going through the Elizabethans and through Milton our historian found such a task beyond him. But he does fall into that attitude in the end.

We have always had, and may we continue to have, a race of charming prose writers (and *vers de société* writers, very often) who draw their inspiration from the eighteenth century and pay it a special *cultus*. A great master in prose must often find it harder than does your even Christian to think away from prose and *with his poets*. Thus we find Thackeray holding up the concluding lines of ' The Dunciad ' as an example of the greatest order of poetry, equal to the best of any age, be it what it may. Let us cite the lines once again, though no doubt they are familiar enough to most readers :

> ' She comes ! she comes ! The sable Throne behold
> Of Night primeval and of Chaos old !
> Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay
> And all its varying Rainbows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops and in a flash expires,
> As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
> The sickening stars fade off th' etherial plain ;
> As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
> Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;
> Thus at her fell command and secret might,
> Art after Art goes out and all is Night.
> See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
> Mountains of Casuistry heaped o'er her head ! . . .'

But here we may pause. Nobody can want to hear how Philosophy will shrink to her second cause and how Religion will blush, or could affect to find poetry in these images.

Now it so chances that after the portion dealing directly with Spenser, Mr. Courthope has occasion to cite certain lines on

Queen Elizabeth from 'Colin Clout's come home again,' and these lines he cites as lines (for Spenser) confessedly inferior in poetic worth. Let us then take this second-best Elizabethan verse to contrast it with Pope's best. These are Spenser's lines :

> 'Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
> Which load the branches of the fruitful vine,
> Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
> And fill the same with store of timely wine.
> Her looks were like the beams of the morning sun
> Forth looking through the windows of the East,
> When first the fleecy cattle have begun
> Upon the pearlèd grass to make their feast.
> Her thoughts were like the fume of frankincense
> Which from a golden censer forth doth rise
> And throwing forth sweet odours, mounts fro' thence
> In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.
> There she beholds with high aspiring thought
> The cradle of her own creation,
> Amongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
> Much like an angel in her form and fashion.'

Nay, let us go farther down to a much lesser Elizabethan than Spenser : let us go to Daniel and take not the best of his, not for example that magnificent sonnet 'Care-charmer Sleep,' but turn to Daniel's epic on the Wars of the Roses, which few to-day think of reading through. Well, almost at the outset of that poem one finds this verse :

> 'Come sacred Virtue : I no Muse but thee
> Invoke in this great labour I intend.
> Do thou inspire my thoughts, infuse in me
> A power to bring the same to happy end.
> Raise up a work for later times to see,
> That may thy glory and my pains commend.
> Make me those tumults rightly to rehearse
> And give peace to my life, life to my verse.'

A little farther on—and we select almost at hazard :

> 'And had not his misled, lascivious son,
> Edward the Second, intermitted so
> The course of glory happily begun,
> (Which brought him and his favourites to woe)
> That happy current without stop had run
> Unto the full of his son Edward's flow.
> But who hath often seen in such a state
> Father and son like good, like fortunate ?

And this again :

> ' Which public death (received with such a cheer
> As not a sigh, a look, a shrink bewrays
> The least felt touch of a degenerous fear)
> Gave life to envy to his courage praise.'

Or this :

> 'And look how Thames enriched with many a flood
> And goodly rivers (that have made their graves
> And buried both their names and all their good
> Within his greatness to augment his waves)
> Glides on with pomp of waters unwithstood.'

And we say boldly of all these Elizabethan passages, Spenser's, Daniel's four, all of which we might match from who-not of their contemporaries, that they contain the essential, the root, the matter of true poetry, which the much-lauded passage from Pope has not. Now what is the difference between Pope and these Elizabethans ? Pope's verse is adequate. It does give one a picture of this descending Chaos and what should accompany the return of primeval Night. To anyone straight from the perusal of average prose it might seem to give all that was needed. In reality it speaks to the intellect solely. Never once has it the pulse, the throb of vitality which the least significant of genuine poetry never quite lacks.

> ' Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops and in a flash expires.'

There is the material of poetry here : the alliteration for instance in ' momentary ' and ' meteor ; ' and you can find no fault with the imagery. But it has never the true cadence of fine verse : the sort of cadence you get in

> ' And fill the same with store of timely wine.'

For that is just what you never get without the genuine emotion of poetry. ' Timely wine ' is harsh ; and yet the cadence breaks through the fault ; ' her looks ' and ' forth looking ' in succeeding lines elsewhere in this quotation is bad ; as is ' forth ' doth rise ' and ' throwing forth sweet odours ' in succeeding lines. The passage then is anything but flawless—the first three lines for example are very much at fault : but the poetry is there. And so with Daniel : he too is very far from being

without fault: but he too has, in Milton's phrase, 'the power 'to a passion' in his lines, in

> 'I no Muse but thee
> Invoke in this great labour I intend
> . . . . .
> And give peace to my life, life to my verse.
>
> Intermitted so
> The course of glory happily begun.
> . . . . . .
> The least felt touch of a degenerous fear
> . . . . . .
> And buried both their names and all their good
> Within his greatness.'
> . . . . . .
> Glides on with pomp of waters unwithstood.

But not in these lines only, in the whole passages we have cited there lies (along with bathos here and there) the real thing, which you will not encounter once (we say advisedly *not once*), throughout 'The Rape of the Lock' or 'The Dunciad' or the 'Essay on Man.'* The difference is not in degree but in kind: and there is just the same kind not degree of difference between the sylphs of 'The Rape of the Lock' and the fairies of 'A Mid-'summer Night's Dream.' It is the chasm which separates intellectual presentment from imaginative creation. It is in this last that the eighteenth century can hardly go right,† while in it the other age can hardly go wrong.

The misfortune is that though he is not extravagant in his laudation of it, the spell of eighteenth century verse now evidently falls on Mr. Courthope. It is as if he had wandered into the cave of Archimagus. And this indeed is what he has done; the magician who has deceived him and many being this same

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* In the 'Universal Prayer' which follows the 'Essay on Man' one finds the real thing, at any rate in the first two verses.

† 'Hardly'—exceptionally as regards the whole body of that verse. Gray could go right in

> 'Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,'

as indeed throughout the 'Elegy' and in many of his Odes. And Collins could go triumphantly right in almost every line of the 'Ode to Evening.' But not Johnson, though the concluding lines of his 'Vanity' have often been praised. Even the delicate Goldsmith seldom attains to the real thing.

Alexander Pope. Henceforward Mr. Courthope cannot read any verse as he read when he was still in the sixteenth century. Of Pope's style he had elsewhere written : that 'it springs naturally out of the genius of a free nation and the lofty eloquence 'developed from free parliamentary debate.'* No bad description : only what else does it mean in common language but that Pope is a rhetorician, not a poet ? Pope has been so much praised that there is no need to go over again a catalogue of the merits which his verse may claim—its brilliance, wit, acuteness —add what epithets you will : but add this, too, that it is verse, it is not poetry. If the above analysis does not convince the reader of this, he is not to be convinced : the gods have granted him many gifts, but they have withheld from him the instinct for what is essential in poetry. From the time of passing through the eighteenth century, Mr. Courthope himself seems to have shed this instinct which before he possessed. He had indeed already prepared the way for the position he is now to take up. His pictures of the Holy Roman Empire are not for him what, when we first read them, they seemed to us—picturesque if slightly irrelevant methods for concentrating our thoughts on the body of *life*, on the sum of men's ideas and acts, at certain periods of European history ; and so at certain periods of the history of English poetry. The whole of men's thoughts and deeds are possible material for poetry : therefore it is right that we should have them at the back of our thoughts. Mr. Courthope, we now discover, means more than that by his divagations from literature into history. He treats poetry in much the same fashion that the Aristotelians treated Nature. (And it is characteristic that there are few chapters in his whole work in which he has not somewhere quoted or referred to the 'Poetic' ; as if that constituted the first and last word of criticism ; insensible of the fact that Aristotle was at heart a man of science, not born a poet or artist, nor with a native instinct for poetry and art.) In Aristotelian fashion our author has a predetermined form into which poetry has got to fit itself. Mr. Courthope is indeed too thorough a man of letters not to be carried off his feet by the real thing, the poetry *in being*, of Chaucer's age or of Shakespeare's. Then—and this is throughout the greater part of his work—he is satisfying. Perhaps now and again even in those portions his Aristotelian definitions make him deviate a little : make him forget, for example, to realise how little of the greater inspiration of the Middle Ages either toward love or religion there is in Chaucer. These inclinations towards

* Life of Pope (Works, Elwin and Courthope, vol. v.) p. 167.

pedantry pass by almost unfelt. But the eighteenth century is to him, we have said, a place of enchantment. When he emerges thence into the nineteenth century he has been transformed. Technically Mr. Courthope is still the adequate historian. All the salient facts of Wordsworth's, Coleridge's, Shelley's, Byron's, Keats' life and work are given us. For reference we have what we want—save that exact dates are rather lacking. But the adequate critic has disappeared : almost all that side of the critic which should include the taster, the appreciator, the diviner, has gone under. Toward the poets of last century in its great awakening years—that great renaissance which is only less than the Elizabethan or the age of Dante perhaps ; that with these two exceptions may be placed beside the flowering time of poetry in any post-classic age in any land—toward all this vast production Mr. Courthope stands cold ; towards its creators he stands something in the attitude of a schoolmaster overlooking an unruly class. The correlative of his notion, essentially a fantastic one, which would make our earlier English poetry in some sense the offspring of the Holy Roman Empire, is now still more fantastically to find the kernel of our modern poetry in the French Revolution, which abolished the Holy Roman Empire. Such affiliations should be forbidden by law. *La recherche de la paternité est interdite*—when carried on in this fashion. Of course it is true that, had not the French Revolution occurred, the body of verse under consideration would have been different. So it would have been if the Reformation had never been, or the Copernican astronomy. Yet would Mr. Courthope's theory of origins be a lesser evil if it did not induce our historian to assume something egoistic and unsocial as the characteristic of all this verse —more especially of the poetry of the Lakists and of Keats—which distinguishes it from the national poetry that has gone before, and for which in essentials and as a whole in his eyes it stands condemned.* It is true that in one way, compared with Pope's verse, with all the eighteenth century verse as a class, the nineteenth might be called ' un-social.' But that is by using ' social ' in a narrow sense ; in the sense in which we say that people who entertain largely are ' social,' and not ' social,' in that wise, folk who prefer the society of a few intimate friends.

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* We do not mean that Mr. Courthope withholds his praise from passages of modern poetry. Who could ? But even in his appreciation he is less judicious than he used to be in the preceding volumes. Thus he gives much space and much praise to Coleridge's ' Youth and Age,' a, for Coleridge, decidedly second-rate achievement.

All the characteristic verse of the eighteenth century, all that written in heroics, let us say, is social in this respect, that, being so near prose, so near the moods of every day, it appeals to large audiences. This is true, for example, of Goldsmith and of Cowper in his humorous vein and of Crabbe not less than of Pope. But the nineteenth-century verse which attains far loftier flights excludes by that very fact the man in the street, so long as he is content to remain 'in the street.' It excludes no one—and it is like Milton in this—who can rise to the height of its great argument. Wordsworth, for instance, however he may have dallied with ideas of 'Liberty,' was by nature and in the great body of his work as conservative as was Spenser, and much in the same way that Spenser was. If the Elizabethan poet gave more space to praises *temporis acti* than to his love of nature, Wordsworth always mingled (consciously or unconsciously) with his love of nature the same kind of backward thought.* Milton was far more 'exclusive' and out of touch with his epoch, and that for Mr. Courthope means unsocial, than was either Coleridge or Wordsworth: and this is why just now we spoke of him separately from the Caroline poets (Charles I.'s poets): and everybody would think thus. But Milton's achievement is so vast that it makes an epoch for itself; and so would Wordsworth's great odes and sonnets if they stood quite alone. Shelley's place is perhaps harder to define. He is certainly not unsocial, unaffected by one part of the spirit of his age. Byron and Keats are merely poets for all time—*both* immense, if you include something of the *promise* along with the actual performance of Keats. Wherefore to find Mr. Courthope lecturing Keats for not treating with more respect a writer of such a recognised 'position' as Boileau is a thing to make angels weep or laugh.

For now in this great era of revival—say from the publication of 'Lyrical Ballads' (1798), onwards—poetry is once more a reality presenting a world of realities. We cannot say of this verse as of the Elizabethan that it can hardly go wrong. But we can recognise that it has learnt again how gloriously to go right. In face of this fact what serves it to cavil over politics? It is not necessary to make any profession of agreement with or of dissent from Mr. Courthope's judgement on the doctrines of the

* A poet from the mere fact that he is a creator must always be apt to look back on the finished product (look backward as Dante, as Shakespeare, as Aeschylus, as Homer probably did), not forward into mists of hope with Shelley. This is why to a 'creator' so positive and realistic as Carlyle, Shelley's verse sounds like 'a shrick merely.'

Revolution. What it is impossible to deny is that among those of our poets who absorbed them most blindly those doctrines struck out the sparks of genuine inspiration. Carlyle in one of his consciously exaggerated statements (in private life) described Shelley's verse as 'all a shriek merely.'* But what if the shriek can produce such notes as these?—

> 'A widow bird sat mourning for her love
> Upon a wintry bough;
> The frozen wind crept on above,
> The freezing stream below.
>
> There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
> No flower upon the ground;
> And little motion in the air
> Except the mill-wheel's sound.'

All cavilling, all criticism, all theorising, all talk about the principles of the Revolution, of individuality, and so forth, die down and become things of no worth in the presence of such achievement as this. This explains what we meant when at the beginning of this article we said that the only true history of poetry is a volume of elegant extracts—and even that would be most inadequate. If there is any one of Shelley's poems which might be described as 'a shriek' it is surely 'The Revolt of Islam,' out of the sum of which one must confess it is very difficult to gather one clear picture or coherent idea. Yet even there you meet with such verses as these:

> 'Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,
> Our happiness, and all that we have been,
> Immortally must live, and burn, and move,
> When we shall be no more:—the world has seen
> A type of peace; and as some most serene
> And lovely spot to a poor maniac's eye
> After long years, some sweet and moving scene
> Of youthful hope returning suddenly,
> Quells his long madness—thus man shall remember thee.'

Truly there is nothing here which can have been, like Pope's verse, 'developed by parliamentary debate.' In the cold atmosphere of that Shelley would surely have observed how he was giving his cause away in prophesying for it no more permanence than the transient gleams of sanity in the maniac. But as poetry how moving the passage is, in language how splendid, in

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* William Allingham's Diary (1907), p. 242.

thought how noble! And mark the artistic, almost rhetorical skill with which the poet has emphasised the gleam of memory to the poor madman—the 'most serene and lovely spot'—and then, after due pause—'some sweet and moving scene of youthful hope.' That picture, those phrases, would not have such poignancy unless the 'poor maniac' had been introduced between. These mere ten words of Keats:

> 'Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures'—

will you out of all Boileau get anything so simple and so noble likewise? For that is the character of these early nineteenth-century poets. One can only use Milton's phrase once more and say they all have the 'power to a passion.' Whence it comes is little matter: some of it surely does come from the French Revolution. The essential is that it is there, and that what Carlyle calls 'parliamentary eloquences' are of no account set beside its product. Who could bear to read Pope's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,' with its horrible bathoses:

> 'Dreadful gleams,
> Dismal screams,'

and the rest—after reading Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Power of Sound'?

> 'Thy functions are etherial,
> As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
> Organ of Vision! And a Spirit aërial
> Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind'—

(where the lameness of the third line is almost a merit in setting off the beautiful and solemn cadence of the fourth). One might fairly add, who cares for the cold brilliance of such lines as:

> 'And the nice conduct of a clouded cane'

or:

> 'And wretches hang that jurymen may dine,'

after enjoying the unceasing sparkle, the sea-like change and brightness of 'Don Juan'? For that 'power' of the early nineteenth century makes itself felt in every field, in every department of poetry. The sensitiveness to the inhuman dearth of noble natures is in Keats also a sensitiveness to the superhuman beauty that his Greek vase (not only in itself but in its associations) holds as one might say in solution; yet which—

the Gods aiding—it is possible in some degree to restore to sense in lines such as :

> 'Thou foster-child of Silence and Slow Time'

or elsewhere with not less of classic beauty in :

> 'The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.'

And Byron's wit is only a correlative to his immense ' response ' to all the world—to nature and human nature. Let us not mistake about the ' response.' The keenest lover may be the most egoistical : that depends on another side of his or her nature. It is the keenness of the love (whether sensuous or romantic) which constitutes the power of response to beauty. Such an answering power and faculty Byron had, as probably no other English poet save the first of all. Certainly Mr. Courthope seems blind and deaf to these things.

But we do not wish to lay down this work or that others should take it up upon any note of criticism or hostility. Our author has brought to conclusion a vast undertaking in a fashion (throughout) worthy of his subject and himself. We are sure that it will be very long before anyone will venture to re-write the history he has given. Almost at the moment of ending this notice we receive the last volume of another and parallel achievement, Mr. Saintsbury's ' History of English Prosody.' From a merely commercial point of view, it may be somewhat unlucky that Mr. Courthope's fifteen years' and Professor Saintsbury's six years' tasks should be finished so nearly at the same moment. To the intelligent student it is fortunate. For the two works supplement each other. We hope at no very distant date to review Mr. Saintsbury's book. It would have been a slight to both these distinguished authors and their work, and beside have set a task beyond adequate accomplishment, to have combined the subject of the two histories into matter for a single article.

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Art. I.—THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

1. *Immunity in Infective Diseases.* By Élie Metchnikoff. Translated by Francis G. Binnie. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1905.
2. *Collected Studies on Immunity.* By Professor Paul Ehrlich and others. Translated by Dr. Charles Bolduan. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 1906.
3. *Studies on Immunisation.* By Sir A. E. Wright. London: Constable and Co. 1909.
4. *Immunity and Specific Therapy.* By W. D'Este Emery. London: H. K. Lewis. 1909.
5. *Mosquito or Man?* By Sir Rubert W. Boyce. London: John Murray. 1909.
6. *The State and the Doctor.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1910.

Among the numerous different aspects under which the progress of civilisation may be regarded, one of the most interesting is the increasing control exercised by mankind over the wild forces of nature. In those far-off days when we are told that the human species was gradually being evolved from the chattering ape-like creatures which preceded it, no command whatever had been attained over natural forces. Primitive man was powerless to modify his environment; he had to submit without a struggle to any fate which nature might have in store for him; he was liable to injury or death from a great variety of causes.

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He had no house to live in, no clothing to wear; he was at the mercy of the climate; the nuts and wild fruit on which he lived might at any time run short, involving him in starvation; he was liable to be caught and devoured by wild animals, or he might succumb to disease. He possessed no weapon or prophylactic against any of these eventualities; he was purely the sport of nature's laws, and submitted without a possibility of protest to any casual fate that might await him.

In this condition he must have remained for many ages. Evolution at first moves with a slowness, hardly comparable with the rapid strides of a more advanced era. But little by little primitive man added to himself powers which gave him to some extent a control of natural laws. He was no longer altogether at the mercy of his environment, but could in a slight degree modify that environment to suit himself. The first step was in obtaining greater security in his food-supply. The discovery of fire also relieved him from the grosser hardships to which the arbitrary climate of nature subjected him. The invention of primitive weapons gave him power to defend himself against wild animals and to kill them for food. Later still, he acquired the power of keeping wild animals in captivity, and the commencement of the pastoral era brought with it an abundance and security of the food-supply such as had never before been experienced. After the cultivation and breeding of animals came the invention of agricultural implements, and the cultivation and breeding of plants. Long before this also, dwellings had been improved so that now man, instead of living in caves or holes in the ground, made for himself structures more suitable for his habitation. Clothes, worn at first for decorative and erotic purposes, were later on discovered to be useful for protection from the effects of the weather. At length we arrive at the state of modern civilisation, in which the laws of nature have been 'suspended' in almost every direction by human agency. The vast majority of an immensely dense population live in absolute security as to food, housing, clothing, protection from wild animals, and also from the attacks of other human beings. They have created for themselves a wholly artificial environment, as unlike the environment of primitive man as can possibly be conceived. They have gained enormous control over the wild forces of nature, and have used that control in eliminating the painful or injurious operation of natural laws, while securing a steady increase of all those factors which are instrumental in enhancing the pleasures or security of life. Looked at from this point of view, it is seen that the goal of civilisation will

be reached when the whole of the antagonistic forces of nature have been quelled, and man is entire master of his own fate and maker of his own environment.

Of the various afflictions which mankind suffer from riotous and unsubdued nature, none has proved so refractory or difficult to conquer as that of disease. With reference to many diseases, indeed, we are still as much at the mercy of nature as ever was primitive man. The entire knowledge of modern civilisation has not freed us from the liability to be seized by such a disease, to pass through a prolonged period of intense pain, aggravated by full knowledge of its meaning and leading to inevitable death. In early times man went about in imminent danger from wolves and other savage animals which prowled about his dwellings. In our country, at all events, all such creatures have long been extinct. But while we have no longer anything to fear from this source, our environment is still peopled with another form of life, so small as only to be visible under the microscope, yet teeming in countless myriads and threatening our lives and health in a manner no less real than that of savage beasts. With regard to these micro-organisms we have hitherto been as defenceless as primitive man was against beasts of prey. We have had to submit to their depredations as best we could, and have had no weapon with which to smite our invisible enemy.

But at length, after all these ages, such weapons are slowly being forged. At first rude and imperfect, they are gradually being raised to a higher efficiency, and already have proved capable of reclaiming for the human race whole countries that were previously rendered uninhabitable by the ravages of our microscopic foe. The present is a momentous epoch in the history of human evolution. For we are even now gaining the upper hand in our last, and one of our most terrible, conflicts with untamed nature. The time is already in sight when we shall have surrounded ourselves with a complete protection against the assaults of microscopic organisms. Either they will be altogether extinguished or they will be rendered as little capable of harm as our domestic dogs and cats. Surely this campaign against the cause of nine-tenths of human misery is the most important in the annals of mankind. We shall review in this article the present phase of the struggle, with an account of some of the more striking victories that have hitherto been achieved.

The great accession of importance that has been acquired in recent years by medical science is due to the fact that it is at last emerging from the empirical into the rational or deductive stage,

The transformation is one that is undergone by every science in the course of its development. At first the embryo science consists merely of a number of simple observations collected at random and massed together. Sometimes even this casual collocation of facts may simulate true science in conferring the power of prophesying future events, as in the case of the Chaldaeans who were able to prophesy eclipses of the moon. But these prophecies were not effected by deductive or scientific reasoning, they were founded on the purely empirical observation that eclipses of the moon tended to recur regularly in eighteen-year cycles ; an observation which made it possible to forecast, with a fair degree of confidence, an eclipse which had occurred regularly every 'saros,' or eighteen-year period, as far back as records extended.

Until recently the science, or as it would then have been more properly called, the art of medicine, was no more rational than was the science of astronomy in the time of the Chaldaeans. It was known that certain drugs exercised beneficial effects on certain diseases, but why they should work these effects, or what was the nature of their action, was entirely unknown. The use of these drugs was founded solely upon the effects which observation showed to follow them ; the history of their discovery and first application was in most cases lost in the distance of time. No advance upon this state of ignorance was possible until the nature of disease was more fully understood. It was not until the discovery of the association of disease with microscopic organisms that a true science of medicine could be established. But when once this association had been established, physicians knew what they had to fight against, and intelligent scientific methods could be adopted for striking directly at the cause of disease. Immediately the sphere of medicine underwent a vast expansion, giving origin to many different studies besides that of merely curing diseases which had already shown themselves. Etiology —the science which treats of the causes of disease—was the parent and the most important of them all. Hygiene was established on scientific foundations, and theories of immunity grew up which have already had a profound effect upon practice. Therapeutics itself—the art of healing—has become altogether transformed.

The earliest observations on living micro-organisms appear to be those of Kircher, made so long ago as 1659.* The great naturalist Leeuwenhoek succeeded in making a lens that

* 'Pathogenic Micro-organisms,' by W. H. Park.

brought into visibility smaller objects than had ever before been seen. He describes his sensations on first using this lens in 1675: 'With the greatest astonishment I observed 'distributed everywhere through the material which I was 'examining animalcules of the most microscopic size, which 'moved themselves about very energetically.' Before long the hypothesis was advanced that disease was due to these micro-organisms, and in 1762 Marcus Antonius Plenciz, a Viennese physician, maintained not only that all infectious disease was due to micro-organisms, but that micro-organisms alone had the power of conveying infection, and that there were specific microbes for each specific infectious disease. These views, though at that time they were of a speculative character and scarcely susceptible of proof, gradually made way, and the important question arose whether microbes always originated from pre-existing microbes of the same character, or whether they were capable of arising *de novo* from putrescent organic matter or other material. The former view was stoutly defended by Spallanzini as long ago as 1769. The experiments of Schulze and Schwann in the thirties of last century confirmed the view that minute micro-organisms never arise except by some process of fission or budding from other micro-organisms of the same character as themselves; and this view has now been embodied as part of our established knowledge in the realm of bacteriology.

The causal relationship of bacteria to disease was not finally demonstrated until the latter half of last century. In 1849 the bacillus of anthrax was discovered in the blood of animals dying from that disease; but it was not till 1863 that the French physician, Davaine, demonstrated that the bacillus was the cause of anthrax. This he did by inoculating the bacillus into healthy animals and showing that it produced in them the disease. The next step was the discovery of minute organisms in cases of 'blood-poisoning' from infected wounds; but the first case of a discovery of the specific microbe of an infectious disease peculiar to the human species was the discovery by Obermeier in 1873 of the microbe of relapsing fever. In 1877 the use of aniline dyes was suggested by Weigert and Ehrlich for staining micro-organisms so as to render them more visible under the microscope. The discovery of numerous specific microbes soon followed. The microbe of leprosy was discovered in 1879, of typhoid fever in 1880, of tuberculosis in 1882, of cholera, diphtheria, and tetanus in 1884, of influenza in 1892, of bubonic plague in 1894, of dysentery in 1900, and of syphilis in 1905. There can no longer be any doubt that all

the infectious diseases are due to specific infective micro-organisms. When such microbes have in some way or other gained an entrance into the body they proceed to secrete a characteristic poison, called a toxin, and it is as a rule the deleterious action of these toxins upon the tissues of the body that produces the manifestations of disease. The problem of preventing infectious disease must therefore find its solution in a study of the microscopic parasites which are found to be its cause. A complete comprehension of their habits and mode of transmission is the first requisite for securing to ourselves protection from them.

There are two modes by which the organism may be protected against the ravages of these parasites. The first is to avoid infection: to exterminate the microbes before ever they come near the organism. This is the subject-matter of the science of hygiene. The second method relies upon the protective forces of the body itself after it has been invaded by pathogenic micro-organisms. This constitutes what is called Immunity, a subject to which much study has been given in recent years.

It has long been known that human beings are very often insusceptible to certain diseases. The pneumococcus, or microbe which causes pneumonia, has often been found flourishing vigorously in the mouths of persons who never contract the disease. Against this and other diseases a healthy person possesses complete natural immunity, and it is only when a cold or other agency brings about a lowered vitality that the defensive forces break down and the microbe obtains a footing in the organism. What is the nature of the defensive forces which protect the organism against these pathogenic microbes?

The answer to this question is supplied by the prolonged researches of Élie Metchnikoff, one of the greatest of European men of science. When a drop of blood is examined under the microscope it is seen to consist of a colourless fluid, the plasma, in which are floating large numbers of the red blood corpuscles which give to the blood its deep red colour. Here and there may also be observed a few of the so-called white blood corpuscles or leucocytes. These leucocytes closely resemble the primitive unicellular animal called the amoeba. That is to say, they consist of a single cell of granular protoplasm, with a nucleus, having the power of making amoeboid movements. The leucocyte is thus endowed with the capacity of locomotion; it can put forth pseudopodia, or blunt limb-like processes from its formless mass, and the remainder of the body then streams after into the protruded pseudopodium. In short, the leucocyte

closely resembles a living creature. It abounds in the blood and lymph of animals, and is swept round in the blood current to every portion of the animal's body.

Among the attributes which leucocytes possess in common with unicellular animalcules is that of ingesting food-material. On coming into contact with any substance suitable for absorption, pseudopodia are thrown out which surround the particle and incorporate it into the body of the leucocyte. Here it undergoes a digestion exactly analogous to the digestive processes of the higher animals. Under the action of ferments known as cytases or alexins, the ingested particle undergoes complete disintegration and becomes part of the protoplasm of the leucocyte. To Metchnikoff belongs the honour of showing that this physiological process furnishes an explanation of the problem of immunity. No sooner do pathogenic microbes gain an entrance to the body than vast numbers of leucocytes swarm to the point of invasion and proceed vigorously to devour the noxious parasites. The microbes, once they have penetrated into the body of a suitable host, multiply by dividing and redividing with extraordinary rapidity, so that the progeny of a single germ would in a few hours number millions. The question of immunity in a given instance depends on whether the leucocytes can devour the microbes with sufficient promptitude to keep pace with their multiplication. If the bacteria multiply faster than they are eaten, toxins are secreted and there ensue the manifestations of the corresponding disease. If, on the other hand, but few bacteria have effected an entrance to the body, and if there happen to be a sufficient number of leucocytes in the neighbourhood, they are all swallowed up before they have time to do any harm—and the case is one of natural immunity. The leucocytes which perform this invaluable function are known as eater-cells or phagocytes,* and the process itself is called phagocytosis. In his earlier work on 'Inflammation,' Metchnikoff showed that inflammation took place when the body had been attacked at any point by micro-organisms, and that the inflammation itself is due to the arrival of large numbers of phagocytes at the menaced spot, ready and anxious to devour the intruders. The phagocytes are able at short notice to penetrate to any part of the body where their services may be required. Even the epidermis, or outer layer of the skin, which has no lymphatic circulation, is watched by them. 'In a section through the 'normal epidermis, it is very rare not to find here and there 'some deformed and flattened leucocyte, surprised just as it 'was creeping between the cells of the *rete mucosum* or of the

'*stratum granulosum*.' These phagocytes are specially constructed to allow of their squeezing themselves through narrow crevices and so reaching positions that would otherwise be inaccessible to them. The smaller phagocytes, instead of having, like ordinary cells, solid spherical nuclei, which would seriously affect their power to traverse confined spaces, have nuclei which are split up into many lobes, so that when a narrow opening between two cells has to be passed the nucleus can be drawn through in sections, so to speak, one lobe following another.

Metchnikoff has divided phagocytes into two main varieties, which he calls 'macrophages' and 'microphages.' The former are large cells, usually supplied with a single nucleus of ordinary appearance, and are developed in the spleen and lymphatic glands, while the latter are small cells with polymorphous nucleus, taking their origin from the bone-marrow. A considerable differentiation of function has been observed between these two kinds of cells. According to Metchnikoff the main share of the work of the destruction of invading micro-organisms falls to the microphages, while the macrophages are chiefly occupied in the resorption of the red blood corpuscles and of any animal cells which may effect an entrance to the body.

The process of phagocytosis will be rendered more intelligible by describing it in a concrete case, as seen under the microscope.

Guinea-pigs possess a natural immunity against the disease called goose-septicaemia. This disease is set up by an organism called a spirillum, a species of bacteria of long, narrow, corkscrew-like appearance. Metchnikoff, wishing to obtain a clear idea on the immunity of guinea-pigs to this disease, injected into them a quantity of the spirilla and proceeded to watch their fate. 'The injection, as usual, causes the 'disappearance of most of the leucocytes, as the result of a 'very marked phagolysis.' The spirilla however appeared unaffected by the digestive ferments of the disintegrated phagocytes. They

'remain intact and exhibit very active movements in the peritoneal exudation. This exudation, after a period of phagolysis, which lasts for two or three hours, begins to be stocked again with leucocytes which come up in increasing numbers. . . . It is not until later that the ingestion of these spirilla by the leucocytes commences, the leucocytes at last damaging them and completely destroying them. This act of phagocytosis may be readily observed in hanging drops of the peritoneal exudation of inoculated guinea-pigs. The attention of the observer is drawn to certain macrophage

leucocytes which throw out one or two conical-looking processes. These pseudopodia attach themselves to spirilla which exhibit very violent movements, as though wishing to extricate themselves from the grasp of the leucocyte. Sometimes the spirillum succeeds in escaping, but usually it becomes surrounded by the protoplasm and sinks more and more deeply into the substance of the leucocyte. Even when almost surrounded the free part of the spirillum still continues to move. These movements cease only after the complete ingestion of the spirillum. Once inside the phagocyte the spirillum is digested and soon becomes unrecognisable.'

It must then be held as established that natural immunity is achieved, at least in a great many cases, by a process of intracellular digestion. In the early days of the phagocytic theory, indeed, this process was held by many to account for the whole of the facts grouped under the heading of natural immunity. But from the first the theory was vigorously attacked by the advocates of the ' humoral ' theory of immunity, according to which invading bacteria were destroyed by the normal antiseptic power supposed to be resident in the blood and other fluids of the body, without any intervention of organised cells. Metchnikoff in his classical work on immunity has described how the theory, which he first propounded when a comparatively young man, slowly won its way against the bitter opposition of many leading pathologists. Baumgarten, Ziegler, Weigert all pronounced against him, though he received encouragement from Virchow, and the adhesion of Lord Lister. This great controversy attracted immense attention and has issued in a general belief that each side held some portion of the truth. The existence of phagocytosis and its fundamental importance as a factor in immunity has been demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt ; but it has also been established that the process is far less simple than was originally supposed, and that it is supplemented or superseded in the case of many diseases by a process of bacteriolysis, or direct solution of the bacteria by the blood. We shall proceed to pass in review the various factors at work in immunity, according to the most recent views of the majority of bacteriologists.

We have first to distinguish between two fundamentally different types of immunity : immunity against the invading micro-organisms themselves and immunity against the toxins which they produce. In the first type the organisms themselves are demolished ; in the second type they are not interfered with, but the toxins which they produce are rendered incapable of injuring the tissues.

We shall first consider anti-bacterial immunity. We have

already pointed out that phagocytosis is a predominant factor ; it has been shown in recent years that it is facilitated by another substance, existing in the blood, to which has been given the name of *opsonin*. The function of opsonin is not, as was at first suggested, the stimulation of the phagocytes to greater activity, nor does it exert any deleterious influence upon the bacteria themselves. It is however absorbed by the bacteria, and its absorption appears to render these organisms far more tasty and palatable to the phagocytes; for bacteria that are soaked in opsonin are taken up by the phagocytes with a greediness and vigour far surpassing what happens when there has been no such preliminary appetising. Sometimes the phagocytes devour the bacteria with such avidity that their digestive fluids are unable to cope with the exceptional demand, and the ingested bacteria, commencing to develop, cause the phagocyte to burst, releasing a number of bacteria, to become speedy victims once again to other phagocytes. The power by which the presence of bacteria excites the approach of phagocytes is described as a positive chemotaxis, and the function of opsonin is the increase of this chemotaxis, or the conversion of a negative into a positive chemotaxis. Opsonins differ from the digestive ferments of the phagocytes in that they are specific substances, that is to say, there is a different kind of opsonin for each specific infective disease, and the opsonin which appetises the bacteria of one disease has in general little effect in stimulating phagocytosis in any other. We derive thus a possible explanation of acquired immunity. A first attack of a disease stimulates the production of the corresponding opsonin in the blood of the patient. When this has had time to develop and the bacteria have become thoroughly opsonised, they are rapidly devoured by the phagocytes and the disease comes to an end. The production of opsonin however continues and maintains the individual in a condition of immunity against a second attack ; for no sooner do the hostile microbes turn up again, than they are permeated with opsonin and rendered highly vulnerable to the onslaughts of the phagocytes. As to the source of the opsonins little is known, but it appears probable that they are elaborated and secreted by the phagocytes themselves. The measurement of the varying opsonic power of the blood in different diseases is now extensively carried out as a means of controlling the injections in vaccine therapy, but of this we shall have more to say when we come to the practical applications of the phenomena now described.

From phagocytosis we pass to a brief consideration of the

other putative main factor in bacterial immunity—that which is described as bacteriolysis and is brought about by the body-fluids themselves. Bacteriolysis is a process which has been chiefly studied under very artificial conditions—usually in blood-serum drawn from animals. Although, therefore, it appears to produce a very effective immunity in laboratory experiments, there is considerable doubt to what extent it is actually operative in living animals.

It was first shown by Bordet that bacteriolysis is effected by the co-operation of two different substances, neither of which has any effect except in the presence of the other. These two substances have been called by a great variety of different names, of which perhaps the most convenient are alexin and immune body. The alexin is regarded as being of the nature of a digestive ferment, which causes solution of the bacteria. It is supposed however that it cannot act directly upon the bacteria, but only through the mediation of the second substance, which we have called immune body. Alexin is always present in the blood and prepared to attack impartially any bacteria that may make their appearance. Immune body, on the contrary, is only formed in the blood as a reaction to the presence of bacteria, and is only effective with regard to the particular kind of bacteria that has induced its formation. The process of recovery from an infective disease must therefore be visualised somewhat as follows: From the first the alexin is present in the blood, ready to act upon and dissolve the bacteria or any other cells, but unable to do so until the specific 'immune body' appears. The presence of the bacteria soon prompts the manufacture of this substance, which therefore links up the alexin to the bacteria, bringing about their rapid destruction. The immune body then remains more or less permanently in the blood, thus conferring upon the animal some immunity against a second attack of the disease in question. It has to be noted that the injection of many different kinds of cells into the blood beside bacteria causes the production of a specific antibody, exactly homologous with 'immune body.' If, for instance, spermatozoa are injected into the blood of an animal, they give rise after a short period to a specific antibody which enables the alexin to attack and destroy the spermatozoa. Until the antibody has been formed, however, the spermatozoa are free from the action of the alexin. Similarly the injection of red blood corpuscles from another animal gives rise after a time to an antibody which enables the alexin to compass the solution of the foreign corpuscles. Generally, the presence in the blood of any foreign cells causes an antibody which links

up those cells to the alexin, and when the antibody to any species of bacteria is already present in the blood of an animal, that animal is in a condition of immunity to the disease produced by those bacteria.

The question now arises as to the origin of the alexins and antibodies, and their relationship to the elements at work in phagocytosis. There seems much reason to think that the alexin is nothing else than the digestive fluids of the leucocytes, which bring about the absorption of the bacteria after they have been ingested. These fluids may either be secreted by the living leucocytes into the blood, or they may be freed only when some foreign substance has brought about a ' phagolysis ' or disintegration of the phagocytes. This latter is the theory of Metchnikoff, and was originally put forward to account for the non-phagocytic destruction under certain conditions of cholera germs. These bacteria, which are of a comma-like shape and known by the name of vibrios, lose their natural shape and become transformed into spherical granules when they are exposed to any untoward influences. It was noticed by R. Pfeiffer that vibrios, when injected into the peritoneal cavity of a guinea-pig, sometimes become transformed into granules without any intervention of phagocytic cells. We have already explained that the presence of foreign micro-organisms in the body exercises a profound effect upon the leucocytes even at a distance, so that they swarm up in defence of the threatened point. Not infrequently however the first action of the toxins upon the leucocytes is found to have disagreeable effects. It gives them a shock which is often so severe that they become completely disorganised, and burst or break up. It usually takes them a little time to get over the shock; but they soon recover themselves, new leucocytes come up to take the place of those which have succumbed, and before very long the hostile bacteria are surrounded by crowds of voracious phagocytes. It is this first disintegration of the phagocytes that, according to Metchnikoff, releases the alexin normally contained within them. It is also thought probable that the alexin so released may not only contribute to immediate bacteriolysis, but may also function as an opsonin, rendering the bacteria more accessible to phagocytic action.

The origin of immune body has been proved to take place in the lymphoid tissues, and it is probably produced by the large mononuclear leucocytes. This and the other protective antibodies are known to circulate as such in the blood; in so far as they are concerned the humoral theory is well established.

Immune body has much in common with opsonins and may be the same substance.

We have now considered the two forms of anti-bacterial immunity known as phagocytosis and bacteriolysis, and must make brief reference to a third, subsidiary to these two. This third form of immunity is due to the presence in the blood of substances known as agglutinins, possessing the property of agglutinating the bacteria or making them adhere to one another in clumps. Their noxious activities appear to be paralysed and they are perhaps rendered at the same time more accessible to phagocytic action. The bacteria usually lose their motility before clumping together; but occasionally the

'approach of two bacilli may be seen to occur before their paralysis has taken place. They then revolve rapidly round a common axis, giving the observer the impression that they are united together by a sort of invisible link, which they struggle to break. This process continues, and fresh individuals are attracted to the groups, until at last all the bacilli, instead of being scattered equally throughout the fluid, are collected into masses, the intervening fluid being free.' *

The reaction occurs with nearly all species of bacteria and is highly specific, so that it may be used for purposes of diagnosis. In a suspected case, for instance, of typhoid fever, the doubtful bacillus, having been isolated from the patient, is subjected to the action of a serum known to have agglutinating properties upon the typhoid bacillus. If the isolated bacilli are agglutinated, strong evidence is afforded of their typhoid character.

We come now to an altogether different type of immunity—namely, immunity not against bacteria but against the toxins which they produce. Where an immunity of this kind has been acquired, the bacteria may continue to flourish and to produce abundant toxin, but the toxin has lost the power of poisoning the tissues of the host. In very many cases this loss of power appears to be due to the formation of another substance, called antitoxin, which enters into chemical combination with the toxin, thus neutralising its poisonous qualities. What is the mechanism by which the presence of toxin in the body gives rise after a time to this new substance, of which there previously appeared to be no trace? The answer to this question plunges us into a labyrinth of hypotheses, from which emerge few conclusions that have any approach to certainty. All that can be done is to indicate the view that, according to

* 'Immunity and Specific Therapy,' by W. D'Este Emery.

our present knowledge, appears to possess the highest degree of probability. Though it is unlikely that this view will ultimately be found to represent the complete truth, yet it probably conveys a very fair idea of the direction in which the truth is to be found. The hypothesis which, for the time at all events, holds the field in explaining the mode of action of toxins and the production of antitoxins is the side-chain theory of Ehrlich. This investigator assumed that all the cells of the tissues possess a specialised molecular apparatus for maintaining their nutrition. The apparatus may be visualised diagrammatically as processes or pseudopodia sticking out from the cells and arresting any particle of nutritious matter that may happen to be passing by. These processes, which are called receptors, must be considered as having a high degree of specificity, one particular receptor being adapted for the capture of only one particular kind of nutritive material. Every cell therefore possesses receptors in great number and variety, so that the many forms of food-material which are required for the cell may each find the proper kind of receptor adapted to its capture. Of course it has to be remembered that, though the receptors may be visualised as processes from the cell-substance, they are in reality groups of molecules having a special affinity for the molecules of the food-material, and that the combination of the two is a purely chemical process. Now Ehrlich's hypothesis is to the effect that toxins possess complex molecules very similar to those of the wandering food-material; that these toxins therefore have a special affinity for the corresponding receptors, by which they are grasped in the same manner as particles of food. But when grasped, instead of nourishing the cell as food would have done, they poison it. When the receptors, moreover, are all taken up by toxin, they are not available for the appropriation of their special food-material. The cell is thus starved and reacts by producing a great many new receptors of the kind that has become deficient. The reaction indeed is considered to be so intense that not only are receptors produced sufficient to make up for those occupied by toxin but a great many more, and being produced in excess of what the cell itself can carry, they are cast off and travel at large through the fluids of the body. Though ceasing to be attached to any cell, they retain their chemical affinities undiminished and take up large quantities of toxin. They are in fact supposed to constitute the antitoxin, and by combining with the toxin, large toxin-antitoxin molecules are formed, devoid of poisonous qualities, which are very likely absorbed sooner or later by the leucocytes.

The leucocytes, indeed, probably play a very large part in immunity against toxins. It is very probable that they are able to absorb the toxin molecules to some extent without any preparation, and that the antitoxin acts more or less as an opsonin, preparing the toxin for more rapid ingestion by leucocytes. It is very probable also that the leucocytes themselves are the cells most active in the production of antitoxin. It is believed that antitoxin is not produced by the cells most susceptible to the poisonous action of the toxin ; indeed these cells are probably disabled to a great extent from growing new receptors ; the reaction takes place most vigorously where the cells, as is supposed to be the case with the leucocytes, are comparatively indifferent to the poison.

The first reaction of the cells, resulting in the production of vast numbers of receptors, is in course of time succeeded by a counter-reaction in which no receptors at all of the kind involved are produced.

The life of the cell is not regarded as being dependent on the immaculateness of every one of the many varieties of receptors which it possesses. When therefore one special type of receptor is constantly being occupied by toxin, the cell ceases altogether to produce any more of that type. The toxin then finds no point of attachment in the tissues and is consequently harmless. Thus complete natural immunity to a toxin may be due to the absence of the specific receptors required for anchoring them to the cells. In such a case no antitoxin is produced. We thus have an explanation of the fact that the horses which are kept for producing antitoxin for diphtheria lose after a time the capacity for such production, although they retain a high degree of immunity against very large injections of toxin.

The factors at work in the process of bacteriolysis, already described, are explained by an extension of the side-chain theory. Ehrlich regards immune body as serving to unite the alexin to the bacteria. In consonance with his theory he has given it the name of amboceptor, and regards it as primarily subservient to the capture of nutritive material. It would however take us into too much technical detail to examine at length the minutiae of Ehrlich's doctrine.

From a survey of the main facts which modern research has brought to light on immunity, we pass now to the practical applications. We have seen that acquired immunity depends on the formation in the blood of certain specific substances not present in a susceptible individual, either opsonins or some kind of antibody or agglutinin. The problem of conferring immunity upon an individual, therefore, resolves itself into the

problem of getting these specific substances into the blood. They may be supplied in two ways. By the first method the individual may be vaccinated with the virus of the disease, attenuated in some way or other, so that the attack is very slight, though quite sufficient to cause the production of antibodies in the blood, which will protect against subsequent infection. This is described as active immunity. By the second method a horse or other animal is inoculated with the disease, and the antibodies formed in its blood are drawn off and injected into the blood of the man on whom immunity is to be conferred. In this case the organism of the man is not called upon to produce any substance antagonistic to the disease. It is all done for him by another animal. This type is described as passive immunity. Both active and passive immunity are again divided into two groups, according to whether the immunity is against the bacteria themselves or only against their toxins. Passive immunity lasts a very short time. The substances introduced into the blood are soon eliminated by the normal physiological processes and none are elaborated in the organism to supply their places. Active immunity is far more lasting, being in some cases altogether permanent and in other cases remaining for years without necessity for renewal.

Dealing first with active immunity, we find that the custom of inoculating the virus and so inducing a mild attack of a disease is of very ancient date. In Pliny we read that Mithridates of Pontus protected himself from various poisons by a process of adaptation, and that he was even acquainted with the methods of passive immunity, making use of the blood of immunised Pontine ducks. Active immunisation is practised by many primitive races. The Portuguese Colonel, Serpa Pinto, was successfully vaccinated against snake-venom by the Vatuas of East Africa. The inhabitants of Morocco and Senegambia have a custom, of immemorial origin, of inoculating their cattle with the virus of pleuropneumonia, thus giving them protection against that dangerous epizootic disease. Variolisation, or inoculation with smallpox virus, is said to have been known to the Chinese from the commencement of the eleventh century. It was practised also in Persia and among the Ashantis. From Constantinople it was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montague in 1721, and during the latter half of the eighteenth century was widespread throughout Europe. The disease thus inoculated was true smallpox, infectious like smallpox, and often nearly as severe as a natural attack of the disease. It possessed the advantage

however that time and place could be selected in which to suffer a disease, which was in any case likely to be contracted sooner or later and possibly when its onset was very inconvenient. It was only towards the end of the eighteenth century that Jenner published his discovery that vaccination with the virus of cowpox, a comparatively mild disease, afforded protection against smallpox.

To Pasteur however belongs the credit of the general application of the principle of scientific immunisation. He discovered two principles of fundamental importance: (1) The attenuation of viruses; (2) the vaccinating property of the attenuated micro-organisms. The diminution of the virulence of micro-organisms was discovered by chance. Pasteur, who had been experimenting with the micro-organisms of fowl cholera, found on returning from his autumn holiday in 1879 that these microbes had during his absence lost a great part of their virulence. He found also that inoculation with them nevertheless conferred immunity against an invasion by microbes of full pathogenic power. The announcement of the discovery was received, as Jenner's had been, with widespread hostility; but the theory soon made its way. Pasteur prepared vaccines against anthrax and against swine erysipelas which were proved to be of the highest efficiency. The attenuation of micro-organisms is now effected not only by keeping old cultures, but by means of heat, chemical action, and in various other ways. Vaccination with the dead bodies of bacteria, or their chemical products, is found to confer a considerable degree of immunity while being much safer than using the living microbes. Pasteur accounted for the immunity which follows the first attack of a disease by supposing that the micro-organism abstracted from the blood some substance essential to its existence, so that the ground was rendered barren after a first attack. As we have seen, the truth is the reverse of this: a new substance is added to the blood, not an old one taken from it.

Active immunity is conferred by vaccination, not only to prevent the contraction of a disease but to cure it after it has already been contracted. It seems, indeed, a remarkable way of curing an infection due to bacterial invasion, to inject into the body a large quantity of these very bacteria or their bacterial products. Yet vaccine therapy, as it is termed, is found to be a most hopeful procedure in a great many different diseases. The injected bacteria are previously killed or treated in such a way as to deprive them of their noxious qualities, but they still retain the power of inducing the presence of protective

substances, such as opsonin, in the blood ; indeed, they appear to be more efficacious for this purpose than the actually infective bacteria, which only come in contact with dead and diseased tissues, little capable of giving a good opsonic reaction. The credit for the introduction of vaccine therapy—of vaccination, that is, for curative as against protective purposes—belongs to Sir Almroth Wright. Before describing his mode of procedure, let us dwell for a moment on the importance of the discovery.

It has always been a popular superstition that doctors are able to cure diseases. A man falls ill, say, with influenza ; he sends for the doctor ; the doctor visits him daily for a short time, and he gets well again. The causation appears obvious : the doctor has cured the disease. The fallacy involved is the common one known as *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* The disease disappeared, not on account of the doctor's presence but because it had run its natural course, which no doctor has any power to curtail. We do not mean that the doctor's presence is without its uses. He keeps the patient in bed, impresses upon his mind that he is an invalid and must take care of bad consequences, and finally, by the administration of an evil-tasting drug, makes the patient believe that he is being cured—a first step towards actual cure. The function of the physician, in short, is not to cure disease but to look on while the disease runs its course and prevent the patient doing anything foolish which might lead to complications. By various indirect methods he may stimulate the patient's natural recuperative forces, but with few exceptions he has no means of attacking the disease itself. The chief of these exceptions are found in the use of quinine to cure malaria and of mercury to cure syphilis. In these cases the drugs appear to exercise an immediate effect on the micro-organisms themselves.

The importance of vaccine therapy, therefore, is that it seems to offer us the hope of actually *curing* disease instead of letting it run its course. In the attenuated virus of a disease we are offered a true specific which can exercise a direct effect upon the pathogenic agency. Great care has to be exercised in regulating the quantity of vaccine injected. The method was adopted by Koch for the cure of tuberculosis soon after his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, but resulted in many cases in greatly exacerbating the disease. Injections for tuberculosis thus fell into discredit, but Sir Almroth Wright's method of controlling the injections by watching the amount of opsonin in the blood has brought it back into favour, and extended the method to many other diseases. To estimate

the quantity of opsonin in the patient's blood, a drop is drawn from him and mixed with a preparation of bacteria of the corresponding disease. The number of bacteria taken up by each leucocyte gives the 'phagocytic index,' that is, shows the activity of the phagocytes in devouring bacteria, which of course is the greater the more the opsonin in the blood. A control experiment is also carried out, in which blood from a normal person is mixed with bacteria, and the number of bacteria taken up per leucocyte is counted in this case also. The relation of the phagocytic index in the first case to that in the second case gives the patient's opsonic index, or the proportion of opsonin in his blood as compared with the blood of a normal person. Thus if, in the case of the patient's blood, each leucocyte took up on an average two bacteria, while in normal blood three bacteria were taken up, the patient's opsonic index would be $\frac{2}{3}$. A frequent estimation of the opsonic index thus gives a clue to the effect of the injections.

The use of sera containing ready prepared protective substances is likewise used widely for therapeutic purposes. The best known instances are in diphtheria and tetanus. In the case of these two diseases, horses are inoculated frequently with the virus of the disease, until they have acquired a high degree of immunity. Their blood then contains a large quantity of antitoxin. It is drawn off periodically and sold commercially for injection into persons who have contracted either of these diseases or who are in immediate danger of doing so.

From this account of our methods of immunising individuals against the assaults of pathogenic micro-organisms, we must pass on to consider more direct methods of attack upon them: in which the object is not to immunise humanity against the parasites but to extinguish them altogether. The most triumphant instances of success in this attempt have been in the realm of tropical diseases. Malaria, which used to rank with tuberculosis and pneumonia as one of the prime causes of the world's mortality, can now be kept wholly under control by efficient hygienic measures. Yellow fever and sleeping-sickness, two of the most terrible scourges known to mankind, yield equally before modern measures of prophylaxis, and in each of these cases the practical success has been due to discoveries in the etiology of the disease. The nature of the parasite, the manner of its inoculation, had first to be known before rational measures could be taken for the eradication of the disease.

As so often happens, however, the rational treatment of these tropical diseases, deduced from a knowledge of their etiology,

was anticipated by isolated observers, who came to the correct conclusion by purely empirical methods. The theory that disease might be carried by biting insects was first enunciated by Dr. Beauperthuy, who was born in Guadeloupe in 1803. He formulated the theory that both yellow fever and malaria were conveyed by mosquitoes, but his views carried little weight against the opinion then universally entertained that these diseases were due to the unwholesome vapours rising from marshes and stagnant water. Of course it was out of the question in Beauperthuy's time that the mosquito should be recognised as conveying a parasite. He merely supposed that it introduced a poison 'akin to that of snake venom' which set up the disease. In Sir Rubert Boyce's 'Mosquito or Man?' an interesting summary is given of the progress of our knowledge of tropical diseases.

The first step was taken by Sir Patrick Manson in a study of the disease called elephantiasis. In the blood of persons afflicted with this complaint there was found a very large number of minute parasites (the *Filaria sanguinis hominis*) which wriggled about with great activity. These being recognised as the cause of the disease, the problem arose as to the mode of their transference from one human being to another. Mosquitoes occurred to Sir Patrick Manson as being possible carriers; to test the hypothesis he placed some hungry mosquitoes under a mosquito net with a Chinaman who had the parasites in his blood. When they had taken a feed he captured and dissected them, found that the filaria had been taken into the mosquito's stomach, and that it was flourishing there abundantly. By a series of later experiments he showed that the filaria underwent several stages of developement within the body of the mosquito, after which it was ready to be inoculated once again into a human being, there to produce large numbers of new parasites. The mosquito acts as an 'intermediate host' and is necessary for certain stages of the developement of the filaria. The problem therefore of exterminating the diseases due to the filaria is solved by the destruction of the mosquitoes which carry it.

The discovery thus made as to the etiology of filariasis paved the way to the further discovery as to the mode of transmission of malaria. The parasite of this disease was discovered by Laveran in 1880, and proved to exist in the blood of all patients suffering from the disease. The problem of its transmission was then taken up by Ross. The likelihood of its being carried, like the filaria, by a mosquito was of course suggested, but Ross in vain examined the bodies of innumerable

mosquitoes in the hope of finding some trace of the malarial parasite. His account of his arduous researches constitutes interesting reading:

'A number of natives were employed to collect larvae [of mosquitoes] from far and wide round the barracks [at Secunderabad]. These larvae were kept in separate bottles, and when the adult insects appeared they were released within mosquito nets in which the patients were placed. . . . The procedure was the same as before. But now, in order to ensure at least definite negative results, redoubled care was taken; almost every cell was examined, even the integument and legs were not neglected; the evacuations of the insects found in the bottles and the contents of the intestine were scrupulously searched; at the end of the first examination staining reagents were often run through the preparation and it was searched again with care. The work, which was continued from 8 A.M. to 3 or 4 P.M., with a short interval for breakfast, was most exhausting, and so blinding that I could scarcely see afterwards, and the difficulty was increased by the fact that my microscope was almost worn out, the screws being rusted with sweat from my hands and forehead, and my only remaining eye-piece being cracked, while swarms of flies persecuted me at their pleasure as I sat with both hands engaged at the instrument. As the year had been almost rainless (it was the first year of plague and famine) the heat was almost intolerable, and a punkah could not be used for fear of injuring the delicate dissections. Fortunately my invaluable oil-immersion object-glass remained good. Towards the middle of August I had exhaustively searched numerous grey mosquitoes, and a few brindled ones. The results were absolutely negative; the insects contained nothing whatever. . . . On 20th of August I had two remaining insects, both living. Both had been fed on the 16th inst. I had much work to do with other mosquitoes and was not able to attend to these until late in the afternoon, when my sight had become very fatigued. The seventh dappled-winged mosquito was then successfully dissected. Every cell was searched, and to my intense disappointment nothing whatever was found until I came to the insect's stomach. Here, however, just as I was about to abandon the examination, I saw a very delicate circular cell, apparently lying among the ordinary cells of the organ, and scarcely distinguishable from them. Almost instinctively I felt that here was something new. On looking further another and another similar object presented itself. I now focussed the lens carefully on one of these and found that it contained a few minute granules of some black substance, exactly like the pigment of the parasite of malaria. I counted altogether twelve of these cells in the insect, but was so tired with work, and had been so often disappointed before, that I did not at the moment recognise the value of the observation. After mounting the preparation I went home and slept for nearly an hour. On waking my first thought was that the problem was solved, and so it was.'

Ross then traced the developement of the parasite in the body of the mosquito. He showed that the spores sucked in by the insect with the blood of an infected individual make their way in the course of developement to the salivary gland of the mosquito and pass with its poisonous saliva directly into the blood of any man it may then bite. The discovery thus made in the year 1897 was tested in many ways. In 1900 Manson brought from Italy to London mosquitoes which had been allowed to suck the blood of a man suffering from malaria. Two gentlemen, who allowed themselves to be bitten by these infected mosquitoes, contracted the disease in the middle of the metropolis where endemic malaria does not exist. It was thus conclusively proved that malaria had no connexion, as its name assumes, with bad air or miasma, but was simply associated with stagnant water because stagnant water formed the breeding-place of the mosquito.

Ross showed that only one group of mosquitoes—the anophelinae—could act as intermediate host for the parasite. The problem therefore was to destroy as far as possible this group of insects. An army of entomologists immediately proceeded to study the natural history of the anophelinae, and it was soon discovered that their breeding haunts were small pools of water, margins of streams and lakes, &c. Thorough draining and scavenging has done much to get rid of these. In cisterns and such places, where it is impracticable to drain away the water, a little kerosene oil poured in spreads over the surface of the liquid and kills the larvae by preventing them from coming up to breathe. Certain fish also are found to destroy the larvae, and the introduction of these is very beneficial in keeping an expanse of water from being used as a breeding-ground by the anophelines. The freedom of Barbados from malaria is attributed to the abundance in that island of the small fish called 'millions,' which swim about and feed on insect life near the surface of the water. It has been found that these specific measures against the mosquitoes in conjunction with general sanitary reform results in the complete extinction of malaria. One instance of such successful action will suffice. At Ismailia in Egypt, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, malaria broke out in 1877 and increased to such an extent that in 1886 it was computed that every inhabitant was a sufferer from the disease. Many fruitless attempts were made to combat it, but it was not till 1901 that Professor Ross was invited to apply his newly discovered knowledge to the prevention of malaria. An anopheles survey was made, all breeding-places were found and dealt with, tanks in the

houses oiled, &c., with the following results. In 1903 there were 214 cases of malaria, in 1904 there were 90 cases, in 1905 there were none, and the town has since been free of the disease!

Yellow fever is another tropical disease which claims its victims by tens of thousands. It was reasonable to suppose that its transmission from man to man was effected in a manner similar to that of malaria, and in 1901 the United States Government sent an expedition to Cuba to investigate the disease. It was found that the parasite of yellow fever is carried by one and only one species of mosquito—the *Stegomya fasciata*—in whose body it undergoes several stages of its developement. The Stegomya was found to breed in any wooden barrels or small receptacles, the drinking-water barrels attached to the houses being specially favourite places. Sir Rubert Boyce noticed, indeed, that where a custom prevailed of keeping goldfish in the drinking-water barrel, yellow fever was absent, the fish, as in the case of malaria, destroying the larvae of the mosquito which carries the infection, and in yellow fever districts every encouragement is now given to the people to keep a fish in their barrels. Prophylactic measures against yellow fever, founded on the knowledge of its transmission, have been attended with a success similar to what has been attained with malaria. The complete extinction of these two terrible scourges from all inhabited localities is now well within the power of mankind.

Sleeping-sickness is another tropical disease which, until lately quiescent, has been diffused with terrible rapidity throughout Africa on the opening up to commerce of the dark continent. The spread of the disease 'wiped out entire communities, large 'districts have been depopulated in the Congo, two hundred 'thousand of the inhabitants of the Uganda Protectorate are 'believed to have perished.' In 1902 Bruce and Castellani showed that sleeping-sickness was due to a parasite existing in the blood, to which the name of trypanosome had been given. It was not long before the transmission of this disease also was traced to an insect, not to a mosquito this time but to a fly—the tsetse-fly, *Glossina palpalis*. This tsetse-fly is found to act as intermediate host for the trypanosome, exactly as in the cases of malaria and yellow fever, and the protection of man from sleeping-sickness was to be effected by protecting him from the bite of *Glossina palpalis*. The breeding-places of the fly appear to be confined to the ground bush within thirty yards of river banks. The burning of such bush, accompanied by personal prophylactic measures against the fly, afford an efficient mode of combating the disease. Flight from fly-ridden

districts is also resorted to, and the whole population of the shores of Lake Victoria has now been removed inland to places where the fly does not exist. Brilliant results have attended these preventive operations.

It is not necessary however to look so far afield as the tropics for instances of diseases carried by insects. In 1904 it was discovered that relapsing fever is carried and inoculated by ticks, and quite recently typhus fever, formerly a serious scourge in this country, was proved to be conveyed by the body louse. Even from so familiar a creature as the common house-fly danger is to be apprehended.

It is proved beyond doubt that the house-fly is one of the most efficient natural disseminators of typhoid fever. The transmission in this case is purely mechanical. The typhoid bacillus does not use the fly as a true host, nor undergo any developement in its body. The house-fly feeds upon every kind of filth and decaying matter, and the bacilli from this filth become adherent to the insect, which then flies off and deposits them safely on butter or in milk or in any other place from which their transition to the human body follows by a simple and natural process. But typhoid is not the only charge that can be brought against the house-fly. Cholera, tuberculosis, and summer diarrhœa are among the diseases which it helps to disseminate. Surely the extinction of the house-fly, at least from the towns of Great Britain, is an object worthy of the attention of legislators. Doubtless it will be objected that a campaign on so large a scale would be impossible. Precisely the same objection was made by the residents in malarial and yellow fever countries, when it was proposed to destroy the mosquitoes which abounded there. Yet not only has it been done, but it has been done in the course of only two or three years, and with a ridiculously small expenditure. The breeding-places of the house-fly are well known. Its extinction is a matter to be effected by the universal co-operation among the people of the country. The house-fly has persecuted mankind for many ages, but its time is drawing nigh. The advance of civilisation is placing in the hands of man weapons of unparalleled power, and when these weapons are turned, as they soon will be, against our ancient persecutor, he will fall under a retribution that all will agree he richly deserves.

In view of the extraordinary success in the prevention of tropical diseases there can no longer be any question that our English infectious diseases will in time also be stamped out. The extinction of rabies from this country has already been effected with singular ease and cheapness. At present it is

not want of knowledge but lack of co-operation that prevents similar measures being applied to diseases far more terrible than rabies. Tuberculosis and syphilis, the two leading causes of mortality and misery, are eminently preventable diseases. The latter, in particular, the extent of whose ravages among the people is little guessed at by the ordinary layman, has been shown within the last year or two to be more easily preventable than any other disease in the whole range of medicine.* The suppression of tuberculosis, on the contrary, since it demands co-operation and State intervention, would be a task of far greater difficulty, yet one that could be attained in a decade or two if suitable measures were taken. The infraction of individual liberty would be far less than is involved in such a step as conscription, which is advocated by many for the purpose of improving the national physique. In their interesting book 'The State and the Doctor,' Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb inform us that one-seventh of all our pauperism is due to tuberculosis, and they advocate a wide extension of State activity directed to the prevention of this disease. Here, at all events, their arguments appear unanswerable. When we reflect that tuberculosis is the chief cause of mortality, and with little doubt the chief single source of misery to our people, when we are informed—as we have lately been—that tuberculosis in a mild form affects practically everyone at some time or other in his life, we can realise to some degree the appalling loss of national efficiency that it produces, and we must admit that if ever it is right for the State to do anything, it surely must be right for it to combat this disease with a view to its early extinction. But the power of modern hygiene is still so new as not yet to be fully appreciated by the public. Occasionally indeed the attention of Parliament has been directed to the prevention of disease. The Contagious Diseases Act was one of its earliest efforts; a clumsy and inquisitorial measure, it was soon repealed. Compulsory vaccination against smallpox was found impossible to enforce, and the repeal of the law in 1898 actually resulted in an increase in the number of vaccinations! Rabies, however, has been effectually exterminated from the country, and epizootic diseases are successfully held in check. The time is ripening for further measures: civilised humanity are nearly ready to take perhaps the greatest step ever yet taken for their emancipation from the wayward authority of nature.

* Annales de l'Institut Pasteur, 1905, 1906, 1907. Also 'The New Hygiene' by Élie Metchnikoff, with a preface by E. Ray Lankester, 1906.

Art. II.—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

Philip Van Artevelde: a Dramatic Romance. By Sir Henry Taylor. 1834.

One of the puzzles in the history of our literature is how it came about that the nineteenth century, when a new spirit touched with its quickening breath art and literature in almost all their forms, left us so poor a legacy of drama. Gigantic minds seized upon poetry, history, the novel, and created a whole world of wonder and interest with the flame of their passion and the great range of their knowledge; but when they turned to the drama, that art of which England in earlier ages was profuse, knowledge shrank, passion waned, results were meagre. Not that the attempt was wanting. From Scott to Swinburne, nearly all the great writers of this period attacked the stage, and if the greatest are left out of the count, there were still Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wells, Beddoes, George Darley, Barry Cornwall, Dean Milman, besides many more modern authors, who wrote dramas; and nevertheless it is chiefly by other work that they are and will be remembered. It is a sorry pageant of failure and of half success. The downfall of so many famous names—Landor, Thackeray, and Stevenson among them—appals us, and starts a gloomy doubt of the existence of anything better, as drama, than the windy rhodomontade of Sheridan Knowles, the artificial gush of Lytton, or the trivial sentimentality of Robertson: clever writers and craftsmen in their day, men who hit the mark more surely than their betters, but sad representatives of the mighty architectural art of drama. Yet there lived in those years a dramatist more entitled by his qualities to success, of one of whose works Aubrey de Vere said that 'for largeness of scope and skill in execution' it had 'no equal since the Shakespearean age,' and of another James Spedding that it was the best comedy since Shakespeare. The nearest to the kingdom, from which with all their genius and pure endeavour Tennyson and Browning were excluded, thinks Professor Saintsbury * too, was Henry Taylor.

In the year 1869 the poet, for distinguished service at the Colonial Office, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. On which Spedding wrote to condole with him, on the ground that not K.C.M.G. but A.P.V.A. was his true title—Author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' Sir Henry Taylor, who owned this twin claim to renown, was born

* History of English Prosody, vol. iii. p. 272.

with the century, the grandson of a Northumbrian squire of embarrassed estate, and son of a very retiring and accomplished scholar, whose learning lies buried in a manuscript work entitled 'Index Idoneorum.' Of George Taylor, the father, Southey wrote that he was 'a most remarkable person 'for strength of character as well as for intellectual powers— 'the sort of man with whom Cato might shake hands, for he 'has the better part of an antique Roman about him.' He and his wife, who as a girl had seen Dr. Johnson, were devoted admirers of Godwin and 'Political Justice'; he contributed to the 'Quarterly Review,' wrote poems of the didactic character fashionable in the eighteenth century, and, what was more important, bequeathed the heritage of poetry to his son. As a study in heredity the talent of the Taylors offers a remarkable field. Not only George Taylor wrote poetry, but his brother as well; nor did he transmit a decided capacity for it to one alone, but to three sons, of whom two died young; and at a later date each of Sir Henry Taylor's five children showed a talent for verse, which has even appeared afresh in a fourth generation. Henry Taylor's first ambition however was for the sea. He entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman and made a cruise to Quebec; but his health was languid, life on board was rough, and, falling ill, he obtained his discharge at the end of the war in 1814 after less than a year's service. In the loneliness, 'dull, almost to disease,' of his father's northern home, Taylor's taste for poetry first developed; the want of a regular education was supplied by voluminous, if unsystematic, reading, in which the Italian poets figured largely; he wrote a tragedy on the subject of Philip II and Don Carlos, and romantic and classical poems (he afterwards said) 'in a tone and style 'borrowed from the popular poets of the day. . . . The best 'was not bad—of its kind—nor without a certain sort of fervour 'and beauty; but it was merely built upon Byron.' This was an influence he was soon completely to shake off; but at the age of twenty-three his mind was still unformed. He became one of the most natural and realistic writers of the century, whose strong imagination achieved an understanding of widely different characters. Now he confided to his diary: 'I write 'poetry a good deal by imitation. Are my poems any the 'worse for this? I imitate style, manner, and sometimes 'sentiment, but seldom or never images.' His analytical and reflective bent now wasted itself, for want of experience on which to work, in morbid self-suspicion; his mind had 'no 'good feeling . . . which I do not regard with mistrust, 'as something fictitious, rising from no good source or

'a transitory play of the imagination.' The man who for nearly half a century worked in the public service and enjoyed a delightfully happy home, now wished if he married for a wife who should have no will of her own, and rejoiced that he had no concern in affairs, because 'if I had 'to think and act I could not bear the annoyance of discus- 'sion and consultation.' As the event proved, it was precisely concern in affairs that was needed to stiffen his fibre and develope his genius.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking politically, said of Taylor that he 'wanted nothing but ambition to have been a great man.' It would seem that he inherited from his father not only his poetical gift but capacity for administration and lack of ambition in it as well, for when the Poor Law Commission of 1832 was appointed George Taylor was made secretary, and on his resignation of this post five months later had already accomplished so much that Nassau Senior observed that his reports must be the groundwork of the final report to be made by the Commission. By this time the son had for eight years held a clerkship in the Colonial Office, to which he was appointed in 1824 on the recommendation of Dr., afterwards Sir Henry, Holland. His first appearance in print had been made shortly before, in the shape of two articles contributed to the 'Quarterly Review,' which had earned Gifford's especial commendation. In the office he was immediately placed in a position of responsibility. James Stephen, afterwards K.C.B. and a Privy Councillor, who was nicknamed for his great influence King Stephen and Mr. Oversecretary Stephen, had for some time, under the title of Counsel to the Colonial Department, as he did later when Under-secretary of State, virtually ruled the Colonial Empire, the great question of the day and for many years to come being the problem of slavery in the West Indies. Taylor formed decided views on the subject, wrote, for the information of the Cabinet, an elaborate and highly confidential paper with which Lord Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, was 'delighted,' and within a few years had acquired such influence that he obtained, in opposition to a successor of Lord Bathurst, the recall of the governor of an important colony, of whose policy and administration he disapproved. This is not the place to follow further the steps in Taylor's noteworthy and successful official career, but in a consideration of his plays, the chief of which is the subject of this paper, it is necessary not to neglect the influence, each on the other, of the double threads of his life. Without his reflective nature and persuasive pen, he might not have attained to the influence he exerted on affairs

without his experience of affairs his chief works would certainly have been far different from what they are.

There can hardly have lived, except for devotees of the Baconian myth, another poet of such high rank who was an administrator of equal consequence. Indeed it might be thought that the opposition between the life poetical and the life official was too sharp to admit of their being combined. Yet Taylor's firmly balanced intellect seems to have been unconscious of any discrepancy in his mixed pursuits. All he felt on this score was that, hard as he might work for the melioration of the slaves' lot and in the government of the Empire, he must leave himself time for his true vocation, literature. The tug between business and poetry was for him a matter only of the clock. Again and again the determination not to be deprived of the hours he required for writing stood in the way of his worldly advancement. He had not been five years in the dingy brick house in Downing Street whence, as he said, orders were issued daily to the four corners of the earth, when he was offered an income raised to £1200 a year if he would give his spare time to another member of the Cabinet with the prospect of further official reward besides. Taylor refused :

> 'In the midst of this life,' he wrote to his mother, 'I often have a great longing after poetry, and feel as if all time were thrown away of which a portion is not given to it. . . . What ambition I have, too, is poetical and not political ; and if it is not founded upon reasonable prospects of success, I still feel that the employment is in itself a pleasure and that no further repayment of the labour is wanting.'

A few years later, but still before the publication of 'Van 'Artevelde,' the press of business having thrown on him much extra work that he felt unable to refuse, he applied for increased emoluments. The claim was admitted by the Secretary of State and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but vetoed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the traditional curmudgeon of national finance ; and Taylor wrote in a spirited tone of relief to Lord Howick that he had really wished not to sell his time but to possess it and that he now felt free to resume so much of it as was not strictly due to the office. It was the same when in 1839 Stephen was expected to be transferred from the Colonial Office and Taylor was urged to apply for his post ; and when nine years afterwards Stephen did resign and the Under-secretaryship was offered to Taylor, he refused it, largely, as he told Stephen, because his body and soul were not in the market.

To Taylor letters were not only, as they have been to many

men of affairs, a blest retreat from care and sorrow, but the major concern of life. Even his father had had misgivings as to the division of his powers, quoting to him one of whom it was said that he might have been a good poet had he not tried to be a statesman, and a good statesman had he not tried to be a poet. Nevertheless, it was due, we can hardly doubt, to his immersion in the business of the State that Taylor's poetry was cast into the particular mould from which it took its form. His education and introspective habit, his inherited tastes and connexions, his admiration for Wordsworth and Southey, all combined to make it natural that he should write poetry of the Lake School. He was in no way a man of action, but was retiring in his life, travelling little, and though capable of great friendship and gifted almost with a genius for it, yet unfitted by health and disposition for frequenting society at large. It is true that he was acquainted with men of the most diverse types of intellect—with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Tennyson, and Browning among poets ; with Hallam, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, and Lecky among historians ; with every conspicuous statesman of his time but Canning, Brougham, and Disraeli—but many have enjoyed equal opportunities for studying character without the ability to dramatise it. How then did it come that he turned to drama ? This reason seems at least probable. Because his life was passed in directing men of action, in analysing and appraising their conduct. It was impossible, in a man interested in men, that this should not have greatly developed a dramatic imagination.

' Philip Van Artevelde ' appeared in 1834, and was mistakenly reviewed by many critics as Taylor's first work. Six years previously he had published a play on a subject taken from Gibbon, ' Isaac Comnenus.' It fell totally flat ; why, it is difficult to say. In an article in the ' Quarterly Review ' Southey said of it : ' The diction is always good, neither spangled with affecta- ' tions nor distorted by the efforts of an ambitious and stilted ' style. If this be the first production of the author, much may ' be hoped from one who has done so well ' ; and although in ' Isaac Comnenus ' Taylor does not display the same grip and steady marching power of action of which he afterwards gave proof, the play has many charming qualities and some striking scenes. It was caught up in the wake of ' Van Artevelde's ' triumph and ran into three editions, but on its appearance it failed so heavily that there were respectable writers who never knew it was the earlier work, and Murray, who published it, refused to have anything to do with its successor. Murray must soon have execrated his timidity, for Taylor, publishing

'Van Artevelde' at his own risk, achieved a success which was not more prompt than durable. The first edition of five hundred copies was immediately exhausted; the second, being larger, lasted for some years, but in 1844 a third edition was printed; two years later a fourth; a sixth in 1852. In 1863, after the appearance of the author's last play, 'St. Clement's 'Eve,' a collective edition of his works was issued; another in 1877–78; and 'Van Artevelde' appeared again separately in 1872, 1876, and 1901. Of these the editions of 1852, 1872, and 1877 contained corrections and alterations: the rest were reprints. Taylor moreover had the satisfaction, denied to many authors, that his plays increased in popularity until a late period in his life. 'Did I tell you,' he wrote to Spedding in 1869, 'that my plays had made a leap in 1868 to more than 'treble their previous sale? Since the beginning of this year 'I am told they have been selling at six times the rate of the 'years before 1868.' Nor was the success confined to England, for 'Van Artevelde' was translated into German and into Swedish and was produced with success upon the stage at Stockholm.

The play was the work of six years. Its subject was suggested by Southey, the division into parts by Schiller's 'Wallen-'stein,' and the materials were provided by Froissart, and Barante's 'Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la Maison de 'Valois.' In the chorus of admiration that greeted its appearance—so loud and instant that Taylor woke, said one of his reviewers, to find himself famous—Lockhart led off with a powerful article in the 'Quarterly Review,' acclaiming Taylor as an author of genius on Crabbe's definition of it—the 'power 'to stimulate the thoughts of men and command their feelings.' He noted with justice the striking 'style of our author's execu-'tion, the nervous vigour of his language; the stately ease of his 'versification; and his extraordinary skill in introducing pro-'foundly meditative γνῶμαι without interrupting the flow of 'passion or of action.' But he remarked that 'if Mr. Taylor 'should devote himself to dramatic composition for the stage, 'he must learn to brace his dialogue somewhat more tightly, 'and to indulge less in discursive reflection; but he has already 'done enough to secure himself a place among the real artists 'of the time.' Similar judgements were expressed at different times by writers of the most varied character and interests; all were deeply impressed by the strength and individual beauty of the play. James Stephen, writing in the 'Northampton 'Mercury,' said:

'The language is indeed amongst the most captivating charms of these remarkable volumes. It is neither Latin, Irish, nor French,

and might have been used though Johnson, Burke, and Gibbon had never lived. It bears the stamp of no narrow school, ancient or modern, though it is such a vehicle for thought as could not have been employed until our native tongue had attained to all its copiousness and had been taught to exhibit all its richness and resources. It is in short that pure language which the translation of our English Bible bequeathed as an invaluable inheritance to all succeeding ages.'

Thirty years afterwards Anthony Trollope, contrasting him with Tennyson and the Brownings, wrote of

'the strength of Mr. Taylor's Muse, that perfect judgement joined to perfect poetical expression which is peculiarly his own. . . The form of drama which Henry Taylor has chosen—and of which "Van Artevelde" as it was in time much the first example, so also is it in weight and general excellence the foremost—has exacted from him a continuity of work which Tennyson has never attempted; a strictness also, and if I may say so, a sobriety in design and execution for which the mind of Mrs. Browning was too impetuous; and at the same time a lucid clearness of narrative which has, I think, never been surpassed. . . . He has not that fine and accurate touch as to all the little matters of life and the small feelings of men and women which Shakespeare possessed in abundance and Molière in still greater profusion; . . . but he has, perhaps, as complete a power of impersonation in dialogue as has ever been exhibited by a dramatic writer.'

This was high praise from the man who, among English novelists, probably possessed precisely that power in its highest degree; but it was equalled by a critic of nearly as much competence in another line. 'His union of vigour with classic 'grace is his chief characteristic,' wrote Aubrey de Vere.

No reader of 'Van Artevelde' can fail to be struck by these qualities in the drama. Truth, rather than brilliance, was Taylor's object; hence the reposeful solidity of his work, its honesty, the massive simplicity and complete absence of garrulousness which speaks of resources well husbanded. In his dramatic verse, though less in the lyrics, he is always masculine, terse, natural; and if his simplicity was perhaps drawn in part from his love of Wordsworth, his vigour is wholly native. He has not a 'mighty line,' like Wells'

'A god gigantic, habited in gold,'

comparable with the richest of Shakespeare and Marlowe, though grandeur hangs about

'The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved,'

and perhaps still more

'Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,'

which beyond the spell of their cadence have that of calling up images at once extended and bold; but his verse has a high level of excellence that more than makes up for a rarity of jewelled passages. The lines are fine and free and have the true ring and ripple of dramatic blank verse, unlike the nerveless bombast of which Byron was often guilty or the prosy run that disfigures much of Tennyson's and Browning's. And, lest some champion of these great dead should rise in ire against our estimate of their dramatic powers, we may be allowed again to seek support from that tower of strength, Professor Saintsbury. 'There is not very much,' he says of the dramatic blank verse, 'which could 'shake the equanimity with which some Tennysonian stalwarts 'would relinquish this part of the master's work.' Browning's too

'never seems to me to have the full beauty of its class. The famous apex . . . of Mildred's self-excuse [in 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon'] is itself an instance. I can read it to myself, as prose, without the blank verse making itself heard at all, though of course it scans all right. You will not get Cleopatra's death-words, or Othello's, or the summit-verses of 'The Tempest'. . . to suffer such a process as this.'

Nor will you get Taylor's verse so to suffer. Though it pales beside the fire of these supreme lines, it does not fear the contrast; it is sound throughout and, put with the finest, does not seem shoddy.

Soundness is perhaps the quality most peculiar to the whole play. There is a compressed force in the writing and an appropriateness in the lines that makes them, as it were, hit you from the shoulder. No better instance could be given than the closing line of Part I, where Van Artevelde, hot from victorious battle, orders the execution of the traitors Occo and Gilbert Matthew, then turns to his love and, with a noble simplicity, says:

'Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine.'

Nor is this effect incompatible with pathos, as a couplet shows from the scene where Clara describes to her brother Philip the famine-stricken family of Ukenheim (a beautiful scene, but one as to which a word must be said hereafter):

'He thanked me much for what I said was sent,
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.'

Another line that a contemporary critic, who engagingly signed

himself G. B. S., tells us was so much quoted as to end in being called Shakespeare's, is

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men';

but it is significant that the one passage which became really famous is the graceful and melancholy lyric in Part II, beginning

'Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife.'

What the world hailed with chief pleasure was not particular gems culled from the play, but the conception and cast of it. Its tone was new; it was an early and the most powerful blow struck against the fashion of turgid and hysterical writing that Byron had made popular, and as it may be claimed for Taylor that his dramatic blank verse was the first to bear the true hallmark of its kind since Dryden and is perhaps still the best since the Elizabethans, so it is not less true that he was largely instrumental in cultivating the modern taste for sound psychology in drama, for truth of passion and temperateness of style. In a preface to 'Van Artevelde' of much critical force and moderation he set forth his views on the function of poetry, attacking the 'unbounded indulgence in the luxuries' of it, whence had 'ensued a want of adequate appreciation for 'its intellectual and immortal part.'

'Poetry,' he says, 'of which sense is not the basis—sense rapt or inspired by passion, not bewildered or subverted—poetry over which the passionate reason of Man does not preside in all its strength as well as all its ardours,—though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order.'

Byron's works had given vogue to poetry of a contrary stamp. 'There is nothing in them of the mixture and modification—'nothing of the composite fabric which Nature has assigned to 'Man. They exhibit passions personified rather than persons 'impassioned.' This is admirable criticism, that to-day probably meets with complete agreement; and if there are still some who dissent from the reflection on Shelley, that the reader will find his mental stores 'no more enriched by having read Mr. 'Shelley's poems, than by having gazed on so many gorgeously 'coloured clouds in an evening sky,' at least none will quarrel with Taylor in this:

'I would by no means wish to be understood as saying that a poet can be too imaginative, provided that his other qualities be exercised in due proportion to his imagination. . . . What I would be understood to oppugn is the strange opinion which seems to prevail

amongst certain of our writers and readers of poetry, that reason stands in a species of antagonism to poetical genius, instead of being one of its most essential constituents.'

The man who rebuked Lady Holland in her own drawing-room for sneering at Wordsworth was not lacking in courage, but in the eighteen-thirties it required not a little to assail in this way the idols of intellectual taste. Taylor's friends, who read it before publication, begged him to withdraw the preface, but Southey's verdict was favourable and so it stood. Hot debate followed its appearance. Lockhart wished it had been spared, and many of the smaller fry followed him with less judgement; but Sarah Austin, the wife of the celebrated jurist, championed it in the 'Athenæum' and Frederick Faber, afterwards Superior of the London Oratory, in the newly established 'Oxford Magazine,' while even those who objected showed their inconsistency by their admiration of the work in which its principles were illustrated. To us what gives the play attraction and life is just this modern touch that resulted from the author's view of the objects of art. Its structure is noble, but its treatment is thoroughly realistic. Its personages breathe an air of nature that enables us to meet them on common ground, to enter into their thoughts and feelings with the same certainty of a consistent character in them that we feel towards people in real life; nothing is startling or unaccountable in their movements, and we can, as it were, shake them by the hand and know them for our friends and enemies. And Taylor's determination to do justice to humanity gave him power to characterise not only the chief figures in his drama but the lesser ones as well, so that there is not a sketch in it, however slight, that does not stand out as a living portrait. In the whole work there is nothing silly; and if this seems mild praise, of how many creations on the same scale can so much be said? Nowhere is the genuineness of its beings better seen than in the character of Clara, Philip's fascinating sister. 'She 'is as arch as Rosalind,' said Trollope, 'but in her archness 'never goes beyond the natural wit and bearing of a woman. 'Henry Taylor's ladies are always ladies, and Clara with her 'fun and frolic is as perfect as lady as any.' To the generation of gentility which first read the play Clara appeared 'un-'feminine,' 'coarsely flippant,' 'almost vulgar,' 'indecorous and, 'we may even say, indelicate': horrible accusations in the age of Mrs. Hemans. Taylor answered a friendly critic that lack of refinement might be a fact, and that judging from his own observation he doubted whether the vivacity of Clara would be natural without a capability of coarseness, any more than the

strength of Artevelde without the capability of harshness, which tender spirits had objected to that character. In this he showed the sterling sense without which no artist can hope to approach true greatness.

Among the most interested readers of 'Van Artevelde' was Macready, the actor.

'Before I rose,' runs the entry in his diary of July 30, 1834, 'I read the first part of "Philip Van Artevelde," which I had begun last night. . . . This dramatic poem pleased me very much: profound thought displayed in the happiest adornings of fancy, and excellent ideas of discriminated character . . . The description of Ukenheim and his dead children affected me very much—I am greatly pleased with what I have read.'

The next day he added:

'I took up the second volume of "Philip Van Artevelde," in which I had made little progress last night; I was and am possessed with the book—I think there is . . . occasional obscurity, but there is so much truth, philosophy, poetry, and beauty combined with passion and descriptive power of no ordinary character, that I was obliged to force myself to lay the book down.—Sainton arrived, and . . . I beguiled the tediousness of the operation of sitting for a portrait with the remainder of the volume . . . which I think the work of a master-spirit.'

Next year he read it again. May 7, 1835:

'Continued the perusal of "Van Artevelde," in which I find so much to please me. I know few scenes more dramatic than that between Artevelde and Van den Bosch—and nothing of its kind superior to Clara's description of Ukenheim.'

May 8:

'Resumed "Philip Van Artevelde," the first volume of which I finished. How much there is of deep thought in it! how much to awaken and stimulate thought in the reader!'

And May 27:

'Made "Van Artevelde" my breakfast companion. Talfourd objects to the second volume, and seems almost to feel his—Artevelde's—love for Elena a pollution of his own heart and a wrong to the memory of Adnana. I don't feel it so. We are human beings; the heart of man cannot endure a state of solitude and bereavement. . . . To live alone a man must either be brutal or divine, as Bacon tells us, and what loneliness is like that of a desolated heart? I feel, in Van Artevelde's love for Elena, that it is a pillow on which he rests his heart, bruised and somewhat weakened by its affliction and desert state, and wearied with cares, from which hope is slowly detaching itself, that have no other solace. What a charming book it is!'

The ten years from 1833 to 1843 were the period of Macready's great activity in London, when at Covent Garden and Drury Lane he reached the height of his fame as a Shakespearean actor; and though it does not appear that he thought of staging 'Philip 'Van Artevelde' during this time, it is evident that he had made a careful study of the play. It was not, as Taylor expressly says in the preface, intended for the stage; he was not a playgoer, knew nothing from his own experience of the theatre, and thought that 'Van Artevelde' was equal in length to six plays, which it is not. So he was much surprised when in October 1847 Macready paid him a visit at Mortlake and asked leave in return for £100 to produce it for the season. The evening before Macready notes: 'Fox [W. J. Fox, M.P. for Oldham], Forster, 'and Maddox came to hear "Van Artevelde" read. Fox and 'Forster were greatly excited by the play; Maddox reiterated 'his agreement to get it up.' This Maddox was the Jewish manager of the Princess's Theatre, where Macready had engaged to appear during May and June, and three times a week from October to December. In September Macready had begun to prepare an acting version of the play, and when after a reading of it Taylor consented to its production, he took steps to put it in rehearsal at once. 'Mr. and Mrs. Taylor,' he writes on October 19, 'Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Spring Rice, Dickens, Stan- 'field, White and Forster came to the reading. . . . The effect 'was very great. Taylor said he had no idea of such theatrical 'power being in the work. . . . All were delighted.'

It is obvious that if 'Van Artevelde' was to be performed Macready was the only man of his time to play Philip. He was the most heroic actor we have had since Kemble, the most cultivated since Garrick, as passionate, but not so beautiful, as either. Lord Lytton called him 'a great metaphysical 'actor,' and he was the last genuine tragedian of the English stage; his best parts were Brutus, King John, Hamlet, Macbeth, Iago, Lear. In private life he was melancholy, intelligent, and excessively sensitive. Moreover he was thoroughly alive to the force of the literature of his own day; at one time or another he produced or appeared in Byron's 'Marino Faliero,' 'The Two Foscari,' 'Werner,' 'Sardanapalus'—but 'all the 'Sandanapaluses that ever were written' did not seem to him worth so much study as any one of Shakespeare's plays; Talfourd's 'Ion' and 'Glencoe'; Knowles' 'Virginius' and 'William Tell'; Charles Darley's 'Plighted Troth'; Browning's 'Strafford.' No more conscientious and industrious artist ever lived, and no actor of any time could be better fitted

to impersonate the proud, stern, thoughtful, and loving hero of Taylor's play. It was a mistake of the author in the preface to suggest, referring to Hamlet's eulogy of Horatio, that heroes in drama should not be creatures of passion; it was the excessive and motiveless passion of Byron's that had sickened Taylor, and his words expressed more than he meant. His own Philip, though full of other and complementary traits, is passionate to the core; the passion for freedom and the passion of love carry him to triumph in the first part—in the second the passion of love, changed by the passion for power, is intertwined with it to drag him to destruction.

Part I of the drama was the only portion to be attempted. Though the work is not nearly so long as its author imagined (Part I, including the few songs, is some seven hundred lines longer than 'King Lear,' the whole of which, by an ingenious stage contrivance, was given by Antoine in his ordinary evening bill), it would be impossible to reduce both parts to the limits of a single play; impossible by the clock, and impossible dramatically, seeing that the plot of Part II is different, many of the characters new, and the action less regular. Like those of 'Wallenstein,' the parts must be considered as separate plays. As it was, to prepare Part I for the stage, Macready hacked the play almost to pieces, stripping it of its humanity, and leaving little but the skeleton of the action—and his own part. This was the first mistake, and a bad one; but there were others, connected with the management. The Princess's was unsuited to plays of the class of 'Van Artevelde,' and the lessee, born before his time, preferred spending money on the scenery to engaging a competent cast. 'I refused peremp-'torily,' wrote Macready, 'to say one word about the disposi-'tion of the characters, Van den Bosch and Occo: Mr. Maddox 'cast them.' Though he threw his heart into the work, he was not without foreboding. Taylor was unable through ill-health to go to the first night, fixed for November 21, and the actor wrote to him:

'My dear Sir,

'I am truly concerned to learn the cause of your absence from the representation of your play on Monday, and hope you will soon be able and willing to come and look at it. I have desired the Box-keeper to reserve the box upon the turn of the house for Mrs. Taylor, which I consider the best in the small theatre of the Princess's, and hope the card I enclose is rightly numbered. If it were to a theatre of my own that I invited you, I should entertain a confident hope that she and yourself would be in some measure satisfied with the endeavour to illustrate your beautiful work; but where I am, with such a

prosaic spirit (to deal very tenderly with it in my expressions) I cannot help some misgivings arising. Still I am sure you will believe that I am not accountable for many sins of omission, and that my attempt has been, as it really has, a labour of love. In the earnest hope that Mrs. Taylor may bring you gratifying tidings on Monday night, and with my best compliments to her,

'I am, dear Sir, always and sincerely yours,

'W. C. Macready.'

His fears were justified by the event. On the 22nd he wrote in his diary:

'Production of "Van Artevelde." Attended to business, did my best, worked my hardest. Went to rehearsal. Acted Philip Van Artevelde. Failed; I cannot think it my fault. Called for, of course. Forster, Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, Spring Rice and his brother came into my room. I am very unhappy; my toil and my life is thrown away. I certainly laboured more than my due in regard to the whole play, and much of my own part of Van Artevelde I acted well; but the play was so underacted by the people engaged in it that it broke down under their weight.'

The failure which was immediately apparent to the trained perception of the actor was not so obvious to his audience. Macready's personal success was great; the caustic pen of Douglas Jerrold had a dig at him, but admiration for his effort was almost universal. The 'Morning Post' considered his 'Van Artevelde' 'one of the finest original portraitures 'given to the stage,' and his reception at the end was, said the 'Times,' 'tremendous'—hats and handkerchiefs were waved; the applause was 'hearty and general.' The dresses and scenery, some of which was designed by Clarkson Stanfield, were also praised; the play was announced for repetition, and some of the papers thought that it would have a good run and would be followed by the production of Part II. On the whole, however, the press was despondent. The critics of course seized on the preface as affording them the easiest things to say about the play, that it was as long as six plays, that it was deficient in passion, that it was not intended and therefore not suited for the theatre—being doubtless ignorant that neither was Goethe's 'Faust' intended for the theatre; but they were more to the point in blaming the exclusive concentration of interest on Macready's part and the inefficiency of the company. The only man who did well was Ryder, as Van den Bosch; most of them, it is plain, were wretched. Later Macready said to a friend:

'It is the greatest help to have a great actor by your side; it is torture to act against bad acting, to be, as it is said, "ill-supported."

Some acting, however, goes beyond such a phrase as that; it positively beats you—as in the case of my Philip Van Artevelde, when the Adriana, in her timid confession of love, bellowed it out so that the boards shook with it. Was it not difficult to cherish her for this?'

It must be said that he had cut as much of her part as he could, and, what was worse, almost the whole of the exquisite Clara; so perhaps Miss Montagu wished to make the most of what was left. The result of this unhappy use of the scissors and of his poor support was that when he was on the stage the play went well; his scenes with Van den Bosch and with the burghers at the Stadthouse were thrilling, but the rest had not enough life left or given to it to hold the audience. It ran only six nights.

An interesting criticism of the performance is contained in a letter to Taylor from Spedding, not only a keen and practised playgoer but a critic whose judgement was the more weighty from his habitual avoidance of exaggeration. He wrote:

'My Dear Taylor,

'Since the newspaper critics, though unanimous in their applause of the Poet, are rather inclined to censure the attempt to produce "Philip" on the stage, and prophesy no great fortunes for it as an acting Play; you may wish to have my report from the Pit, where the public opinion of the theatre is always to be found. Your newspaper critic is too great a man to go into the Pit. He is (as I take it) a kind of literary gent, who goes in with his free order, takes his seat where there is room for him (which on such a night as last night would be high up in a side-box), and looks about for the "literary *notables*." He has been getting up the play all day, brings it with him, and, since his article is to be ready for the morning paper, is thinking all the time not of what he hears and sees but of what he is to say. And being more proud of his power to appreciate an English classic peculiarly adapted to the "closet" (as he always calls it) than things which the populace can appreciate too, he naturally falls to lamentation over beauties omitted, and thinks himself a very clever fellow when, instead of attending to what is going on, he sets it down that the play is spoilt and the interest gone.—Now we in the Pit go for a different purpose and see things quite differently. We are not the literary gent, but the real genuine unsophisticated gent; we are tradesmen and their wives, apprentices, lawyers' clerks, poor artists, servants, and the like; who cannot pay two shillings without being aware of it. We go to see the Play; which (to say the truth) many of us have never heard of and not many of us have read. And though it must be confessed that we are great fools and full of all manner of London vulgarity, yet we do feel a hearty interest in the triumph of a good man over difficulties and the downfall of a bad man, when it is fairly brought before us; and also we heartily approve good moral sentiments: and when they are really good—(for we are apt to be

taken in by false pretensions in that kind—it is our weak point)—we feel a good deal the better for them, and I believe *are* better. Now whatever might be the state of public feeling in the remote side-box where the critic sate, the prevailing feeling among *us* was strong interest in what was passing, strong curiosity as to what was coming, and a hearty sympathy with Philip—not merely with Macready, but with Philip himself as embodied by Macready—and also with the general tone of moral sentiment. The applause was great and frequent, but I think the applause which was suppressed was more than that which broke out. Certainly there was many times an ardent desire to applaud, which was kept under by the still stronger desire to hear—an infallible sign that the feeling which prompts applause is genuine. (There was also a dispute going on in the gallery for a while, which we had none of us leisure to attend to : a strong proof of absorption ! Not long ago I saw the whole pit rise up, while Lady Macbeth was somnambulant, to hear a dispute between two people, which had pushed the other.)—In short I am very much mistaken if there were not a great number of people at the theatre last night who had never heard of P. V. A. before and who will never forget him and often think of him hereafter. If I have any doubt as to the permanent popularity of the play, it is not because it is wanting in interest, but because the interest is so grave, earnest, and intense, that people may perhaps feel fatigued with so much attention.

'For my own particular part—the effect, which I knew would be good, was upon the whole better than I expected. Macready, whatever people may think about his other peculiarities, contrived somehow to carry the meaning of every sentence home to the understanding of everybody who was listening : the first requisite in an actor, for which many of the other graces, if they cannot be combined with it, may well be sacrificed. People could follow the thoughts, and feel that those were *his* thoughts. And though in several places he failed to interpret the character according to my own idea of it,—still it was a great conception and consistent with itself. The action explained itself broadly enough, I think, to be generally understood, and the moral purpose was felt and approved throughout.

'The defects were for the most part such as could not be helped, for what drilling could do had been done well. Adriana is unfortunate. Nothing will be made of Miss Emmeline Montagu. The scene with Van Aeswyn fell quite flat, merely because the sentiment was not brought out to our apprehensions—I question whether half the people knew what she was talking about, till they heard "soul" and "immortal" in juxtaposition ; and then they applauded, as they always do when the immortality of the Soul is alluded to ; but the compliment is to the Soul not to the Poet—or actor. This is a great pity ; for an interest in the fate of Adriana would be valuable as a variety and relief. Better have had Miss Cushman—face and all.

'Two or three other points which did not go off quite well might easily be mended. The song at the Feast was a failure ; no relief ; but a tiresome interruption. And the fault was in the setting and

singing. My recollection of the words did not enable me to follow them as sung. And the effect was not humorous or convivial at all, but "a very pleasant thing indeed, sung lamentably." A gay song, of which people could hear the words and feel the humour, would have a good effect. But better none at all than this.—The flight of the Earl of Flanders had quite a wrong effect; it produced a very hearty laugh. But I do not think it would, if the actor did not exaggerate. Something must certainly be done to preserve the Earl's dignity at that juncture—and if it cannot be helped otherwise, the cottage and the old woman should be left out.—The battle scenes in the fifth act, which always seemed so spirited and full of movement in reading the play, a little disappointed one in the acting. And the reason, I think, was that, partly from the noise of the drums and alarums, and partly from the rapidity with which everybody spoke, scarcely a word of the dialogue was audible. The effect would be much improved in all accounts by taking advantage of the natural pauses in the action to let the speeches be heard. When Artevelde gives the word to halt, he has to wait for the enemy—and this is no occasion for anybody to be in a hurry. Every word in the first scene (so short as it is) might be spoken at leisure, enough at least for distinct utterance and to give the audience time to understand the situation. So also of the dialogue between D'Arlon and Gilbert Matthew; which is in fact necessary to explain how the victory came so easily about; and of Artevelde and Van Ryk in the next scene.—The loss of the words very much impaired the effect, and did no good at all that I could see.—On the other hand, the concluding scene told better than I expected and was felt as a satisfactory finish; the audience not considering that tho' Philip *was* wholly Adriana's, he would have a good many other things to think of in the course of the night.

'Ever yours,

'Jas. Spedding.

'The division between the 3rd and 4th acts falls unluckily—but I suppose that cannot be helped.'

James Stephen wrote in a similar strain, though he did not think 'Van Artevelde' such a good acting play: 'the acting 'was detestable; I can't endure Macready, tho' he did some 'things well. The women were abominable (particularly 'Adriana) and their parts are insignificant.' Taylor himself, who took the failure with philosophy born of ill-health and hard work, did not think so badly of the actors as these judges. He went to the last performance, found Macready admirable, and wrote to him next day:

'I was greatly disappointed by the announcement which your note of yesterday contained—but my disappointment has been far greater since I witnessed the performance last night. Whatever may have caused the ill success of the play as a whole, it is impossible to doubt that your part has made a lasting impression on all capable persons

who have seen you act it—and if such a personation of Philip Van Artevelde has been carried to the hearts of but ten such persons — or but one—I should never cease to feel that my work is deeply indebted to you.'

Macready returned :

'Your letter before me makes me proud of the attempt I have made, and more than requites me for the time and anxiety it has cost me. Whilst the opinions that reach me are unanimous as to the effect produced, and when I perceive the distressing circumstance of the feeble and imperfect support of the performers employed, I am still strong in the belief that the play would have been a great attraction in Covent Garden or Drury Lane. I have never been engaged in any professional duty that has carried my sympathy and interest so entirely with it, and my disappointment is really a sorrow to me. I must particularly beg of you not to think of returning the price of the play's performance ' (as Taylor had proposed doing), ' which was very much below what other managers would have been glad to have given for the right of making trial of it. Had the profit been beyond calculation, you would not have received a fraction beyond your agreement . . . I had at heart the enrolling " Philip Van Artevelde " among our acting plays. But we have no theatre, or it would have been accomplished.'

The defeat meant more to him than it did to the author. After his retirement from the stage, the only theatrical trapping he preserved was the white hood he had worn in the part, treasured by his wife as a relic of a character in which she had especially admired him.

Bad casting, the wrong theatre, and a faulty adaptation were the immediate causes of ' Van Artevelde's ' failure on the boards. But there were larger reasons as well. The grounds of the divorce between English letters in general and the stage had some part in it. The play was not written for the theatre, nor, its author said, for the stage—there is a difference between them—and when put to the test of the theatre, commercially speaking, failed ; but it could not avoid the test. Whatever were the author's intentions in writing it, we see clearly that it did exist for the stage, inasmuch as it was dragged, willy nilly, into a theatre, where the parts were allotted, and it was costumed and rehearsed, and finally the curtain was rung up on it before a cheering public, though one too small to pay for more than a week's run. Now, judged by the test of the stage, Taylor's play has great superiority over the drama that his contemporaries, many of them greater in the inspiration of genius, put out during his long life of eighty-six years, and that on the whole fell very flat. Plays that were unactable flourished

so greatly in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England that they became elevated to the rank of a kind of bastard art under the term literary or closet drama. Nevertheless we find that acted plays are on the whole less read in England than anywhere else in Europe ; and the reason is evidently that the public which is keen on drama has come to think, so much has this closet drama been boomed by authors, that every printed drama must, as drama, be dull. Therefore they do not read it. English poets and novelists who attempted the stage seem to have laboured under the impression that they only had to turn a narrative or a poem into dialogue to produce drama. When the dramas they wrote did not realise their expectations they accused the public of being stupid, and critics, rather than say that men of reputation were wrong, saved their faces by telling them that they had achieved dramas not for the stage but for the closet. The real reason is that they did not study what the French call the science of the theatre. Probably they did not know of the existence of this science, and if they had known would have disbelieved in its reality : a delusion shared by many good people to this day, when it infects even a school of professional playwrights. It is true that the science has never been reduced further to the terms of philosophy than the partial condition in which Aristotle left it, but it is a matter of knowledge none the less that must be learnt by observation and patient study. Occasionally a part of it gets put into words, as when the elder Dumas, being asked by what rules a play should be written, answered that the first act must be clear, the last act short, and all the acts interesting ; but most of it must be picked up by each craftsman in the course of his practice. Doubtless not all the great men, and the less great, who tried their hand, had gifts that would ever have ensured success, Addison, for instance, and Landor, who had small sense of action ; but it cannot be supposed that none could have succeeded had they gone to work the right way. Scott, the wizard of dramatic power in narrative, was surely capable of the more direct form. Yet no sooner did he take to plays than all his power was paralysed. ' The Doom of Devorgoil ' is barely readable. One would think the author of ' Mrs. Perkins's Ball ' and the immortal chapter in dialogue in the second volume of ' The Newcomes ' was cut out by nature to write a comedy : when he tried, it was hopeless. ' The Wolves and the Lamb ' is grotesque, tawdry, and inane. Byron's plays, the most successful of their class, would still be presentable if they were as well constructed as ' Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle ' or ' Hernani,' of which a clever lady seeing it for the first time said ' C'est

'ridé, mais comme c'est joli!' These are old, yet even now workmanlike. But it was from the very outset that most of this drama failed. Its authors committed the capital error of choosing subjects unfitted for the medium of the art they sought to conquer, too fantastic, or too diffuse, or like that of 'The Cenci,' too horrible to be tolerated.

Here Taylor showed himself a true dramatist. He knew that the subject is the essence of a play and took great pains to choose his aright. From this point of view he studied the Elizabethans deeply. He criticised his own choice of 'Edwin 'the Fair,' the weakest of his dramas, into which he plunged without having first taken all its bearings; he rejected Charles VIII, suggested as a subject by Lord Aberdeen, Mary Queen of Scots, which Macaulay pressed upon him, and a project for Thomas à Becket, the preparations for which he found interminable. He never fared better than in the first part of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' The subject is excellent. The revolt of independence against harsh authority and the escape of true lovers from a net of treachery form a theme of interest to everyone. Large and simple, it is capable of straightforward developement in action and of being treated with high feeling that flows naturally from the situation. The whole work owes something of its form, as has been noted, to Schiller's example, but in tone it is more comparable with 'Egmont.' Only Taylor had this advantage in his subject over Goethe, that the emotional history of Philip is bound up with the action in a way in which that of Egmont is not. The desire to possess Adriana is a strong motive with the traitor Occo to bring Van Artevelde to ruin, and her abduction gives a personal incitement to the latter to lead the White Hoods to victory and so rescue her: in the German play Clara stands frankly outside the plot. Undoubtedly there are points in the play where Taylor's handling might be bettered. In drama every scene must help forward the action, or it irritates and wearies, and Taylor sometimes inserts one that only satisfies our curiosity, to do which is a function not of drama but of the novel. Such is the scene already mentioned, where Clara describes her visit to Ukenheim: when it came to acting, for all Macready's admiration of it, this had to go, and rightly so, together with Father John's account of the plague, the one really tedious passage in the work. Another is that of the song at the Earl's banquet, unaccountably retained at the Princess's; another, where Ukenheim is shown introduced into Bruges to raise the alarm and open the gates for Van Artevelde's purposes—the idea is good, but it would be enough to hear Van Artevelde give directions for it and see

the result. Something, too, of that bracing which Lockhart desired would have helped. It must however be noticed that these scenes, which are undramatic, are also unimportant. All the important moments are dramatic; the events are shown and not described, they are such as act on the individuals concerned, and these reveal their character not only in what they say but in what they do. At each point the action strides forward under an impulse contained in itself, and Taylor never commits such a fault as Macready justly blamed in Browning's 'Strafford,' where 'we have a long scene of passion—upon 'what? A plan destroyed, by whom or for what we know not, 'and a parliament dissolved, which merely seems to incon 'venience Strafford in his arrangements.' There are also certain minor effects missed. Thus in the first act, where Van Artevelde is to send his ring in token that he accepts Van den Bosch's proposal to elect him leader of the White Hoods, the better way would have been to show him sending it, whereas we only know he has done so by the fact that, not having it, he cannot give it to Adriana in return for hers. In the first scene of Act IV it should have been shown that Philip locks Van den Bosch into the top of the church tower, which the reader does not discover till two scenes later: an omission accentuated in the acting version by the division between Acts III and IV separating these two scenes. Again, in the last act it would much heighten the dramatic value of the scene where the page of Clara, who has fled to Bruges, slips out to join the forces of Ghent, if he should be seen to be Clara herself disguised in his clothes. Taylor, however, was by no means unaware of the importance of such effects. In the edition of 1872, at the end of Act IV, scene 4, he gave Van Ryk a couplet, founded on Macready's business, that shows him following Philip up the tower to his stormy interview with Van den Bosch. And he had the right instinct when at the end of Part II he made the Duke of Burgundy give orders for Van Artevelde's body to be buried, whereas in truth, as Froissart tells us, it was 'hanged upon a tree.'

It must be admitted that Part II of 'Van Artevelde' is inferior as drama to Part I. The action is more broken up, there are more scenes that do not advance it, and there are long speeches, essential to its understanding, that are descriptive merely. The characterisation, in the scenes at the French Council, for instance, is no less deft and true—is even perhaps more remarkable—than in the first part, and the inimitably airy sketch of Charles VI, the boy King of France, is the most masterly of the smaller portraits in the whole work; but there is a gap at an important point. This is, that we are left in the

dark as to the springs of action in Sir Fleurant of Heurlée, the instrument of the catastrophe: the change in him from a sprightly gallant to a degraded and revengeful assassin is not unnatural, but it is too little substantiated and is left in vague outline. The beauty, moreover, with which the character of Elena, the deep-souled Italian, 'magnanimous harlot,' is delineated, and the subtlety with which the change wrought in Philip by the possession of power is brought out, are of high interest; but it is an interest primarily of character and in the second place only in respect of the action. It is difficult to believe that the estimation in which she is held by the Flemish army has much effect on its fighting capacity, or that, had she not been with him, Philip would have escaped defeat by the French. The relations of the two give a tragic and personal note to his fall, but are not decisive, as they should be to create a moving drama, in bringing it about. Certainly the second part is far less stageable than the first. It may be objected that Part I failed on the stage. In the theatre, would be truer. We have said that Taylor, despite himself, wrote for the stage. But that stage was not to be found in any theatre of his own day—it was the Elizabethan stage for which he wrote. This was the school in which he studied; he knew the Elizabethans profoundly, loved them much, and, having no interest in the contemporary theatre, most naturally took them for his guide. Now the Elizabethan form is contrary both to our own practice and to that of the ancients. To succeed in the theatre, plays must be appropriate to the theatre as it is, and the Elizabethans wrote plays appropriate to their own. By an indoor theatre with numerous exits and a curtain they had escaped from the Greek necessity for unity, and they had not developed the art of stage setting to the point at which, as now, it requires unity scenically. They also, by means of a platform, raised upon the stage and curtained, possessed what was really a double stage, thus facilitating a rapid succession of numerous scenes. If stage setting is even partially abandoned and a plain curtain dropped as the background for every alternate scene, these conditions can be reproduced on the modern stage and the Elizabethan form retained; this was the device used at the Théâtre Antoine to produce 'King Lear.' Our own practice—a reversion, from a different motive, to the Greek—is a genuine advance, because it compels a more direct concentration by the audience upon the subject than is obtainable in a play broken into many scenes. It should be noted however that this advantage is gained only when the subject of the play is, as it should be, an action: to use this unity for drifting conversation is an

abuse and a degradation. Further, the developement of the scenic arts, including those of lighting and costume when properly used, heightens the effect of the whole play by giving it an appropriate setting, creating an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear and the intelligence, at once freeing the imagination of the audience from mere circumstance and exciting it to work on the action itself.

For the production of 'Van Artevelde' Macready and his manager made full use of these arts in the best shape known to them. But the form in which the play was written rendered this impracticable without mutilating it to fit the theatre. Just so Shakespeare's plays are mutilated in our own day. Taylor's could not stand the process. But how many plays can? Not more than half even of Shakespeare's really hold the stage; of his contemporaries', not one. Macready played with success in a version of 'The Maid's Tragedy,' but failed with 'The Fatal 'Dowry'; 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' survived at least till Edmund Kean. Now they are no more. Doubtless the loss is ours, but it is because, as we must realise, only the most powerful of their class can be fitted to the modern stage. The reason why Shakespeare's may be made to do so is not, as many people suppose, that they contain divine poetry, but that they are constructed with rapid, living, condensed action and surcharged with tremendous excitement. With these Taylor's drama is certainly not on a level, but it is very comparable with the work of the lesser Elizabethans, and superior to much of Schiller's, in which Macaulay saw a resemblance. It is far removed from being only a dramatic poem. For it is not to be denied that the dramatic form has an aptitude for scenes of character, whether in prose or verse, which are not dramas. Such are 'Samson Agonistes,' Landor's dialogues, and 'Joseph and his 'Brethren' by Charles Wells; such, though it turns on one supreme act, is Renan's celebrated 'L'Abbesse de Jouarre.' But the basis of these is not action but thought, which, though it may be engrossing and passionate, does not suggest, require, or profit by the scene.

Action is the first touchstone of drama and the reason for its existence. All works of action that have the dramatic form demand the test of the stage, and cannot avoid it. But it does not follow that, if they are poetic dramas and not dramatic poems, they are appropriate to the theatre, that is, to the stage of the day or of any particular day. And when it is asked how then they can be put to the test, it can only be answered that the test is a mental one—on the stage of the imagination they are tried. Shakespeare's plays, for instance, could have been put on

at no Greek theatre; 'The Dynasts' at none that has ever been, though if a theatre of sufficient resources could be built, the true magnificence of Thomas Hardy's drama would be admirably apprehended. Wagner always wrote for the stage, but probably very few men, had they seen his later dramas in published form, would have believed them actable before his astonishing genius for the theatre proved them so. One mistake made by English poets of the last century who wished to write for the theatre was that, overshadowed by the example of the Elizabethan genius and not observing that the stage had changed, they adopted a form fitted for that of two centuries earlier. But what distinguishes Taylor's work from the more theatrical but less good plays of Byron and Tennyson—for 'Becket' was capable of adaptation for the theatre—was not that he used more fully the Elizabethan form, with eleven scenes in his first act and nine in his last ('Antony and Cleo-'patra' has eleven in Act III, thirteen in Act IV), but that he possessed, as they did not, the talent required for the creation of a fine play. Dramatic insight, which gives power to construct a progressive action, not necessarily external, for it may be of the soul, but always an action based on some conflict the result of which is debateable; scenic imagination, by which the writer, thinking in pictures, renders each stage of the action capable of representation; skill in truthful characterisation: these are the constituent forces of drama, and these he had in no common measure.

Our theatre was greatly the loser by Henry Taylor's abstention. All he lacked for enriching its stores was the desire to study and write for it. And that the task of combining poetry and drama is not so hard as the failure of our modern poets suggests is shown by the results achieved abroad, by Rostand's plays, by 'Le Bon Roi Dagobert' of Rivoire, and Hauptmann's 'Die Versunkene Glocke.' But with him who will take the trouble to make a stage of his mind, Taylor will have success. He does not take us with him to the stars, but his feet are planted firmly upon the earth and the cloudy patchwork of human nature streams before his eyes, with now and then a rent that reveals the breathless beauty of the heavens.

Art. III—THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

1. *The Copyright Bill.* 1910.
2. *Copyright Commission, and the Report of the Commissioners,* 1897. (Reprinted 1909.)
3. *Correspondence respecting the Revised Convention of Berne, &c., signed at Berlin in* 1908. 1909.
4. *Report of the Committee on the Law of Copyright.* 1909. [Cd. 4976]
5. *Minutes of Evidence taken by the Copyright Committee.* 1910. [Cd. 5051]

Few branches of our law should make so strong an appeal to public interest as the law of copyright, for not only does it deal exclusively with one of the most important and attractive features of our national life, but its history, from its obscure geniture in the struggle that raged through the seventeenth century round the licensing laws and the freedom of the press down to its present apotheosis in international conference and convention, is a fascinating study. Hardly less fascinating is the pursuit of it through the Law Reports, where judgment and argument rumble with the echoes of Miltonic thunder, and the reverberation of great names makes every motion for injunction, every writ of error, as tremendous as a battle of the Titans. Here Jacob Tonson struggles with Walker over the radiant spoils of 'Paradise Lost'; here the 'Spectator' (an 'original composition by natural born subjects, 'videlicet Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele'); here Thomson's 'Seasons' are carried from Court to Court through the long sway of doubtful conflict; here our own century rings with a belated controversy over some faded letters of peaceable Charles Lamb. Kemble, Macklin, and Kean, Byron and Pope, Braham and Planché, Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade, Campbell and Tennyson, Gilbert and Toole, Bach (J. C.), Gounod, Verdi, Bohn and Ollendorf and many another conjurer of mirth or magic, figure in title or headnote. Hardly a case but glows with some added interest of memory or association.

Yet, for all this, there is hardly any branch of our law so little studied or understood. Even those who look to its protection for their means of livelihood remain, for the most part, completely ignorant of its provisions, and public interest in it has been so slight, that although it has for thirty years

been admitted that a complete revision of our system is a matter of urgent necessity, no Government has had the enterprise to bring any comprehensive scheme into operation. In point of fact the very reason that makes reform imperative has militated against its accomplishment. The mass of statutes that form the basis of our system are so confused, so intricate, and so unintelligible, that laymen and even lawyers hurry past them with a pardonable shudder, and it is only the necessity of conforming to an international agreement that has at last made the much-needed revision and codification a matter of practical politics.

Mr. Buxton's Bill, that passed through its first reading in July, aims at establishing an Imperial code, which will, it is hoped, be accepted by all the self-governing colonies, and will also bring our own law into line with the Berlin Convention of 1908, to which we, together with Germany, Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and other Powers of less magnitude, are signatories. These are, in themselves, great objects and should predispose Parliament to deal favourably with the new measure, but undoubtedly the most immediately important aspect of the Bill is that which concerns the amendment and co-ordination of our existing law. These amendments (which are, it may be said at once, almost all in favour of the author) are many and striking, and where ignorance of the subject is so widespread, and so many great interests are sure to be affected, it is of the utmost importance that the question should not be approached without a clear understanding of the history of our existing law, the principles upon which it is based, and the present circumstances with which it has to deal.

An author (using the word in its widest sense) has always had and still has, at common law, a complete right to prevent the publication of his *unpublished* works in any form; so far has this principle been carried that Sir Lancelot Shadwell in the well-known case of *Prince Albert* v. *Strange* restrained the publication of an unauthorised catalogue describing certain etchings which the Prince and Queen Victoria had executed for their private entertainment. The Vice-Chancellor held that inasmuch as the 'gentleman and lady' in question had learned the art of etching 'with a view to rational and domestic 'amusement' and had executed the works for their private use, the publication was an unlawful invasion of their right of property.

This right no doubt owes its origin to the control of his unpublished works which an author must always have by reason of

his physical possession of them. If there is any public demand for his work, an author, whether he be Homeric rhapsodist, Latin epigrammatist, or medieval jongleur, has always been able to make terms with his audience, or with the publisher, who is the intermediary between himself and his audience, for the sale of the wares still in his wallet. Whether those terms take the form of a royalty on copies sold or of coins thrown into a hat is, on principle, a matter of no importance; while the creation is still his own, not yet published in any permanently accessible form, he has something to dispose of. But when once the work is so published his position is changed, and the nature of this change became more apparent after the introduction of the printing press. Before that time the means of multiplying copies, though not so inadequate as is often supposed, was strictly limited, and this limitation automatically restricted the number of publishers. Sales were comparatively small and damage by piracy negligible. With the introduction of printing it soon began to be felt that the labour of the author and the expense of issuing a work through the press required some recompense. Consequently in 1491 we find (within fifty years of the printing of the first book with moveable types) the Republic of Venice, which had as early as 1469 granted a printer the sole right to issue the letters of Cicero and Pliny for five years, giving the Jurist Peter of Ravenna the sole right of printing his work 'The Phoenix.' This was the first example of author's copyright, and it was not long before similar licences began to be granted in France and Germany. In England the position was more complicated. The king claimed the sole right to print certain books (e.g. the Bible, Acts of Parliament, Law Reports, almanacks, and educational works), and Henry VIII. appointed a King's printer. He also introduced the practice of granting licences with reference to all kinds of books, the first author's licence being made in 1530. The jurisdiction under which these grants were made was not however clearly defined, and the practice was inextricably entangled with the claim of the Crown to control the freedom of the press. The real object of the licence policy became in fact the maintenance of a censorship, not the protection of author or publisher. In pursuance of this policy was founded the Stationers' Company. Its members were by its first charter given the exclusive right to have printing presses, and were also constituted a species of 'literary constables,' with powers to search for and destroy unauthorised presses. Their position was further consolidated by the policy of the Star Chamber, which by various orders

(codified in a statute of 1637) confirmed and increased their powers and enacted that no person was to print or publish any book or pamphlet until the same had been lawfully licensed and registered at Stationers' Hall. Now the members of the Stationers' Company were the booksellers and publishers of the day, and by refusing to allow any author to register except in the name of a member of the company they soon acquired complete control over all printed books of any kind, for the registration was regarded as an assignment of the author's entire rights in his book or 'copy,' as it was called. The consequence of this was that when at the Revolution of 1689 'every restraint,' (in the stately language of Lord Camden) 'fell from off the press, and the whole common law of England 'walked abroad,' the stationers saw that unless they took steps to secure protection they were in danger of losing a valuable monopoly. They began therefore to agitate for an Act of Parliament, and their agitations resulted in the Statute of Queen Anne, the first Copyright Act in the history of the world. This provided that the authors or owners of the 'copies' of books already printed should have the sole right to print them for twenty-one years from April 10, 1710, and that the authors of new books should have the sole right of printing them for fourteen years from the date of publication, which period might be prolonged for a further fourteen years if the author was alive at the end of the first period. Fresh penalties were imposed on pirates, and the necessity of registration at Stationers' Hall was continued.

This can hardly have been the statute of the stationers' ideal, but for some time it made no material difference to them. Authors continued to register their books as 'copies,' and the booksellers to regard themselves as perpetual owners of the books so entered, a view in which they were confirmed by the Court of Chancery, for the chancellor continued to grant injunctions at the instance of owners of 'copies' the statutory copyright in which had expired, holding apparently that the author and his assignees had still a perpetual common-law copyright in his published works, and that the Statute of Anne had only given him additional remedies during the terms specified in it. In 1769 this view was upheld in a court of law by the famous decision of *Millar* v. *Taylor*; but that decision was five years later, in *Donaldson* v. *Becket*, overruled by a very narrow majority, seven out of the eleven judges summoned to assist the House of Lords holding that such a common-law right had existed until the statute of 1710, but six against five being of the opinion that that statute had taken away the right. Lord

Mansfield, who had decided *Millar* v. *Taylor*, gave no opinion, or the judges would on the last point have been equally divided.

Subsequent authorities have been less favourable to the view that the author ever had a perpetual copyright in his published works, and there is little doubt that if the point were to come up for decision again the result would be adverse to such a doctrine. One need not therefore plunge anew into that ancient and fascinating controversy, or consider whether there can be such a right as property in published ideas, such an act as the 'occupancy of a thought,' whether in fact any such proposition is 'reducible to the comprehension of man's 'understanding.' It may be that the majority of the judges were, in their eagerness to 'encourage letters and the painful 'researches of learned men,' led away (as Lord Brougham subsequently averred) 'from the path of strict reasoning into 'declamatory courses.' One need no longer ponder their arguments (which even their opponents admitted to 'have a 'captivating sound and to strike the passions with a winning 'address') 'that no property is more emphatically a man's 'own, nay, more incapable of being mistaken, than his own 'literary works,' that 'the order of a man's words is as singular 'as his countenance.' The common-law right is gone, and it will be vain to defend any proposed innovations in the author's favour by quotations from Lord Mansfield or Mr. Justice Willes, by appeals to the natural rights of property or the social contract.

It must not be forgotten however that the artist has never in fact been without some sort of protection; he has never stood on the same plane as the mechanic. Even in primitive times, when there was but one Demodocus in every Scheria, it was patronage that gave Demodocus his means of subsistence. So it was in Rome, so in medieval Europe (though there the guild sometimes took the place of the patron), so even after the Renaissance, until the rapid spread of education and the developement of means of reproduction and communication entirely changed the circumstances of the problem. For it was not only by exposing him to direct piracy that these changes injured the author; with the multiplication of the means of indirect appeal came an enormous multiplication of production, and the personal relation that is the basis of patronage began to disappear. It became necessary to introduce some other form of protection, and almost immediately after the invention of printing we find a substituted protection in fact coming into operation. In England, the first country to introduce actual copyright legislation, the doctrine of perpetual copyright is recognised for fifty years or more, is actual law for five years, and

only succumbs after a prolonged, obstinate, and equal struggle. Our lead is followed by other nations, until by the middle of the nineteenth century every country of importance in the civilised world has a copyright system, while our own law goes on being constantly extended by the inclusion of new subjects and new areas of protection, the granting of new remedies, and the creating of new injuries, until State protection finally takes the place of personal patronage.

The consensus of civilised opinion may therefore be said to have decided in favour of the propriety of copyright protection as a social convenience. It is not one of those simple cases where the circumstances of society call so loudly for the enforcement of a particular system that that system becomes law of its own mere motion. Copyright protection, even when once admitted, must only be extended after a careful consideration of circumstances. There is no inherent right. If there were (to quote Lord Chief Baron Pollock):

> 'The same principle must be applicable to every other creation, invention, and discovery, as well as a poem, a history, or any other literary production. It must apply to every other offspring of man's imagination, wit, or labour. The speech of the orator, the sermon of the preacher, the lecture of the professor have no greater claim to protection and to be the foundation of exclusive property and right than the labour of the man of science, the invention of the mechanic, the discovery of the physician or empiric; and it is difficult to say where in principle this is to stop. Why is it to be confined to the larger and graver labours of the understanding? Why is it not to be applied to a well-told anecdote or a witty reply? and carried to its utmost extent it would at length descend to lower and meaner subjects, and include the trick of a conjurer or the grimace of a clown.'

One may admit that some protection is desirable, but the State must in every case consider carefully what are fit subjects for protection, and what form that protection is to take.

And here one may turn aside to combat a prejudice which must inevitably arise from the use of the word 'protection.' There is little similarity between commercial and copyright protection beyond a mere coincidence of language. Commercial protection excludes from a given area producers outside that area for the benefit of producers within it. It is a limitation on production, and deprives the consumer of the benefits he would derive from the excluded producer. Copyright ought to aim at the encouragement of production irrespective of area by securing to the producer the profit of

his labours. Its object should be not to put restriction direct or indirect upon production, but rather to stimulate it for the benefit of the consumer.

The legislator may then turn to the consideration of the extent of copyright protection to be sanctioned unfettered by political creed or party, and in his consideration he will have continually to steer between two dangers. If the State affords too little protection, there will be no encouragement to the producer to do his best work. If, on the other hand, it treats him too tenderly, the public will lose the very benefits which it is the object of legislation to secure them. In this respect copyright and patent right stand on the same footing; but between the two there are material distinctions. Industrial inventions are purely commercial in their object, they find their market comparatively easily, and, there being no question of any merit other than commercial, the reward they obtain is, speaking generally, more or less proportionate to their merit. The inventor's only difficulty lies in securing proper commercial handling without parting with his interest. Copyright, on the other hand, deals with matters which, though they are commercial to the extent that their pecuniary success depends on the laws of supply and demand, yet must rely for their real value to the community on considerations wholly unconnected with commerce. So much so indeed that immediate pecuniary success is hardly ever the test of intrinsic merit. If any importance at all is attached to the influence of literature and art, the main object of copyright legislation must be to give a sense of security to those authors who cannot, from the very nature of their creations, expect or rely on immediate recognition, and it is therefore for this class of producer that the legislator has to provide. In so doing he will of necessity be compelled to afford what may seem an excessive protection to a quantity of unworthy productions; but this need not cause him any misgiving, for work of this class secures under any conditions a market sufficiently wide for the public benefit during the short period of its endurance, and when that period is over the question of protection becomes immaterial, for the subject-matter of it is non-existent. The aim of copyright legislation must be to give temporary security to the highest class of work, the influence of which may endure for centuries.

It follows therefore that to secure the real benefit of the public a much more complete protection must be given to the author than to the industrial inventor, whose work is designed for an immediate commercial market, and will therefore obtain

an immediate pecuniary reward. Unfortunately, however, the work of the author when once it is given to the public passes into the region of commerce. Industries spring up in connexion with it which have to be considered and safeguarded, and, as the less intrinsically valuable work makes the most immediately wide, though the least permanent, appeal, the industries connected with work of this class are always both the largest and the most insecure. The claim of commerce therefore (which in a commercial age tends to be paramount) is apt to conflict with the true interests of art and of the public. And this is not the only way in which the conflict arises. Commerce opens a wide field to the ephemeral artist, encourages him to the exclusion of his more meritorious brethren, and, by flooding the market with indifferent and often deplorable productions, vitiates public taste, and destroys the demand for works of the highest class.

The fact is that in art the element which it is most desirable to protect is one wholly foreign in spirit and requirement to the essence of commercialism. Competition is the life of commerce. It is inessential and even destructive to art. For the artist is the one man in the world who needs no incentive or spur of circumstance. He creates because the force is in him. Circumstance affects only the quality of his creation, and that generally for the worse. It is only security that can give him the freedom necessary for his developement; the competition of immediate demand swamps, if it does not corrupt him. A striking instance of this is to be found in the literary history of the United States. In America, with her youth, her fierce vitality, her illimitable resources, her freedom of character and circumstances, one hoped for a new Renaissance. Yet she remains, in spite of a feverish superficial culture, artistically the least productive of the nations. One cannot help noticing, too, that throughout her literary history trade interests have been paramount. It was the printing trade which fought so long and successfully against the grant of any protection to foreign authors, with the result that the home market was flooded with alien productions, the growth of a real national literature stifled, and the native author compelled in self-defence to court ephemeral demand for his living. The 1891 Act marked a step forward, but even in that the trade secured a clause requiring all books to be printed in the States as a condition precedent to protection; and it is remarkable that even for her own citizens America has the shortest and most strictly limited period of protection of any Great Power. That trade influence has in no way diminished

is shown by the recent history of musical copyright: only last year the talking-machine industries compelled the Government to introduce into the Act which protects composers against piracy by records a section by virtue of which any composer, who has once given a licence to any person to reproduce his work musically by mechanical means, is bound to allow any other person to reproduce the same work on payment to him of a royalty fixed by the statute.

The result has been a national growth totally disproportioned: commercialism everywhere rank and rampant; a culture largely forced and superficial, based on a hasty and incomplete assimilation of foreign work; a people active to the point of frenzy, yet wholly inarticulate, wholly without any aim but a material one, their spiritual force swamped by those elements the excessive protection of which has filled their social life with violence, inequality and corruption. It is instructive to contrast her ill-balanced and frenetic society with the orderly and well-proportioned social life of Germany, a country her equal in industrial progress, her superior in commercial stability, which has yet consistently followed a policy of artistic protection not only by means of copyright legislation, but also by a system of careful supervision (there exists, for instance, in Nürnberg a *Bau-ordnung* that ensures all houses within the old walls being built in the old German style) and by State aid, to the higher forms of dramatic and musical production. Even America herself furnishes an instance of the contrasting policies. For she has always been most generous in her treatment of the industrial inventor, and this, says Sir Henry Maine,

> 'has made the American people the first in the world for the number and ingenuity of the inventions by which it has promoted the useful arts; while on the other hand the neglect to exercise this power for the advantage of foreign writers has condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought.'

The above principles must always govern the consideration of any proposed changes in the law of copyright, but there are besides many entirely new features that have to be taken into account by the modern legislator. First of all there is the international question, to which the spread of education and the developement of means of communication have given an entirely new aspect. The importance of facilitating the interchange of national thought is hardly to be overestimated, for nothing can do so much to further international concord. Great Britain has had international Copyright Acts since 1837,

but neither these nor the Berne Convention of 1887, to which we were parties, really did more, as far as our own municipal law is concerned, than give foreign authors, whose countries were bound to us by copyright treaty or were parties to the convention, the same rights in our own country as we gave our own citizens. The Berlin Convention aims, for the first time, at securing uniformity in all essential points in the municipal laws of the countries of the Union, and it is to be hoped that the importance of securing this uniformity will incline our Legislature to accept provisions which may in some instances seem to the English mind a little excessive. Some such instances there are bound to be, for here, as in international law, the Anglo-Saxon system comes into conflict with the Latin, the principles of which are founded on code legislation of the Roman tradition and tend besides to look more favourably on the author than do the more pedestrian Northern races.

Another important aspect of the case is the Imperial one. Innumerable difficulties have in the past arisen out of the conflicting interests and diverse systems of the different parts of the Empire. The self-governing colonies have considered this Bill, and it is believed that all of them are agreed on its principles and on the means that it provides for bringing those principles into force within their respective dominions.

In addition to these developements the progress of commerce has introduced many new elements. Some of these (such, e.g., as the piracy of street music) have recently been dealt with; but a good deal remains to be done in connexion with the provision of adequate remedies to meet new forms of piracy, and in reference to newspapers, photographs and the recent increase of cinematographs, talking machines, piano-players and other methods of mechanical reproduction.

We may turn now to the innovations proposed by the new Bill. In considering them one can only touch on those which are likely to give rise to diversity of opinion; to go through them in detail would necessitate a treatise on our existing law. Nor is the present a fitting occasion for the discussion of the questions of draftsmanship which must arise when the Bill goes into Committee. It is only the broad outlines of the new measure that can engage our attention.

The proposed innovations fall into seven divisions;

1. The extension of the period of protection.
2. The extension of the list of protected arts.
3. The granting of protection against new forms of piracy.
4. The granting of new remedies.

5. The abolition of formalities in connexion with the acquisition and protection of copyright.
6. The adjustment of new rights and vested interests acquired under the old law.
7. The machinery necessary for imposing an international and Imperial code.

The last two divisions may be quickly dismissed. The Bill does not name the Unionist countries to which it is proposed to concede its advantages, but (following the usual practice) provides that the King may by Order in Council extend the provisions of our law to the subjects of, or to persons resident or works first published in, a foreign country, provided that that country gives our own people mutual advantages. In the same spirit, the new law is not to be forced on the self-governing colonies, but is only to apply to them if they declare it (without any but purely formal and necessary modifications) to be in force in their dominions. The provision for vested interests contains one difficulty, viz. the saving clause (s. 24, subs. 1 (*c*)) in favour of rights or interests arising from any action or expenditure taken or incurred before the commencement of the Act with a view to the performance or reproduction of a work at a time when such performance or reproduction would have been lawful. No previous statute has included a reservation in such general terms, though the International Copyright Act of 1886 had a somewhat similar clause, and the difficulty of defining 'interests' which may arise from any such 'action or 'expenditure' is obvious. One may also dismiss without prolonged consideration the fourth division, which deals with the granting of new remedies. The proposed changes include the general imposition of penalties, recoverable in a court of summary jurisdiction, on persons selling or offering for sale, etc., pirated copies, or having in their possession 'plates' for the purpose of making pirated copies, and the authorisation of the arrest without warrant of hawkers of pirated copies, and of police search for and confiscation (without warrant and at the applicant's risk) of pirated copies which are being hawked about and offered for sale. The principle of summary remedies has been recognised in many of the existing statutes, and arrest without warrant is authorised by the Musical Copyright Act, 1906, as is also the power to issue warrants to search for pirated copies, etc. The Commission of 1878 recommended the granting of a power to seize without warrant pirated copies of works of fine art, on the ground of the impossibility of proceeding by summons against hawkers who go from house

to house without leaving any name or address. The extension of these remedies generally seems both reasonable and desirable.

The four remaining classes of innovations require somewhat fuller treatment. The first of them is the extension of the term of copyright (subject to certain exceptions in the case of collective, joint and posthumous works) to the life of the author and fifty years from his death. Our present law gives a great variety of different periods, ranging from fourteen years (extendible to twenty-eight) from the date of 'putting forth or 'publishing' in the case of sculpture, to forty-two years from the date of publication, or the life of the author and seven years after (whichever may be longer), in the case of literature. This variety is confusing and inconvenient, and the alternative period, which subsists in the most important branch of all, is very unsatisfactory. It is often difficult to ascertain the date of publication, while the calculation of the period from this date results in the inconvenience of different works of the same author and different editions of the same work falling into the public domain at different times. In this way the public are often deceived by bogus complete editions of an author's work and the premature republication of old and imperfect editions, which are represented as the author's final work. Instances of this last abuse occurred with regard to Hallam's 'Middle Ages' and Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' while Mr. Putnam also gives as an example Bancroft's 'History of the 'United States of America.' The first part of this work, he says, was published in three successive volumes in 1834, 1837 and 1840, and although the author revised and amended these volumes before his death it became possible for any one to reprint the early and incorrect editions in 1882. A period of life and years seems, therefore, the most satisfactory ; and, indeed, practically all the copyright systems of the world are framed on these lines, and life and fifty years is the term recommended by the Berlin Convention. The acceptance of it is not a condition precedent to adherence to the convention, but it has in fact been accepted by all the Unionist States except Germany, Japan and Switzerland, and all the important non-Unionist countries except Austria and America. The countries which have not adopted it all allow life and thirty years, except America, which has a period of fourteen years, extendible to twenty-eight. The bulk of civilised opinion may therefore be said to favour the proposed term ; and Great Britain has a special reason for accepting it, for any term less than life and forty-two years would, in the case of works written shortly before the author's death, allow a shorter protection than our

present system—an obviously undesirable result. The proposed term is, it may be added, designed to represent the period during which persons are likely to be in existence to whom an author would most wish to secure pecuniary advantage and to entrust the protection of his published thought, and must operate to secure to the representatives of distinguished authors, whose reward often comes late in life or not till after death, their proper benefit from works from which the author himself derived little or no profit during his life. The term is, however, undoubtedly a long one, and will certainly meet with some criticism, especially from those interested in literary productions. It will at once be said that the majority of the works that will be protected are unworthy of such protection, and that in many cases the benefit will enure to the publisher, and not to the author. But it may be answered that unworthy works will not in fact benefit, for they will be dead and buried long before the period expires, while the growing practice among authors (a practice which a provision of this kind is certain to increase) of dealing with their works on a royalty basis is a sufficient answer to the second objection. More serious criticism will be founded on the allegation that works will fall more slowly into the public domain, and that the public will therefore be longer deprived of the benefit of cheap editions; while the printing trade may on the same grounds be apprehensive that the proposal will diminish their volume of business. A considerable body of evidence was adduced on these points before Lord Gorell's Committee in 1909, the purport of which may be fairly summarised as follows: The publication of cheap editions is becoming increasingly popular both with regard to copyright and non-copyright works, and it is not in practice found that prices immediately fall when a work comes into the public domain. Indeed, in many cases publishers cannot undertake cheap editions unless they are safeguarded against competition, for the margin of profit is so narrow that some security is essential. It was these considerations that induced the 1909 Committee (a very strong and impartial one) to accept the proposed term, and so go beyond the 1878 Committee, which had reported in favour of life and thirty years.

It may be further noted that Clause 2 of the Bill provides an important safeguard of the public interest by allowing the Comptroller of Patents to license the publication by any applicant of works improperly withheld from the public. The Act of 1842 contained a somewhat similar clause, and one would have expected that in these days of competition, if the existence of a long term of copyright (and our present term

may extend to life and forty-two years) has in fact the effect of unduly limiting the supply of works for which there is a real demand, some publisher would have been found to take advantage of it. The section has, however, never been called into operation. Before leaving this branch of the subject one may notice a compromise which was for some time adopted in Italy, where, after the expiration of a preliminary term of absolute copyright, any one was allowed to publish a work on payment of a fixed royalty to the author or his representatives. Such a scheme conflicts with the British love of freedom of contract, and its introduction would militate against the simplicity which is one of the chief merits of the new measure. It is, however, an ingenious and interesting expedient.

The extended list of protected arts includes some matters of difficulty; the acceptance of it is, however, essential to adherence to the convention, and one may again urge the paramount importance of uniformity.

There will probably be little opposition to the inclusion of phonograph records and pianola rolls. The composition of these undoubtedly demands considerable artistic skill, and large industries, which the Act proposes to penalise (as will appear hereafter), have arisen in connexion with them. Nor will the protection of cinematograph productions and works of ' choreography ' (the latter art a bantling of Italy) be likely to arouse much controversy.

The greatest difficulty will undoubtedly be experienced with regard to architecture, for the Bill proposes to make actual buildings the subject of copyright. Hitherto only the architects' plans have been protected against infringement, and that only against infringement by copying in the same dimension. The Committee of 1878 reported against this extension of protection, but it is impossible to read the evidence given before Lord Gorell's Committee without realising that architects have in fact a real grievance, and one which is not met by the protection afforded to their plans. Instances of architectural piracy will be found collected in the Third Appendix to the latter Committee's Report, and in the Fifth are set out cases in which foreign courts have successfully punished such piracy. Sir Thomas Scrutton dissented from the Committee's recommendation on this point on the ground of the great difficulty that the courts must experience in putting it into force, and his opinion is, of course, entitled to the greatest consideration; but the foreign cases and the readiness with which our own courts have distinguished the elements of novelty and originality

in patents and industrial designs seem to show that his hesitation is groundless. If this grievance exists, and if it is possible to remedy it, there seems no reason in principle against the protection of this most important and conspicuous art. The architect's profession is a hazardous and uncertain one, and it is impossible to draw any logical distinction between it and the other arts. Sculpture, to which it is most closely akin, has been protected in this country ever since the end of the eighteenth century, and if we have come to regard buildings as unfitted for this form of protection, it is probably only because they have been so long unprotected.

It is, however, to be feared that the architect's claim will be thought to conflict with trade interests (though it is not easy to see how the prevention of a form of piracy which is, after all, not of very frequent occurrence, can really affect the laws of supply and demand) ; and the same apprehension seems to have been fatal to the claim of designs capable of and intended for industrial application, for these are expressly excluded by Section 23 of the Bill. This class of artistic production is, by reason of its almost universal appeal, of the widest influence and importance, and it is also one in which Great Britain, once, in the great days of Chippendale, Sheraton and Adam, pre-eminent, has now fallen far behind her Continental rivals, as any one who is familiar with the work of France or Germany in, for example, electric-light fittings, must recognise. We seem under the stress of commercialism to have lost all initiative, and all that is best in our modern work is imitation of the antique. The fact is that design is the form of art in which the hostile influence of commercialism works most strongly and most obviously, and in which the claim of commerce is most immediately strong. The introduction of piecework and methods of mechanical production have taken from the craftsman all direct interest in his creation, and have flooded the market with a stream of dull and unimaginative work that has swamped the better class of producer. Those responsible for the Bill have no doubt felt a difficulty in regard to the protection which is already afforded to 'industrial designs' by the Patents and Designs Acts, the last of which was passed as recently as 1907. A good deal of evidence was, however, given before the 1909 Committee to show how unsatisfactory this protection is. The expense of registration is often prohibitive, and as designs have to be registered in separate classes, according to the purpose for which they are intended, and are only protected in the classes in which they are registered, it is impossible to stop copying in other classes, and an author's

conception is often taken and stultified by application to objects to which it is totally unsuited. There is of course a difficulty in allowing a concurrent protection, but French law has for some time allowed and enforced it, and there seems no reason why our courts should not succeed in distinguishing the original and artistic elements in a design (as in a work of architecture), and in affording those elements the protection which the law gives them in other forms of art.

The third class of proposed innovations involves the much-vexed question of the desirability of protecting the musical composer against reproduction by means of talking machines and mechanical players. In spite of the ardour and ingenuity with which the Trade case was stated before the 1909 Committee and restated in a recent letter to 'The Times,' there cannot be said to be any possible argument in principle against this protection. There seems little doubt (in spite of some conflict of evidence) that mechanical reproduction does injure the sale of sheet music in connexion with the more important classes of composition. In the case of works of the lower class which are cheaply produced and easily performed the result may often appear different, especially in America, where there are so many large stores dealing both in talking machines and sheet music, and devoted almost entirely to the dissemination of comic songs and rag-time pieces. A great deal of the evidence adduced by the Trades before the 1909 Committee emanated from institutions of this class. But it is not this class of production that is the real object of copyright protection. Again, to allow an unrestricted right of production takes from the composer all power to centre the adaptation and presentation of his work, and in many cases compels him to submit to travesty and mutilation, a result as injurious to the public as to himself. If in addition to the above considerations one remembers the vast quantity of music that is circulated yearly and even publicly performed by means of these contrivances, without the composer (the most poorly paid of all artists) receiving any kind of remuneration, the case against the Trade seems overwhelming. But large industries, which live in a condition of small profits and fierce competition, have been built up under a system of law which allowed them the free use of all musical compositions, and they will undoubtedly make a vigorous effort to retain this freedom or to obtain the introduction of some scheme of compulsory licence similar to that which (as has been said) has found its way into American law. Such a scheme has little to recommend it to the mind of the

lawyer; it would rob the composer of control as completely as our present system, and would look strange in the statute-books of a free country. It must not be forgotten moreover that these industries are receiving a benefit by the extension of copyright to their rolls and records, and it may be added that the Bill contains a saving clause (24 i. (*d*)) in respect of works adapted for mechanical reproduction before the passing of the Act.

The last subject to be considered is the proposed abolition of formalities. The acceptance of this proposal is indispensable to adherence to the convention. It means, however, a considerable change in the policy of our law, and it was presumably for that reason that the 1878 Committee advised the retention and improvement of our present system. By 'formalities' is meant provision for registration of works of art, or for the inscription on published copies of the name and date of publication or of notices reserving the right of reproduction or public performance; and the object of an insistence on formalities is, of course, to warn the public when rights are claimed in connexion with any particular work. Our law on this branch of the subject, as on so many others, is obscure, inconsistent and ineffective. For the protection of copyright in a work of literature it is sufficient if registration is made at Stationers' Hall (the *locus* shows how much the force of tradition has to do with the retention of our present system) on the day on which legal proceedings are commenced. This clearly is no protection to the public. With regard to dramatic works, registration, though optional, is wholly unnecessary. Infringements of copyright in a painting, drawing, or photograph, however, give no cause of action unless the work is registered before the date of the infringement; while, on the other hand, there is no provision at all for registration of prints, engravings, etc., or works of sculpture. These latter must, however, have the name of the author (in the case of prints the proprietor) and the date of first publication inscribed on them. The necessity for this inscription will disappear if the term of protection is changed (as the Bill proposes to change it) from a period beginning at the date of publication to one of life and years. With regard to the performing right in musical compositions, our law only protects that where a notice reserving the right is printed on every copy of the composition published. This leads to a great deal of confusion, and often to some hardship; for not only is the author sometimes penalised by the carelessness of his publisher, but, where the performing- and copy-right

are in different hands, the owner of the former right is (in spite of statutory penalties) at the mercy of the owner of the latter. It is plain, too, that in an international scheme such a system must lead to great difficulties with regard to language, and citizens of a country which requires no such formality may, through ignorance or inadvertence, suffer undeserved hardship. The plan of the new Bill is to abolish all compulsory formalities; this will in every case raise a presumption that a work of art is copyright, but the Bill provides that no person who proves that at the date on which he infringed copyright in a work he was not aware, and had no reasonable means of making himself aware, that copyright in that work subsisted shall be liable to any penalty but an injunction. It is further provided, however, that this defence shall not be available where at the date of the infringement the work was duly registered. This seems a most rational compromise, and it is improbable that any of the persons directly interested in the question will raise any objection to the Bill on this ground. Lord Gorell's Committee considered the question most minutely, and were able to recommend the adoption of the abolition policy.

Enough has been said to show the general scheme of the new proposals. We may conclude with a hope that the involved condition of politics at the present moment will not prevent a measure of so much importance receiving proper attention and passing, in some form that will represent a fair compromise between conflicting interests, rapidly into law.

Art. IV.—ACADEMICAL ORATORY.

1. *Orationes Creweianae.* A Ricardo Michell, S.T.P. 1849–1875. Oxford: J. Parker. 1876.
2. *Orationes tum Creweianae tum Gratulatoriae.* By W. W. Merry. 1881–1907. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1909.
3. *Orationes et Epistolae Cantabrigienses.* By John Edwin Sandys. 1876–1909. London: Macmillan. 1910.
4. *The Oxford Magazine,* 1882–1910. Oxford University Press.
5. *The Times* Newspaper and sundry pamphlets and MSS.

It is not pretended that this article gives anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Such a treatment would be impossible even if space and time without limit were available. The necessary material is not at hand, and is, indeed, for the most part, irrecoverably lost. Something, it is true, might be found by anyone who had the time to make an exhaustive search through the catalogues of the great libraries; but much never survived the day on which it was spoken. There was no reporter to take it down. The Orator had but a few notes to help him, perhaps no notes at all. If there was a manuscript, this would be put away, and before long destroyed, under the pressure of the accumulations with which we are all of us only too familiar. It will save time briefly to describe the authorities actually used in putting together this article.

First we have the 'Creweian Orations.' Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1722, left by his will to the University of Oxford a charge of 200*l.* per annum on his estates in Northumberland and Durham, to be applied as he might direct, or as, in default of such direction, the University might determine. No such direction was forthcoming, but a chaplain of the Bishop gave the details of a scheme which, he said, the Bishop had discussed with him not long before his death. This was accepted by the University, and one of the provisions was that a sum of 20*l.* should be paid for a speech to be delivered at the Encaenia or Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, the speakers being the Public Orator and the Professor of Poetry in alternate years. The scheme came into force in 1732. How many of the 179 orations delivered since that date have survived it would be impossible to say. Mr. E. B. Michell, editing his father's 'Orationes Creweianae' in 1878, says that none of those delivered by the Professors of Poetry

had been preserved with the exception of Bishop Louth's in 1751. Some notes of them, however, have appeared in recent years, and one at least has been printed. Mr. Michell's and Dr. Merry's volumes cover between them a period of sixty years, roughly equivalent to living memory, though with a *lacuna* of two years, when Mr. T. F. Dallin was in office. There are other academical speeches at Oxford. Each recipient of any honorary degree is introduced with some account of what he has done. This duty is discharged by the Public Orator when the degree is in the Faculty of Arts. But these occasions are few and unimportant. The degree commonly conferred is that of D.C.L., and here the introduction is made by the Professor of Civil Law. Some of these have been preserved. The Public Orator makes the congratulatory address when a new Chancellor is installed. Mr. Michell's volume contains the oration addressed to the Earl of Derby on October 21, 1852, and that to the Marquis of Salisbury on November 23, 1869. In Dr. Merry's volumes there are two similar utterances, the first addressed to Viscount Goschen on November 11, 1903, the second to Lord Curzon on May 11, 1907. We also find there the speech delivered at the tercentenary of the Bodleian Library (October 9, 1902). Other occasions in the University are distinguished in the same way. The Vice-Chancellor makes a speech when he begins and ends his year of office in the October term—the period of tenure customarily extends to four years. And the Senior Proctor does the same on behalf of himself and his colleague when he lays down office at the end of the Lent term. Some notice of the latter deliverances will be found hereafter.

The duties discharged by the Public Orator at Cambridge are of a different kind. There is nothing that corresponds to the Creweian Oration, but he has to present all recipients of honorary degrees whatever the faculty to which they belong. It will be seen what a very serious burden this imposes upon him. Dr. Sandys' volume contains 589 items, of which 531 are introductory speeches commending to the University experts in every branch of human knowledge, and 58 letters. At Dublin the duties of the Orator are the same as at Cambridge.

Richard Michell, the first of the Orators with whom we are concerned, was one of the most successful of Oxford 'coaches,' so crowded at one time with pupils that men were content to hear his instructions outside his dressing-room door in the morning. When the office became vacant by the promotion of William Jacobson to the Regius Professorship of Divinity

in 1848, he was chosen to succeed. Many, doubtless, of the electors had been his pupils, but a more potent cause was his staunch Toryism, for Reform was already in the air. In his first Oration, delivered on June 21, 1849, Mr. Michell did not fail to declare his faith. 'I am perfectly well aware,' he says, 'with what violence the partisans of revolution are beginning 'to assail us.' And he counsels the Heads of Houses—more important personages then than they are now—to take timely precaution against the enemy. They should accommodate the institutions of the past to the wants of the present; or they might renew something that had become obsolete (*vel denuo, si quid opus, instaurare*). Speaking in 1849 the Orator did not forget the events of the preceding year. In language which now seems to us almost grotesquely exaggerated, he speaks of horrors such as, he declares, the human race had never before witnessed.

'Videtis ante oculos, Academici, Europam non conturbari modo, sed funditus everti—huc illuc tanquam fluctubus turbulentissimis exaestuantem Oceanum tumefactum iactari—animos hominum gentesque universas, humanissimas illas antea, pacisque studiorum amantissimas inaudito furore insanire—immo incredibili quadam licentia, abiecta prorsus rerum humanarum divinarumque reverentia, tumultu atque civili sanguine comissari atque bacchari. Non urbes atque μητροπόλεις habetis, sed horrendas inter strages πολιτῶν σφαγεῖα. Neque mihi fraudi vertatis, Academici, si verbis utar in tam portentosa re audacioribus paullulum et insolitis! Rerum humanarum iam inde ab initio in historicorum monumentis annales meditanti, mihi habeo persuasissimum, nullas fortunarum conversiones adeo subitas, nullos in populorum recentiorum origine eventus adeo tragicos et ad terrorem iniciendum factos, maiores nostros aut audivisse aut oculis spectavisse. Portentis contremiscunt terrae, iraeque divinae iam impendentis signis certissimis, ordine undique civili in ultima iterum elementaque Chaosque revoluto. Caligantur superne, ut Sacrarum Scripturarum oratione utar, sol et luna et astrorum splendores. Concutiuntur caelorum potestates.'

An incident that seems to have struck the speaker with peculiar dismay was that some French regiments had suffered themselves to be disarmed by the mob. Probably they sympathised, and we who can review the whole history of the July Monarchy are not surprised. To us Louis Philippe is hardly what he seems to have been to the Orator—*summus rex idemque sapientissimus*, who was deposed by an unappreciative nation. The prospect was better at home:

'Quod superest, inconcussa adhuc, tum hostili furore, tum insano plebis tumultu, stat gens Anglicana; stabitque, uti speramus, sempiterna. Adsint modo literae, et generosa quam a patribus accepimus

libertas, adsit modo pura eadem et Catholica fides, verum Reipublicae decus et tutamen; adsit summa, quam apud ceteras gentes deperisse videmus, sancti rectique intemerata reverentia!'

At his next appearance, in 1851, the Orator was not so hopeful about his own country. Everything was going to the bad —*in peius ruere*. He could praise, however, the changes made in the examination system.* 'It was a great statute (*praeclara lex*) dealing with the principles and method of education and had been received with great approval.' Before reaching this subject he had taken occasion of the chief event of the year, the Great Exhibition, to expatiate on the advantage of great festal assemblies. These were as desirable at Oxford as elsewhere, and one necessary element, he urged, was a full concourse of the juniors.

'Quamvis igitur, ut revera est, tumultum quendam animorum et iuvenilem furorem a studiorum gravitate disciplinarumque, ut verum fatear, alienissimos haec comitia nostra turbare et commiscere nonnunquam vidimus—haec nihil moror. Summi rem esse momenti iudicandum est ut florentissima eadem atque confertissima his Comitiis adsit iuvenum corona. Non libertate modo utantur sed licentia. Adsint modo—plaudant—explodant, si libet! Inutilem prorsus atque paene ridiculam fore hanc totam celebrationem arbitror, si abessent.'

We shall see what he came afterwards to think on this matter.

The next year he had the satisfaction of welcoming in the newly elected Chancellor, Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby, a politician after his own heart, and in 1853 of addressing one of the most splendid assemblages that had ever been seen in the Sheldonian. It was the installation festival of the new Chancellor, and no fewer than forty-one eminent personages were honoured with degrees. Some of the names, it is true, as 'Samuel Warren, the novelist,' do not impress us now, and some we cannot associate with any great achievement, but we find among them Lord Stanley (afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby), Macaulay, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, and George Grote. The Orator, after pronouncing a panegyric on the Duke of Wellington, the late Chancellor, referred in general terms to the distinguished recipients of degrees, not heroes of battle, but 'collectum robur viresque vividas pacis (ut spero)

* Responsions (Little Go) were put earlier in the undergraduate's course; Moderations, Classical and Mathematical, were established, and two additional Final Schools (Natural Science and Law with Modern History) instituted.

'diuturnae.' He paid a special compliment to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and to the Duke of Cambridge, both newly admitted to the D.C.L. degree by diploma, and then turned to the new Chancellor. Two blessings, he said, belonged to the noble dead—to be gratefully remembered, to have a worthy successor—and then went on :

'Orbata ad te, ut primum inter primos, unanimi consensu confugit Universitas. Quod si felix sit, qui dignum sortitus fuerit successorem, quanto magis felices ii sunt habendi, quibus successoris istius tutela et patrocinio benevolentissimo frui contigerit!'

In 1855 he did not fail to do due honour to the victories won in the Crimea, and to appreciate the affectionate interest and sympathy with which the Queen had followed the fortunes of her army. The next important academical matter to which he refers is the building of the Natural History Museum. Some of the Orator's friends had been active in opposition, but he had nothing but good to say of it. The foundation stone was to be laid on the very day of the speech, and the building would, he was sure, be worthy of a most flourishing University and of the Benefactors whom they were accustomed that day to commemorate. It will be remembered that Lord Derby was a zealous friend to this scheme.

At his next appearance (1857) the Orator was in a less happy frame of mind. The University Commission appointed in that year had grievously alarmed him. 'The partisans of revolution 'have made a most wanton attack upon us. Neglecting the 'experience of past times, they are seeking to throw everything 'into confusion, for they are conferring upon strangers the 'largest power of consultations and decisions in our affairs.' On second thoughts, however, he is inclined to allow that these anticipations were somewhat too gloomy. The 'strangers' (so called because they were non-residents) are, after all, he reflects, worthy men, nourished and trained almost from boyhood in Oxford discipline and education. It is impossible to believe that they will lay violent hands on their own Alma Mater. And, indeed, the list should have been reassuring.*

The speech of 1859 had for its chief topic the exploits of the soldiers who had suppressed the Indian Mutiny; that of

* The Commissioners were the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Ellesmere, Archbishop Longley, G. H. S. Johnson (afterwards Dean of Wells), J. W. Awdry, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis; all, with one exception, first-class men.

1861 was an encomium of Benefactors past and present, among the latter being John Ruskin, who had given his collection of pictures to the University, and F. G. Hope, who had presented his entomological collections. The Commemoration of 1863 was a great function, honoured as it was with the presence of the newly married Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince had spent an academical year, ending in July 1860, in the University, and, after travelling in Canada and the United States, had gone to Cambridge, *soror nostra dilecta semperque in honestis aemula.* A tour in the East had followed the sojourn at Cambridge. The Orator could not have had much in common with the Prince's 'guide, philosopher and friend,' Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, a thorough-going Liberal in general and University politics, but he makes a handsome recognition of his services :

'Gratum erat novisse te consiliis sanctissimi modestissimique viri adiutum, per totam istam peregrinationem ab omni contagione vitiorum revocatum esse atque repressum. Gratius tamen, quod semper, et domi et foris, nihil optabilius, nihil sanctius habueris quam ut votivas preces Augustissimae Matris venereris, et virtutes illas eximias, quae Principem decorare possunt, non magis paternas quam proprias esse cerneremus.'

Then after his *gratum* and *gratius*, turning to the Princess, he comes to his superlative :

'Gratissimum vero cunctis, quod extemplo post reditum constaret, te non inconsultius, sed sapientissime, et (ut ita dicam) divinitus impulsum sponsam tibi assumpsisse, in qua "Gratias habitare" omnes uno ore praedicabant—in animo virtutes praestantissimas et singulares, in corpore pulchritudinem et venustatem, dignam Principe, dignam tantis prognata parentibus, dignam imperio. Quam quidem nostrae est felicitatis, Academici, hodie ipsis oculis nostris intueri ; et intueri (ni fallor) est amare. Memineritis, Academici, paucis illustribus concessum, etsi in ceteris felicissimi fuerint, dignitate nuptiarum inclaruisse. In Principe vero nostro illud [videmus ?] quod de clarissimo quodam in priscis temporibus dictitatum esse perhibent "Uxorem sibi in decus et gloriam cessisse."' *

The Oration of 1865 was almost wholly occupied with a severe rebuke to the Oxford manners of the day. The danger that threatened the University was, he urged, from within rather than from without. 'There was a new Senate, new 'Ordinances, new Professorships,' and everything new was, of

* Said by the younger Pliny of the Emperor Trajan.

course, dangerous. There was a vast increase in the number * of 'honour-men'—surely a somewhat unreasonable reproach—but only a few were really distinguished. As for the pass-men, the case was worse; they felt no pleasure in success and no disgrace in failure. Then there was the new passion for games:

'There has crept in, I would rather say there has burst in upon us an array of contests wholly different from our own contests of the schools. The University is seized with a madness, once unknown and not easy to understand, which puts the body before the mind—Gymnastics before Culture (*μουσικῆ γυμναστικήν*). Our youth has new ambitions, new training; they come to acquire knowledge—*rude gladiatoria non scholastica abeunt.* † . . . They substitute for the pen the oar or the boxing-glove . . . their fare is in keeping with their habits; by their heavy meals of beef (*κρεάτων βοειῶν abundantia*) they promote a dull habit of body and a darkened intelligence.'

This is sufficiently emphatic, but it is far surpassed by the vigour of the Orator's language two years later. It had been proposed to allow the admission of students who should not be members of any college or hall,‡ and the proposal had struck his mind with absolute terror. He goes back to the days before the college system was established, when thirty thousand students—the number is now commonly supposed to be fabulous—subject to no discipline, and, for the most part, without fixed abode, infested the streets of Oxford, and filled the town with bloodshed and rapine. He rises to a sublime height of invective in describing them. He might be Cicero denouncing Oppianicus, or Catiline, or Clodius, or Mark Antony. These ruffians professed to be devoted to letters, but they were really mere swashbucklers or robbers:

'Tabernarum potius ac popinarum inquilinae quam Musarum hospites atque Academiae cives. Ut commorandi, perinde erat

* In 1865 there were 148, against 112 in 1849.

† The phrase defies translation but admits of explanation. The gladiator who had served his time with credit was presented with a foil (*rudis*). The undergraduates are told that as all their time is spent, not in the seats of learning, but in the cricket field or on the river their symbol of completed service was not scholastic but athletic.

‡ A Bill to authorise this was then (June 1867) actually before Parliament. It passed a second reading by a narrow majority (14), and was referred to a Select Committee. From this it never emerged. It was to have been introduced in the following Session, but the University took the matter into its own hands, and passed a statute by which the proposed change was made.

vivendi, ratio. Piger pudetque referre quae tum saepe dominabatur in hoc Disciplinae atque Humanitatis domicilio libido atque immanitas, qui discordiarum furor, quae pugnarum atque caedum [caedium] etiam rabies et licentia, cum in confusa atque infinita multitudine neque satis noti, neque ulli Regimini domestico obnoxii, effrenate passim grassarentur.' *

From this reign of lawlessness, continued the Orator, the University had been delivered by the munificence of the founders of colleges. The college walls gave a protection to morals which the private lodging did not supply. It would be madness to expose the University to a recrudescence of these old evils.

All this reads not a little strangely in the light of forty-odd years' experience. Even then it might have been urged that at Cambridge the rule of residence within college walls was constantly relaxed without harmful consequences, and that the Scottish Universities had no residential colleges at all. And certainly the prophecy has been even ludicrously falsified by events. The University has not been devastated by a lawless mob of unattached students. These have not been as numerous or as distinguished as it was once hoped they might be. They number now about four hundred out of a total of more than three thousand undergraduates, and, probably, the higher academical distinctions won by them are scarcely in due proportion even to this number. But they are a decent, law-abiding set, quite different from the turbulent 'Chamberdekyns' of mediæval times, passing quickly and cheaply through Oxford to professional life, and less frequently to be found in the 'Black 'Book of the Proctors' than their collegiate fellow-students. Meanwhile the cloistered youth, whose manners and morals were to be protected from this horde of lawless invaders, had been making itself very troublesome. We find frequent complaints, either in the Orations themselves or in contemporary notices of the Commemoration, that the senseless uproar of the undergraduates tended to make the festival impossible. In 1871 the proceedings were brought to a stop; in 1872 they are described as having been 'noisy and uproarious'; in 1873

* 'Frequenters of taverns and cookshops rather than guests of the muses and citizens of the University. Their habit of life was just like their way of lodging; their abode was not more disreputable than their character. It is a pain and a shame to describe the lust and cruelty which then often dominated this home of education and culture, the savagery of faction, the fury of strife, the madness of conflict, even of massacre; to tell how this huge undisciplined mob, men of whom nothing was known, who were not subject to any domestic control, lorded it everywhere with an unbridled licence.'

things went better, either because the presentees, James Russell Lowell, Tyndall, and the great Cambridge Latinist, H. A. J. Munro, were peculiarly interesting, or possibly because admission was by ticket. But in 1874 the Oration was 'entirely 'inaudible,' and in the following year the depth of humiliation was reached, for the Sheldonian Theatre was deserted for the Divinity School, and the undergraduates were practically excluded. 'All was peace and repose and dulness,' writes the chronicler of the day. But the Orator was 'heard for the 'first time.' There is something very pathetic in the speech which Mr. Michell delivered on this occasion, and the pathos is emphasised by the fact that this was his last appearance. After quoting the words given above to the effect that the juniors must have liberty even if it passed into licence, he goes on:

'This opinion I pronounced in the theatre about four-and-twenty years ago, anticipating, indeed, better results than have come to pass. It is a grief to think that the golden hopes which in those days I cherished with too ready a belief have proved vain and fallacious. It is a grief that our rulers, in view of a growing evil, have held themselves bound by a deplorable necessity to apply a remedy so sharp, nay, if I may repeat what is in every mouth, so bitter. It is a grief to myself, I may say a positive anguish, that our youth, once the honour and glory of the University and of this Assembly in particular, has been branded with a deep disgrace, has been banished from our sight, that the Spring, so to speak, has been taken from our year.'

Mr. Michell had intended to resign his office after delivering one more Oration. This would have meant the completion of thirty years of office. But it was not to be, for he died on March 27, 1877.

He had endured some very discourteous treatment with unfailing courage and good-humour. Doubtless he had set himself too insistently against the movement of the time; still, we cannot but regret that his last utterance had to be, as it were, a confession of failure. One thing is quite certain. When his Orations were published in 1878 the Oxford world was not a little surprised to find what elegance and scholarship had been drowned by the clamour of hostile or, at least, unappreciative audiences.

Of his successor, Mr. T. J. Dallin, who owed his appointment, in part, to his prominence in Oxford politics, there is little to be said. The chronicler tells us that he made himself 'parti-'ally audible,' that he was not a little bantered on his style and delivery, and that his Oration was mercifully short. He

spoke but once, and this was in 1877, the year of his election. His successor, speaking in 1881, in the graceful tribute which he pays to his memory reminded his audience that they had heard him in the Sheldonian for the first and last time 'vocem, 'Academici, in hoc ipso loco contionantis et primam audivistis 'et novissimam.'

Mr. Dallin was succeeded in 1880 by the Rev. W. W. Merry, who was then Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, and became four years afterwards Rector of that Society. We now find ourselves in a different atmosphere. And, indeed, the whole atmosphere of Oxford was different. The storm and stress of conflict had passed away. The great changes, among which the abolition of tests stands prominent, were accomplished facts. All but a few irreconcileables had agreed to acquiesce in them. There were still conservatives and reformers. Academical questions still arose, and were still strenuously debated, but no one regarded the issues as of life and death. The Orator could afford to deal with them gently and humorously, putting no sharper edge upon his speech than that of a delicate irony. We find even the Latinity curiously changed. It is undoubtedly classical, but it is simple, clear, easy, such that many of its less learned hearers readily followed it, and the rest were somehow encouraged in a happy belief that they could do so. The delivery, the voice, the genial personality of the speaker helped to produce the happiest effect. He was listened to, accordingly, with an attention which none of his predecessors had been able to command. In his years, at least, the old turbulence was unknown.

Among the many changes which the thirty-two years between 1849 and 1881 had brought with them was one which had greatly affected the outward aspect of the city. For some time Oxford had been expanding itself into its great northern suburb. Such a growth is significant everywhere; but in Oxford it was so in a peculiar degree. The bulwark of celibacy (*caelibis vitae propugnaculum*) had broken down; seven years earlier a proctor had had the courage to speak of it as a most noxious thing (*res nocentissima*), and the old system had been radically changed. The new Orator, who had himself benefited by the new order of things, did not fail in his first speech (1881) to touch upon the matter. Grave as it was, he could do it with a light hand:

'More and more as time goes on our University Professors and Readers, the Tutors and Fellows of our Colleges flock into our rural suburbs; where but the other day we might see the ploughed field, the labours of the ox, and the roofs of scattered dwellings (*raris habitata*

mapalia tectis), are now pleasant paths thronged with passers by, the smoking chimneys of villas, and the daily resort to games of ball (*hic cotidie ad pilam itur lusumque trigonem*).'

One of the commissions which Mr. Michell had regarded with such dismay had appointed a Board which had a censorial power over professors, lecturers, and the Public Orator himself. What gloomy prognostications would have been heard ten years before! Now it is but an occasion for genial pleasantry. The speaker has been lamenting the crush of academical business:

'We busy ourselves with the utmost energy in determining the number and methods of examinations, the choice of examiners, the appointment of professors, the arrangement of lectures, and a thousand other things. There is not a day on which Boards do not meet or are adjourned, on which Committees are not appointed or make their reports, on which divisions are not called. And now, lest perchance we should be found to fail in our duties, a new censorship is set over us all. . . . And to this censorship the Public Orator himself is now made subject. What penalties may be imposed upon him I know not, nor do I dare to ask. Some say that if his speech be over-long, if—which Heaven forbid—he use the subjunctive somewhat inelegantly, if he shorten a long syllable or lengthen a short one, he may be fined or even dismissed.'

So in 1885, after lamenting the portentous growth of *vasta illa et fatalis examinationum machina*, he goes on:

'Bene nobis nobiscum esse puto quod festus hic dies Saturnalibus aestivis iam tandem finem ponit, quae vereor equidem ne latius quotannis propagentur atque extendantur; quippe non iam intra paucos dies solent circumscribi: immo vero usque ab ineunte Maio perpetuae habentur feriae. Primo quidem confertissima amicorum cognatorumque frequentia navali pugna decertatur: mox "veteres ineunt proscenia ludi"; deinde in rus excurrere et comissationibus interesse moris est. His accedunt

μολπή τ' ὀρχηστύς τε· τὰ γάρ τ' ἀναθήματα δαιτός.

Adeo iuventuti nostrae obsident sorores et consobrinae et amitae—oculorum oblectamentum, solamen animi, studiorum pernicies!'

Still, there might be a silver lining to this cloud. The fair might encourage by their rivalry the studies which they now hindered:

'Fieri tamen potest ut eae ipsae aliquando, si quid hodie detrimenti Minervae nostrae intulerint, plus quam satis sint compensaturae, novos invicem studiis stimulos subicientes, dum, propria nobis privilegia invidentes, inter mares sese examinandas sistunt, et

doctarum praemia frontium adulescentibus praeripere certant, *Ἀμαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι.*'

'University extension,' whether seen in the teachers who go forth into the provinces, or in the learners who crowd into Oxford itself, is welcomed with just a touch of genial satire. What gloomy prognostications it would have called forth twenty years before!

'It is the height of summer; the Long Vacation is here, the colleges are "domes of silence." Yet we do not see a slumbering town, or empty Schools. We may hear poets "reciting while the dog-star glows": I should rather say, professors and lecturers discussing philosophy, history, literature, everything that is. The inns are crowded; the streets are full of noise; students hurry hither and thither,

"Holding each his book, and learning what is best beneath the sun."

And in this crowd maidens mingle with men, worshippers at the same shrine of learning, sometimes devoting themselves to their studies, sometimes strolling in groves and gardens, plying the oar on the river or "urging the flying ball."'

A little later he returns to the subject with a more accented note of warning.

'Where in the world,' he asks, 'are so many delights, so many invitations to idleness brought together? Where are there so many rivalries of the athlete and the oarsman, all the sports that move the hot blood of youth? Add, too, all those charming meetings with the fair, concerts, dances, the luncheon parties and afternoon teas (*pomeridiana pocula*) of hospitable matrons. And then the lectures without end on the Poor Law, on Missions, on Total Abstinence, on Vegetarianism. I have often doubted whether there is any place less favourable than Oxford to learned labour.'

One thing was clear, the studious youth must not relax his efforts. A double danger threatened him—the social charm on the one side, the academical rivalry on the other. The latter peril the Orator did not forget to emphasise by reminding his hearers of what had happened at Cambridge in the preceding January, when Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett was declared in the Senate House to be 'above the Senior Wrangler.'

'The Augurs have announced, not, indeed, that a shower of stones has fallen from the sky, or that an ox has uttered human speech, but that the Senior Wrangler—this is the name which the men of Cambridge use—has been vanquished by a woman, lies prostrate *virginea domitus sagitta.*'

The failure of an attempt made in 1898 to establish a School of Agriculture seems not to have called forth any expression of regret from the academical spokesmen. The Proctor of the year contented himself with the remark that agriculture was scarcely to be regarded as one of the liberal arts, with a general opinion that it was not wise to multiply schools in which there would be, in all probability, more examiners than candidates. The Public Orator found in it an occasion for some delightful 'chaff.'

'Forthwith,' he says, 'I seemed to see in the College of St. Mary Magdalen the leafy elms either shaped into the plough handle or wedded to the vine; to see amidst its park and pleasant lawns our youth stripped for ploughing, stripped for sowing, or drenching the sick cattle with wine administered in vessels of horn, or saturating with rich manure their garden turf, putting away, in fact, Plato and Aristotle to devote themselves to the cult of Ceres and Bacchus.' *

An allied subject, forestry, has been since included in the University curriculum. In 1906, the Deputy Orator, repeating the familiar complaint of an ever-increasing burden of teaching and examination, exclaims:

'Strange inconsistency of our countrymen, ever proclaiming that we are not able to teach anything useful, yet ever handing over to our teaching a yearly increasing number of pupils. We have to teach the art of Forestry and the art of War; to show to one youth what care he must exercise in planting trees, to instruct another how he should set the battle in array. Maybe that the sailor will soon come to learn from us his *propria quae maribus*.' †

To a question which had considerably agitated the University, the granting of degrees to women, Dr. Merry makes no contemporary reference, but he alludes to it in the Oration of 1908 when dealing with a kindred topic. He says:

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* As all our readers may not be familiar with the Georgics, a few words of explanation may be given. Virgil tells his readers that the plough handle is to be made from elm timber; the plan of training the vine on the elm is still followed in Italy. Virgil's advice to the husbandmen is to strip both for ploughing and for sowing (*nudus ara, sere nudus*), a line which some contemporary wit completed with *habebis frigora, febres*. In his great description of the pestilence among cattle, he mentions that wine was the only remedy found of any use.

† The phrase is untranslatable. *Maribus* is at once the dative plural of *mas* (male) and of *mare* (sea). *Propria quae maribus* is the beginning, once only too familiar to schoolboys, of some memorial verses designed to teach the genders of nouns. So we get 'peculiar to males' and 'peculiar to seas.'

'Were some stranger to see to-day among the groves of our Academe the crowds of our students, young men and young women, how they apply themselves to almost the same studies and seek almost the same distinctions, he would scarcely be able to remember with what heat it was at one time discussed whether the degrees of the University ought to be thrown open to women. The statute was then rejected, and the noise of conflict died away: though, indeed, no one knows whether or not beneath the treacherous ashes the fire is yet alive. Meanwhile a question not wholly dissimilar has passed beyond the narrow boundaries of this University and found a larger field such as to take in not the University alone but the whole Commonwealth. Look, I beg you, at the pamphlet you have in your hands to-day, containing as it does the subject of the exercises which have obtained the Chancellor's prizes. You see that the subject set for the Chancellor's Latin Essay was upon the question—Should Women have Votes? My own opinion in this matter I do not venture to state, especially in this Commemoration where we men are numerically inferior.'

The rest must be given in the felicitous Latin of the Orator:

'Dum vero de his rebus mecum cogito, statim femineo ululatu obtundi videntur aures: iam nunc in aciem prodeunt Ecclesiazusae, "danda mulieribus suffragia" vociferantes, inscripta lintea iactantes; senatorum ostia ad galli cantum pulsantes; in plaustris latitantes; subsellia, contiones clamoribus intempestivis interpellantes; tintinnabula agitantes; in iudicium adductae, in custodiam datae, vadimonio liberatae, aut vadem aspernatae. Fuerit sane causa iustissima: non tali tamen auxilio eget nec defensoribus istis.'

Matters of religious controversy are, as we might expect, conspicuous by their absence. Possibly there is an exception in the reference to be found in the Oration of 1892 to the proposed statue of John Henry Newman. This reference, however, is all that is discreet and tactful:

'Certain eminent persons, attached to the Roman faith, were anxious to erect a marble statue of his Eminence Cardinal John Henry Newman, and had applied to the Civil authorities for a site. These gentlemen, with a certain want of prudence, had acquiesced. A bitter controversy immediately began. Some dwelt on the true piety of the man, his remarkable genius and the simplicity of his life; on the other hand there were very many who loudly denounced him as superstitious, false, and inconsistent. For myself, while I recognise his greatness and readily concede that due honour should be paid to this man who deserves so well of his country, at the same time I should be sorry to do violence to the feelings of many worthy citizens who fear the Greeks even when they come with gifts in their hands. Personally, too, I should be sorry to encourage the mischievous suggestions which would lead us to crowd the pleasant thoroughfares of our city with the abominations of modern sculpture.'

The appearance of politics, which we have seen to be a frequent theme in earlier days, is almost equally rare. One such reference we find, curiously enough, in the Oration just quoted :

' The seventh year of this Parliament's life is passing, and Fate is spinning its last thread. With the dissolution of our Parliament a fierce agitation will begin. An election is ordered ; candidates begin to visit, to canvass, to promise. They are not fully agreed as to the attractions by which they may most successfully attract the popular vote. One man offers to the expectant countryman " three acres and a cow," *tria iugera non sine boum mugitu* ; another makes eight hours the limit of the workman's labour without any diminution of wage ; a third, proud in the stern virtue of the water-drinker, forbids to all men the use of wine ; yet a fourth promises the plunder of the Church or the repeal of taxes. And, if you are to believe that " Grand Old Man," who combines with the years of Nestor the eloquence of Demosthenes and the vehemence of the Gracchi, the way of Reform is blocked by the age-long controversy on Irish politics, a controversy of which not even an Oedipus could predict the issue.

> " Rash judging Error there, Credulity,
> Too sanguine Triumph, over-abject Fear,
> Sit inmates, and Seditions sudden-stirred,
> And whispering Slander, born of dubious sire." '

Various domestic events, as they may be called, are noticed from time to time. The Eight at Putney, the athletes at West Kensington, and the Eleven at Lord's are congratulated on success, but the Orator wisely declines any attempt at consolation on defeat. An ingenuous confession tells us that these triumphs had a value in the University which could not be logically defended. It might seem undignified to notice such things on such an occasion :

' But we should observe,' continues the Orator, ' that the whole nation has agreed to regard the athletic class with a certain blind veneration. Are the Headmasters of Schools looking for Assistants, are the Colleges electing scholars ? I will not say with Juvenal that character and ability are the last things to be considered : I do say that we ourselves, while we affect to admire the other good qualities of the young, fix a stealthy regard on their sinews and frames, and take count of the athletic prizes which this one or that has carried off. Even women are imbued with this craze. They practise the other sports of men, and have lately exhibited the strange sight of bestriding the flying steel (*ferro volatili equitantes*) while they expose to the public gaze their dishevelled locks, garments closely girded or floating in air, and shapely ankles.'

This novelty does not date back further than 1894.

The Pageant of 1907 was not, of course, allowed to pass without notice, and the notice shows the Orator at his best :

'In the meadows near Christ Church, on the left bank of the Cherwell, there stood an erection of timber which did not wholly escape the violence of our youth.* Before it was a grassy stage, on which scenes taken from the ancient records of Oxford, faithfully reproduced by actors, were brought before the eyes of attentive spectators. Meanwhile in the streets of our city one might see, in the midst of the press of daily business, a strange confused multitude of people, some walking, some riding in carriages, on bicycles (*ferreis rotarum machinis*), or on horseback. Here all distinctions of class were lost ; here you might see knights and queens in splendid robes, monks, priests, serving-maids, footmen, men-at-arms, boys, sages, shepherds, ploughmen, all hurrying to the rehearsals (*προγυμνάσματα*). One might easily believe that the Elysian Fields or Tartarus itself had vomited forth in battalions in the streets of Oxford the living images of the dead. Even as in the god-made shield of Aeneas "the Fire-King had portrayed Rome's triumphs and Ascanius' distant sons," so in this pageant there were brought back to the light of day with a skill nowhere surpassed the greatness and glory of our University and our city.'

Out of the tempting abundance of personal notices we select the tribute paid in 1902 to the memory of Cecil Rhodes. No one in recent times has contributed more to the development of the University. It is expressed with characteristic tact :

'Alumnum illustrem maeret collegium Orielense, Caecilium Rhodes : de quo si non una eademque apud omnes constet opinio, in hoc saltem consentire possumus, virum esse confidentiae singularis, tenacissimum propositi, suae ipsius fortunae fabrum, lato prospectu omnia metientem : qui quidem, ut orationem Vergilianam paullo audacius adhibeam,

imperium terris animos aequabat Olympo.

Sunt qui eum saepius ad magna consilia ratione dubia atque ancipiti properare credant, et discrimen potius quam stabilitatem rei publicae nostrae adferre. Negari tamen non potest quin quotiescunque de Africa terra inciderit mentio, strenui huius viri memoria in mentem omnium recurrat, qui id praecipue studeret ut a Nili ostiis usque ad infimum continentis promonturium nulla regio Imperium Britannicum intersaepiret. Quanta autem pietate Collegium suum adamaret, quam persuassimum haberet nullo vinculo artius inter se colligari nationes quam studiorum communitate, satis declarat mirabile illud testamentum et munificentia plus quam regalis qua complures alumnos a coloniis nostris, ab America, a Germania in

* The Pageant buildings were set on fire by some Christ Church undergraduates.

hanc Academiam nostram invitare et quasi allectare vellet. Crediderim quoque Socios Orielenses, pontificalibus accubantes cenis et in aedificiis novis luxuriantes, simplicitatis et innocentiae insimulationem leviter esse toleraturos.'

One more quotation, of the very briefest, may be allowed, because it shows that Dr. Merry's successor, Mr. A. F. Godley, is not unworthy of his mantle. It is a description of Mr. Roosevelt, 'rectorem Americae, vastatorem Africae, praeceptorem mundi.'

The Proctors have many duties relating to the University to perform, but that which is suggested by the name and is, in a sense, peculiar to them, is the care of discipline, so far as it is exercised outside the college walls. It is satisfactory, then, to find these officers commonly declaring, when their lay down their office, that their duty has not been burdensome or painful.

'I own,' says one speaker in the 'seventies, 'that we have found so little that was disagreeable that we regard our office as an honour rather than a burden. So law-abiding are our youths, so courteous and so well-conducted, that only twice or thrice have we found ourselves compelled to deal with graver offences and to inflict a severe penalty. Even the matter of academical costume, a thing, after all, of no great importance, has given us little trouble; the regulation is accepted; the majority of our undergraduates walk with their gowns hanging, if not on their backs, at least on their arms.'

He goes on to tell the story of how he had found a youth who appeared to be transgressing the rule:

'He flies: the "bull dogs" follow him. At length, after searching the whole city, we arrest him. We ask him his name and College. He declares that he is from Cambridge, and that he was anxious to test the speed of our proctorial staff. "They are certainly faster than ours," he added with the greatest courtesy (*ingenti comitate*).'

Another Proctor, on resigning office, bears witness not only to the rarity of serious offences but to the readiness, even cheerfulness, with which the fines imposed for minor transgressions had been paid. Some years later we find the Proctor paying special tribute to the remarkably good behaviour observed during the last term of his year of office:

'There were no revellers in the taverns, no players at the billiard-tables, the ivory balls ceasing to run at the prescribed hour. Seldom at night did we see students in the town keeping irregular holiday; the streets were silent, even the College quadrangles were buried in the deepest slumber.'

In another Oration we find described what was presumably

the most serious offence committed against academical discipline during the year :

'On the fifth of November certain individuals, possibly representing a certain Guy under the form of an odious beast, loosed a badger to be hunted through the streets. For a while a mixed crowd of townsmen and gownsmen distracted the attention of the police ; but when a Pro-Proctor with his attendants came in sight, the crowd dispersed in all directions ; the badger was put back into the sack and carried off to meet an unknown fate (*fato incerto periturus*). Seriously, I venture to say that the public peace, in view of the number of young men here collected, has not been gravely disturbed ; and that there have been few cases of more serious delinquency ; that things which we must regret have happened, I would not deny ; uproar, for instance, among the audiences at a theatre, and excessive drinking at entertainments. That there will never be anything of the kind, we may hope, but can hardly expect.'

A recent speaker makes the highly sensible suggestion that the Press would do well to leave these incidents unreported :

'The gentlemen who report—should I rather say, invent?—for our daily newspapers, in their excessive fondness for what is novel and strange, publish all the follies of our youth, and make things appear far worse than they are. So it comes to pass that some trifle is published in such fashion that readers unfamiliar with the University are at a loss to distinguish truth from falsehood.'

The Cambridge Orator has imposed upon him, as has been said before, the difficult task of presenting in an appropriate speech every recipient of an honorary degree, whether the faculty to which it belongs be Theology, Arts, Law, Science, Medicine, or Music. The period covered by Dr. Sandys' volume is thirty-three years. Dividing this into three sections of eleven years each, we find that the number of honorary degrees was 125 for the first, 180 for the second, and 228 for the third. This increase of itself would not mean much, but we find that the degrees in Science are more numerous in the third section than in the first—sixty odd against twenty odd—and it is, of course, these that make a serious demand on the ingenuity of a speaker always bound to express himself in classical Latin. The difficulty is increased by the multiplicity of the subjects which have to be dealt with. Dr. Sandys had a much easier task when in 1877 he presented Charles Darwin than when he had in 1900 to perform the same office for certain members of the International Conference on Electric Units. He is, indeed, always equal to his task ; nothing is so remote from classical thought and diction as to elude him.

The praises of the author of the 'Origin of Species' readily lent themselves to classical expression.

'You remember,' said the Orator to his audience, 'the Horatian maxim: "From gallant sires come gallant sons." I need hardly remind you, therefore, that this most successful student of the world of Nature had a distinguished physician for his father, and for his grandfather a famous poet. "'Tis teaching," says Horace again, "that stirs the native strength." So we are glad to recollect that his boyhood was nurtured in the Grammar School of Shrewsbury, his youth in the Scottish Athens, and here, in Milton's own College [where the illustrious recipient of the degree did not attempt, as he must have remembered, to distinguish himself]. To honour such a nursling, the nymph Sabrina, who lives in Milton's verse, remembering that it was he who first discovered the origin of the Coral island:

> "will heave her rosy head
> From her coral-paven bed,"

and bind with a chaplet of her own so venerable a brow.'

The speaker then went on to summarise some of the philosopher's discoveries:

'Quanta cum voluptate accepimus insularum illarum circulos, sese e vadis sensim attollentes, quasi florum immortalium palmarumque victricium corona locos illos virides placidosque in Oceani campo designare, ubi priores insulae depressae et sepultae sunt. Quam facete describit, quo modo varios sensuum affectus exprimant indices illi vultus et ipsa tacitorum oculorum eloquentia; quo more apes, dum dulce illud nectar e flore delibant, quod continuandae floris stirpi utile sit, ipsae aliunde referant. Quam venuste explicat, quo modo captet Venus ipsa muscas; quali ex origine sint Veneris volucres, "raucae, tua cura, palumbes"; quibus cantuum illecebris, quo splendore plumarum, concilientur volucrum amores . . . quanta liberalitate in patrocinium suum vindicat non modo "aurea pavonum "saecla" sed etiam minus pulchram simiarum propaginem. . . . Tu vero qui leges naturae tam docte illustraveris, Legum Doctor nobis esto.'

When members of the International Conference on Electric Units were to be commended to the University, the task was not so easy. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the 'man in the 'street' would carry away from any one of the four speeches made on this occasion an exact idea of what is meant by an 'electric unit,' or gather that it is an analogue, as a measure of electricity, of the cubic foot of gas. But the 'man in the street' was not in question. The exalted personages who conferred the degrees presumably knew all about the matter, and it was enough to say that one *savant* was rightly held to be the *dux et*

signifer among all investigators in the region of electrolysis, that another had written books in which he had lucidly explained heat power, and electric power, and three distinct methods of measuring the ohm (*vim caloris et vim electricam, modulosque eius*), and that a third presided over the 'Bureau of Standards' (*mensurae et ponderis provinciae praepositus*).

It was a somewhat easier function when the Orator was called upon to present five out of a numerous company who had assembled from various countries to assist at the centenary of the Geological Society of London. What Cicero had claimed as the glory of the poet that rocks and deserts answered his voice (*saxa et solitudines voci respondent*), was doubly true of the geologist who by virtue of his wonderful knowledge wrested from the rocks themselves the great truths of Nature. One had written an admirable treatise on the igneous rocks of Southern Norway; another by a scientific arrangement of the bones had enabled us to see that monstrous creature the Iguanodon in the very shape which it had borne in a remote antiquity; a third had reproduced the flora of prehistoric times, braving in his task all the rigours of an Arctic climate, so realising the prophecy of the poet that a day would come when Thule should be no more the most distant of lands (*nec sit terris ultima Thule*).

The meeting in 1899 of the International Congresses of Zoology and Physiology gave the Orator what one may call a 'field-day.' One *savant* had made profound inquiries into the physiology of the muscles and nerves (*musculorum et 'nervorum'*). '*Nervorum*' has to have what we may call the apologetic inverted commas. The Romans had not, we may conjecture, reached our modern appreciation of the word 'nerves,' and no exact equivalent can be discovered. Another had distinguished himself by establishing the Zoological Station at Naples, the preserve (*vivarium*) kept for the spoils of the ocean, 'the castle of the waters,' so to speak, from which the streams of knowledge have flowed far and wide into all lands. A third had successfully drawn its secrets from ocean, when he was chief naturalist in the *Travailleur* and *Talisman*, ships, as the Orator put it, happily named. The fourth recipient, Dr. Camillo Golgi, Professor of Pathology in the University of Pavia, gave the Orator the opportunity for a very felicitous remark. The Professor had

'carefully investigated and distinguished various parasites which are found in human blood, and had thus made a bold effort to drive away the pestilence, to put to flight the battalions of Fever. The

first Camillus [the reputed deliverer of Rome from the Gauls] perished of plague, the second Camillus has avenged his death.'

This epigram had, we are told, an immense success in Italy. Professor Haeckel was welcomed as the great prophet of Darwinism in Germany, and Dr. Hubrecht as the authority on *Nemertea* (sea-water animalculæ). What name could be more appropriate? asks the Orator.

'Does not Hesiod say of one "Old Man of the Sea" (Nereus), and Homer of another (Proteus) that they were "speakers of truth" (*νημέρτης*), and what can be easier or more delightful for me, in praising this philosopher, than to go again to Homer, to "speak sheer truth alone"? (*νημερτέα μυθήσασθαι*).'

Another occasion of the same kind presented itself five years later when the British Association for the Advancement of Science assembled at Cambridge. No fewer than seventeen distinguished members of the Association were decorated. Astronomy, Chemistry in its various branches, Botany, Mineralogy, Archæology (represented by a compatriot of Ulysses), Palæontology, Political Economy, and Ethnology were all honoured. The Orator was equal to every call, though he confesses that the exponent of what may be called Transcendental Mathematics, moving in remote regions of thought, 'left the homely Muse of Latin speech far below him on the 'earth, with nothing but a distant view of the Theory of 'Numbers.' The mathematician was succeeded by the most brilliant of British chemists, the discoverer of argon, helium, and the less familiar elements present in the atmosphere. The Orator did not forget that in the discovery of argon a famous son of Cambridge had been associated, and he took occasion to magnify his own classical studies by pointing out that it was Greek which furnished the name of these additions to scientific knowledge.

Something must be said of the volume of Dublin speeches, but this, in view of the limits of space, must be brief. The book contains 140 speeches contributed by three Orators, Arthur Palmer, R. Y. Tyrrell, who edits the volume, and L. C. Purser, who now holds the office. These names are a sufficient guarantee for the supreme excellence of the Latinity. It would be interesting, did the occasion permit, to compare Dublin and Cambridge, when we find them coming together on the same names, as they do between twenty and thirty times. Professor Palmer, it is interesting to see, finds himself left behind by the higher flights of mathematics, just as does

Dr. Sandys. 'When I read the titles of these books, I am 'struck with awe. . . . Not only the poverty of the Latin 'tongue, but my own dull wits forbid me to depreciate such 'achievements by my lack of ability. Let your redoubled 'applause supply what I cannot give.'

In one thing Dublin stands by itself. It has given to women the degrees which Oxford and Cambridge have refused, not without advantage to itself in more ways than one. Miss Jane Barlow was the first of those so honoured, receiving the degree of Doctor of Letters on June 30, 1904. The speaker was Dr. Tyrrell.

Fausto ac felici omine has solemnes ferias auspicaturus praesento vobis, nunc ubi tandem per leges Academiae licitum est nobis et mulieres in Albo nostro inscribere, mulierem eminentem, quae prae ceteris digna est ut talem laudem honoris causa prima adipiscatur, poetriam doctam, scriptorem insignem, si quis alius patriae amatricem, JANE BARLOW. Vix est quisquam in hac aula qui tam ferus et vere ferreus ut *Idyllia* illa *Hibernica* vel ullum alium ex libris eius praestantissimis immotus et siccis oculis perlegerit. Flens enim ipsa vitam nostratium hodiernam depinxit, non illam quidem eorum qui urbanas voluptates persequuntur marcentes, sed eorum qui procul

propter Atlanteum litus pelageque severa

vitam duram et agrestem ita agunt ut benevolentiae maximae, pietatis eximiae, humanitatis late largeque diffusae officia omnia simplicibus animis expleant. Neque ulla laus verior aut altior scriptori Hibernico dari potest quam quod in historiis Hibernicis fictis et commenticiis res olim dissociabiles amanter miscuerit, pauperiem et dignitatem. Itaque non solum Hibernia haec nostra sed Hibernia illa maior per orbem terrarum dispersa libenter confitebitur nullam muliebrem frontem esse digniorem quae prima laurea nostra nectatur: vosque praesentes facite ut talem laudem talemque amorem plausu multiplici per subsellia geminato plenissime confirmetis.'

It is indeed of the happiest augury for Ireland that the principles which Trinity College represents should be in concord with the loyal nationalism of Miss Barlow.

Art. V.—OUR FOOD SUPPLIES AND IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

1. *Statistical Abstracts for the British Colonies.*
2. *Statistical Abstracts for the United Kingdom.*
3. *Agricultural Statistics of Great Britain.*

Early next year the delegates to the Imperial Conference will again assemble in London, and the Home Ministers will no doubt once more have to listen and reply to the advocacy—mainly by Australian representatives—of the claim for a preferential treatment of Colonial corn, meat, and dairy produce. Supported as this claim will be by a powerful British party,* it is well betimes to consider once again the basis of the demand. It is not likely, however, to be more ably advocated than it was in 1907 by Mr. Deakin; and he, speaking on the eighth day of the Conference, closed his appeal for 'preferential treatment' —i.e. the imposition of a tax by the United Kingdom upon the corn, meat, and dairy produce entering our ports from foreign countries—by urging that 'the further developement of 'Australia, especially of the primary industries of the country, 'depended upon the opening up and the maintenance of out-'side markets for its produce.' He claimed, also, that 'the 'peopling and developement of Australia makes for the 'strengthening of the Empire in men and means, in trade and 'in national power.' †

Passing by the fact that already Australian wheat finds large markets outside the United Kingdom, and that these markets are certain to expand, and that fresh markets will undoubtedly be found as the countries of the world continue to thrive and develope their material prosperity, it will be noticed that in the closing sentence of the extract which we have quoted, the skilled advocate made his astute appeal *ad hominem*. No cry is more popular with British folk than one that suggests 'the

* On the second reading of the Appropriation Bill, on July 21, Mr. Balfour referred to 'that great policy of Preference which I grieve to think is at present advocated only by one great party in the State, though passionately advocated by them, but which, I think, ought to become the common property of all British statesmen, as it is the common property of every Colonial statesman already.'

† See p. 248 of Minutes and Proceedings of the Colonial Conference, 1907. [Cd. 3523.]

'strengthening of the Empire!' And no cry is more out of place and unjustifiable than this cry when it is coupled with taxation of the people's food. But Mr. Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, struck a truer key when he declared—

'I want to make it clear that New Zealand is most anxious to be kept out of what one might call the hurly-burly of local political warfare either in the Old Country or in any other portion of the Empire, but it wants to work for bringing about a stronger and better condition of the Empire itself. . . I should like to say that if I were a public man resident in England, and with the general knowledge of economic conditions that I possess at the moment, I should be found on the side of those who are fighting for cheap food for the masses of the people. I believe that anything in the way of preference that the Colonies might suggest, if it were calculated to raise the price of food to the masses of the people, ought to be opposed, and rightly so, by the British people!' *

Even stronger testimony, because more recent, has been borne by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the determination of many of the most experienced and most trusted of Colonial statesmen *not* to require of British statesmen that they should tax the food of their fellow-countrymen, in the vain hope that they may by so doing develope imperial trade. Speaking at Brandon (in Manitoba) on July 18 last, he said, 'British preference must 'stand first, and last, and for all time!' And a few days later, continuing his tour through the prairie provinces, he said at Langan (in Saskatchewan) on July 23:

'The tariff which the Liberal Government [i.e. his own] has given is not the best, but it is better than that which it displaced. It needs further improvement. *It will have to be gradually reduced.* A further revision must be made, but before the revision is undertaken the Government will again appoint a Commission to investigate the subject. This Commission will consult with the grain-growers. It will consult with the various interests concerned. It will aim, having in view the common welfare of our common country, to go as far as may be justifiable towards the trade policy of England—*a shining example to the world*—although it cannot be expected that we can accomplish in one or two generations what it took England eight centuries to arrive at.'

And this was said by the most trusted, the most admired, and the most experienced statesman in the Dominion of Canada! English, Scottish, and Welsh free-traders need not fear that their imperial instinct—or care for the welfare of the Empire—is suspect, so long as they find their sentiments so strongly

* See p. 266 of Minutes and Proceedings of Colonial Conference.

supported. If further testimony were needed to assure our 'faint-hearts' that the Empire is not endangered by our staunch adherence to Free Imports, it could be gleaned wholesale from the speeches and writings of Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia.

But what do the grain-growers of Canada themselves say on the matter? There has recently been founded a wide spreading Free Trade League in the Dominion, and the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association laid a memorial before Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in which they affirmed that

'of the many economic questions which engage the attention of Western farmers, none is regarded with so much disapproval as the Protective tariff.' They urged that nothing had been 'so burdensome to the Western farmers, or has so retarded the developement of the country and hampered the progress of the early settlers, as has the element of Protection that obtains in the Customs tariff of Canada.' '*They do not object to that part of the revenue which they pay into the public treasury.* What they do rebel against is the element in the Customs tariff which compels them to contribute a large percentage of the products of their labour to the privileged and protected classes.'

These Western farmers explicitly declare that they do not want any protection for their products. They are willing that all farm products should be placed on the free list.

'Nor do they look with favour on any fiscal or preferential tariff that will have the tendency to enhance the cost of living to British artisans and labourers, but rather that every possible facility be given for the free exchange of the food products grown on the prairie farms for the products of the congested factory districts. We submit that duty should be levied only for the purpose of creating revenue for the necessities of government. We suggest that our tariff should be so framed as to permit freer trade with the whole world.'

Verily, 'wisdom is justified of her children,' and the sage merchants of London, who in 1820 presented their famous petition to Parliament, would find little scope for criticism of this recently formulated petition by the farmers of Manitoba.

These farmers, however, mean business. Having put their hands to the plough, they will not turn back. The Manitoba Association has two hundred branches, and most branches had delegates present at Brandon on July 18, when the memorial was tendered to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. At Yorktown, in Saskatchewan, where Sir Wilfrid, having considered the memorial at leisure, made his reply, he said: 'If I had my own way I

'would have a free British tariff. Britain is my model, not 'only for history, not only for constitutional government, not 'only for public life, but for political economy. But I recognise 'that changes must be made gradually.'

The outspoken views of the farmers may well be regarded by Tariff Reformers as 'hard sayings,' but they have been expressed by men who will seek to enforce them, and there is little doubt that in the near future a considerable reduction will be effected in the tariff of the Dominion, to the mutual well-being of her own people and of those who trade with them.

Looking, however, at this question of 'Preference' from our own point of view, and in order to make it as plain as possible on how dangerous a course we should embark if we were to tax the food supplies that we draw from foreign countries, we have analysed our total imports of wheat (including grain and flour) since 1871. The figures will be found in the annual volumes of the 'Statistical Abstracts of the United 'Kingdom.'

Wheat, Wheat Meal, and Flour, imported by the United Kingdom (thousand cwts.) from 1871.

From	1871 to 1885. cwts.	Average annual import	1886 to 1906. cwts.	Average annual import	1871 to 1906. cwts.	Average annual import
United States . .	474,725	31,648	975,058	46,431	1,449,783	40,272
Russia	144,257	9,617	277,297	13,205	421,554	11,710
British India . .	66,083	4,405	202,585	9,647	268,668	7,463
Argentina . . .	—	—	177,163	8,436	177,163	—
Canada	51,019	3,401	145,586	6,933	196,605	5,461
S.E. Europe . .	32,732	2,182	86,008	4,096	118,740	3,298
Australia and New Zealand . .	37,206	2,480	75,986	3,618	113,192	3,144
Germany . . .	68,635	4,576	29,915	1,425	98,550	2,737
Chile	19,900	1,326	20,536	978	40,436	1,123
France	21,121	1,408	17,751	845	38,872	1,080
Egypt	19,087	1,272	3,261	155	22,348	621
Totals . .	934,765		2,011,146		2,945,911	

Argentina does not appear in the list of countries from which wheat was imported by the United Kingdom until the year 1886. In the period of twenty-one years from 1886 to 1906 Argentina assumed the fourth place in the list of the countries, or areas, scheduled in the above table. Under the heading 'S.E. Europe' are included Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Turkey and Bulgaria. Looking at the quantities of wheat sent to the United Kingdom in the fifteen years from 1871 to 1885, it is interesting to notice that Germany stood third in the list,

whereas in the next twenty-one years she only stood eighth in order. In the first period of fifteen years the United States sent us more than half the total quantity that we imported, as shown in the table. In the second period they sent us less than half. Over the whole period of thirty-six years, however, our imports from the United States fell so little short of half the whole quantity imported, that the fact that in the near future we are likely to receive rapidly diminishing supplies therefrom assumes grave significance. In the next table we see the relative importance of our various sources of supply up to the present time.

Imports in 1,000 cwts. of wheat (grain and flour) from	1886 to 1906		1907 and 1908			1909	
	Average annual import	Per cent. of total imports	Total imports	Average annual import	Per cent. of total imports	Import	Per cent. of total imports
United States . .	46,431	48·4	74,357	37,178	33·08	25,128	22·2
Argentina . . .	8,436	8·8	53,806	26,903	23·93	20,156	17·8
Russia	13,205	13·8	15,517	7,758	6·9	17,859	15·8
S.E. Europe . .	4,096	4·3	7,318	3,659	3·25	4,821	4·26
Other Foreign Countries . .	3,403	3·5	6,327	3,163	2·81		
Total Imports from Foreign Countries . .	75,571	78·9	157,325	78,662	69·97	67,964	60·03
British India . .	9,647	10·1	21,232	10,616	9·44	14,639	12·93
Canada	6,933	7·2	31,833	15,916	14·16	19,476	17·2
Australia and New Zealand . . .	3,618	3·8	14,348	7,174	6·38	11,126	9·83
Total British Imports (including other British Possessions) .	20,198	21·1	67,456	33,728	29·98	45,241	39·96
Total Imports	95,769		224,781	112,390		113,205	

For the period of twenty-one years from 1886 to 1906 inclusive the United Kingdom drew 48·4 per cent. of her total supplies of wheat, wheat meal, and flour from the United States. During that period Russia supplied us with 13·8 per cent. of our total imports, and British India with just over 10 per cent. Next in importance came Argentina, which sent us 8·8 per cent., and Canada, which sent us 7·2 per cent. From Austria-Hungary, Roumania, Turkey, and Bulgaria (or S.E. Europe) we drew 4·3 per cent., and from Australia and New Zealand 3·8 per cent. of our imports. From foreign countries, therefore,

we derived 78·9 per cent., and from our 'dominions beyond the 'seas' 21·1 per cent. of our imports of bread-stuffs. But during the two years 1907 and 1908 these percentages showed very different results. The United States only sent us 33 per cent., whereas Argentina sent us nearly 24 (23·93) per cent. Our supplies from Canada rose to over 14 per cent.; British India stood at about the same figures; but Russia sent us less than 7 per cent. against about 14 per cent. in the twenty-one years' period; and our supplies from Australia and New Zealand were almost equal (6·38 per cent.) to those which we received from Russia. Last year, however, the changes were even more striking. Our supplies from the United States continued to diminish, amounting to little more than one-fifth of our total imports; Argentina sent us only about one-sixth instead of nearly one-fourth; Russia sent nearly one-sixth; Canada sent almost as much as Argentina; British India sent us a rather larger proportion, but Australia sent us a more than 50 per cent. increase upon her average of the two previous years. So far as the first months of the current year show, it is probable that our supplies from Canada will nearly equal those from the United States; that those from Russia will actually exceed what we receive from either the United States or from Canada; and that our supplies from Australia will nearly equal those from Argentina! Can any further proof be needed to show how very precarious is the wheat crop of the world? In the course of a year or two the relative positions of our six great sources of supply may be absolutely reversed. British India and Australia are probably most liable to drought, though Argentina has known very bad seasons; both the United States and Canada are very liable to inclement seasons, and this year the long drought and parching heat of June and July have resulted in reducing the wheat harvest of North America by from one-sixth to one-seventh of its normal yield; and Russia has failed perhaps more frequently than any of the other great wheat-growing countries.

There are still some people who believe that the United Kingdom might largely develope her wheat area, especially if imported wheat were sufficiently highly taxed! Owing to the high prices of wheat during the last few years, a larger acreage has been cultivated in Great Britain, the average acreage under wheat for the last five years having risen by nearly a hundred thousand acres over the average from 1900 to 1904. But though during the last thirty years there has been a great decrease in the acreage under wheat in Great Britain, those farmers who have continued to grow it have done much better

business. The fact is that wheat is now only grown here upon land best suited to it, and that a more careful and scientific cultivation has resulted in a much larger average yield of grain. In 1886 the United Kingdom produced 1,696,000 tons, but in the same year the imports of wheat amounted to almost double the weight, viz. 3,350,000 tons. Last year the weight of the home-grown wheat was about the same as in 1886, but the weight of the imported wheat had nearly doubled itself, having risen from 3,350,000 tons in 1886 to 5,660,000 tons, and being between three and four times the amount that we ourselves produce.

How our supplies of imported wheat vary from year to year is seen from the following table.

From 1886 to 1906	Per cent. of total imports	In 1907 and 1908	Per cent. of total imports	In 1909	Per cent. of total imports
United States	48·4	United States	33·08	United States	22·2
Russia . . .	13·8	Argentina .	23·93	Argentina .	17·8
British India .	10·1	Canada . .	14·16	Canada . .	17·2
Argentina . .	8·8	British India	9·44	Russia. . .	15·8
Canada. . .	7·2	Russia. . .	6·9	British India	12·93
Australia and New Zealand	3·8	Australia and New Zealand	6·38	Australia and New Zealand	9·83

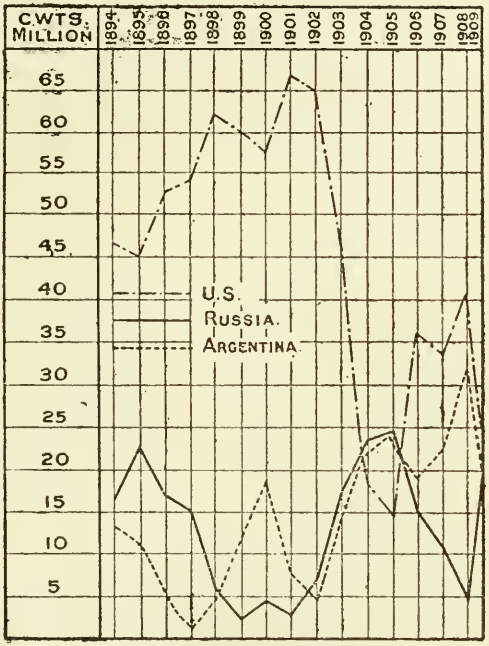
How our supplies from foreign countries fluctuated from 1894 to 1908 is seen from the chart on the next page.

Last year the United States sent us about 25 million cwts. (Agricultural Statistics, Pt. III. p. 321), which was the smallest quantity sent to us, with two exceptions, in the last thirty years. In 1905 we only received 14½ million cwts. from the United States and in 1904 the amount was only 18½ million cwts. This was due to a failure of the harvest in the United States. In 1902 the average price of British wheat per imperial quarter was 28*s.* 1*d.*, in 1903 it was 26*s.* 9*d.*, in 1904 it was 28*s.* 4*d.*, and in 1905 it was 29*s.* 8*d.*, so that the question of what we were willing to pay for American wheat did not affect the quantity that we purchased from the States. In 1901, the year of the maximum import of wheat from the United States (66,855,000 cwts.), the price prevailing in the United Kingdom was 26*s.* 9*d.* per quarter. In 1902 we again received enormous supplies (64,961,000 cwts.) from the United States, but the price of wheat was higher here than in the previous year.

For forty years we have drawn at least half our supplies from the United States. Could any lesson be more striking than that conveyed by the failure of this huge country *for two years in*

succession to send us more than one-third of her usual exports? But if experience shows us that the United States, which for so long a period has been the main source whence we have drawn our supplies of bread-stuffs, cannot be depended upon from year to year, on what ground should we rely absolutely upon Canada (whose climate so closely resembles that of her great neighbour),

Chart showing the Fluctuations in the *Quantities of Wheat, Wheat Meal and Flour imported* by the UNITED KINGDOM from the UNITED STATES, RUSSIA, and ARGENTINA from 1894 to 1909 inclusive. (For figures *see* pp. 142, 143 of [Cd. 4805].)



or upon Australia, the continent of periodic droughts? As a matter of fact we cannot depend upon the United States much longer to supply us so bountifully as they have done in the past. The population of the United States is rapidly nearing a hundred millions, and Mr. James Wilson—who has long presided over the United States Department of Agriculture—has recently stated that while the United States may rest secure in the assurance

that they can grow sufficient wheat for their own requirements, the acreage under the crop is decreasing, and farmers are each year finding greater difficulty in obtaining labour owing to the drift of the population towards the towns, and the unsuitability of the latter-day immigrants for agricultural work. Last autumn the United States Department of Commerce and Labour issued through the Bureau of Statistics a statement of the figures of production and exportation of wheat and corn from 1890 to date. From this statement it appears that the exports have been considerably reduced since 1903, both in amount and in proportion to the produce grown, although the crop has on the whole continued to increase in volume.

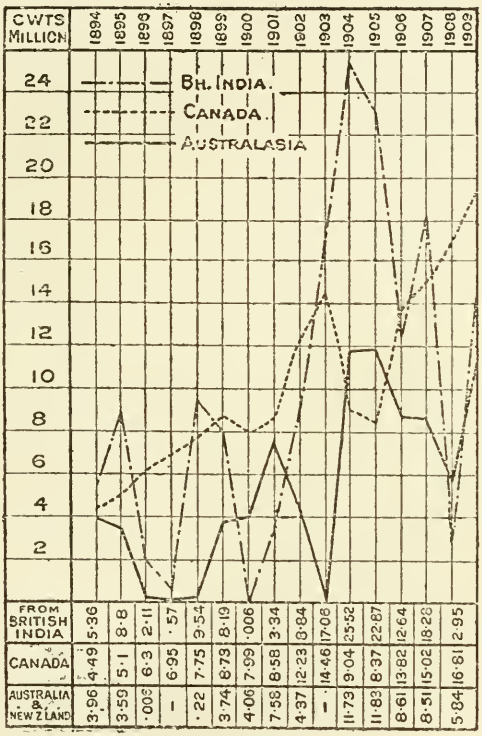
Reverting to the chart illustrating the imports of wheat from the United States, Russia, and Argentina, it is worth while noticing in detail the fluctuations of our imports from each of the latter countries. In 1895 we received enormous supplies of wheat from Russia, exceeding 23 million cwts., but this quantity was not again reached until 1904, when the imports amounted to nearly 24 million cwts. In 1905 they were nearly 25 million cwts., but they fell to 15 million cwts. in 1906, to less than 11 million cwts. in 1907, and to 4½ million cwts. in 1908. But the great gap shown in the chart in our imports of wheat from Russia between 1897, when they were 15 millions, and 1903, when they stood at 17¼ millions, reveals five years' imports of very greatly reduced quantities, viz. 6½ million cwts. in 1898, 2½ million cwts. in 1899, 4½ million cwts. in 1900, 2½ million cwts. in 1901, and 6½ million cwts. again in 1902. When natural laws forbid us placing our reliance upon countries capable of producing from their existing wheat fields such abundant supplies as the United States and Russia so frequently have sent to us, who in their senses would countenance our imposing artificial restrictions, such as taxes, upon their sending us supplies when their bountiful harvests allow them ?

The most satisfactory feature in connexion with the line showing Argentina's supplies is the trend, which is decidedly in an upward direction. But in 1897, in 1902, and again last year, there were very heavy falls in the quantities that the great southern republic was able to send to us. The lesson impressed upon us is the absolute necessity of keeping our ports open to the whole world in order that we may obtain the four-fifths of food supplies which even now we require to supplement our own harvests. That no greater reliance can be placed upon British India, Canada, and Australia than upon the United States and Russia is seen from the chart on the next page.

It is singular that in 1894 the three sources of supply

within the British Empire were within 1½ million cwts. of one another, for Australia and New Zealand sent us 3,960,000 cwts., Canada 4,490,000 cwts., and British India 5,360,000 cwts. Canada has been most consistent in sending us an increasing

Chart showing the Fluctuations in the *Quantities of Wheat, Wheat Meal, and Flour imported* by the United Kingdom from British India, Canada, and Australasia from 1894 to 1909 inclusive. (For figures *see* pp. 142, 143 of the Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom. [Cd. 4805].)



supply, as for five years from 1894 her supply continually rose, and in 1899 reached 8,730,000 cwts. In 1900 it fell to 7,990,000 cwts., then rose sharply to nearly 14½ million cwts. in 1903, but fell even more sharply in 1904, and to 8,370,000 cwts. in 1905.

A great increase occurred in 1906, and in 1907 and 1908 steady rises took place. Except, therefore, for the two very lean years 1904 and 1905 when our supplies from the United States were also at their lowest, Canada has shown herself to be fairly dependable as a grain-supplier to the Mother-country. But quite the reverse is the case of British India and Australia. In 1896 our supply from British India was almost down to 2 million cwts.; in 1897 it fell to little more than half a million cwts., and though it rose to 9½ millions in 1898, in 1900 it fell to *six thousand* cwts., and in 1901 only rose to 3⅓ millions. Then in three years' time it had risen to 25½ millions in 1904, only to fall by 2½ millions in 1905, and by *more than* 10 *millions* in 1906. A rise of nearly 6 millions in 1907 was followed by a fall of nearly 16 millions in 1908, when we received less than 3 million cwts. from our great Dependency. In *five out of the fifteen years* under review our supply of wheat from British India has fallen below 4 million cwts., in four years it has actually been below 3 millions, and in two years below 1 million. But even more disappointing is the record of our supplies from Australia and New Zealand. For *three years in succession* the supply was almost negligible, only six thousand cwts. coming in 1896, none at all in 1897, and less than ¼ million (220,000 cwts.) in 1898. Having risen to 7½ millions in 1901, it fell to little more than 4 millions in 1902, and disappeared altogether in 1903. Two bumper years witnessed supplies of nearly 12 millions: these being years of Canada's shortage, the Australian supply considerably exceeded the Canadian. But in 1906 and 1907 the Australian fell to about 8½ millions, and in 1908 to less than 6 millions. Surely a very brief consideration of these fluctuations will prove sufficient to show how unwise it would be for the United Kingdom to depend upon her Imperial cornfields for the staff of life! If it be contended that a tenfold, or even greater developement of wheat growing in the Empire would give greater security, we reply that it would expose us to greater danger, for the supplies that we received from the United States in 1901 were nearly 67 million cwts.; they fell to 65 millions in 1902, to 47 millions in 1903, to 18½ millions in 1904, and to 14½ millions in 1905, which year also witnessed a fall in our supplies from Canada of nearly 40 per cent. upon the quantity sent us two years before.

Of all the arguments advanced by the advocates of Imperial Preference, that which has most effect upon the supporters of Tariff Reform is found in the contention that by taxing foreign corn on a higher scale than colonial, the grain-growing areas of Canada and Australia might be so rapidly developed as to

become in a few years' time sufficiently productive to supply the needs of the United Kingdom. Here we would lay stress upon two very important facts. Firstly, that Canada is, and has been for some years, developing her corn-lands at an extraordinary rate and clearly needs no added stimulus. The American farmers who have taken up their holdings in Alberta and in Saskatchewan have been the main factors in this rapid developement. What Australia needs is 'population,' not 'preference.' Our second point is, that the United Kingdom is by no means the only wheat-importing country in the world, and that Australia sends huge quantities of wheat—when she has it to spare—elsewhere than to the Motherland, as shown below.

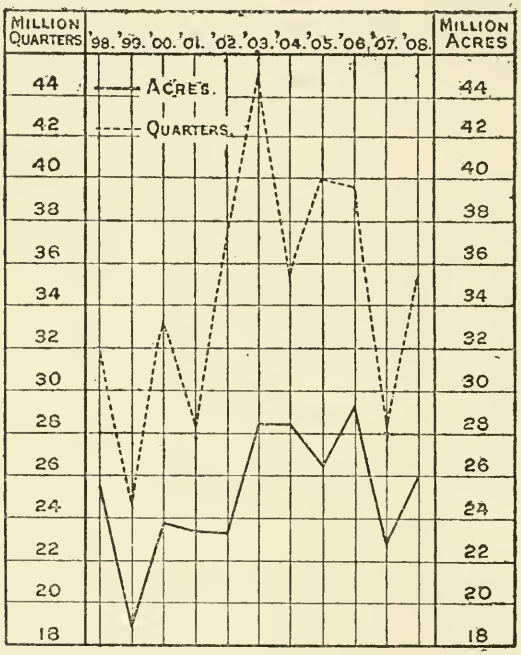
Exports of Canadian Wheat (in 1,000 bushels).*			Australian Commonwealth Wheat.		
—	To United Kingdom	To all Countries	—	Imported by the United Kingdom. 1,000 cwts. †	Total exports of Australian Wheat.‡
Year ended 30 June, 1898	18,092	18,963	1898	220	732
„ 1899	9,918	10,305	1899	3,029	5,991
„ 1900	15,976	16,845	1900	2,919	5,891
„ 1901	8,630	9,740	1901	6,197	10,951
„ 1902	25,244	26,118	1902	4,217	4,864
„ 1903	30,727	32,986	1903	—	827
„ 1904	16,347	16,779	1904	11,365	18,025
„ 1905	11,280	14,700	1905	11,481	13,323
„ 1906	36,028	40,399	1906	8,536	16,358
Year ended 31 Mar., 1908	43,003	43,655	1907	8,507	15,559
„ 1909	45,891	49,137	1908	5,838	8,123

* See p. 313 of [Cd. 4984]. † See pp. 142, 143 of Cd. 4805].
‡ See p. 311 of [Cd. 4948].

From the table it is evident that the bulk of the wheat produced in Canada finds a market in the United Kingdom, and ample justification is afforded for the statement of Mr. Fisher, when, as Minister of Agriculture for Canada, he declared that the farmers of Canada needed no preference in the English market, because under existing conditions the United Kingdom takes everything in the nature of food-products that Canada can send. 'She opens her ports to us, so we are able to sell every-'thing there that we have to sell, and sell it at profitable prices. 'And if we do not send more it is because the agricultural popu-'lation of Canada is not able to produce it!' But what does the table show as to the disposal of Australian-grown wheat? Mr.

Deakin pleaded that the Commonwealth produced more than she could consume, and that it was vital to her continued developement that Australia should find fresh markets for her wheat, &c., and, *therefore*, it was only right that the Mother-country should shut out foreign wheat, meat, and dairy produce in order to encourage Australian wheat-growers, cattle-raisers, sheep-farmers, and dairymen to devote themselves to supplying the

Chart showing the Fluctuations in the *Acreage under Wheat*, and the *Produce in Million Quarters*, in British India (including Native States), from 1898 to 1908 inclusive. (For figures on which Chart is based, *see* pp. 286, 287 of [Cd. 4984].)

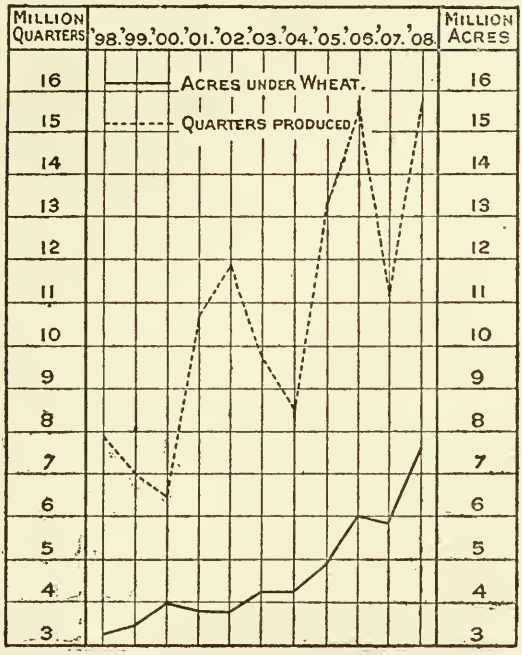


needs of the United Kingdom ! A study of the Australian side of the table on p. 361 shows that the Commonwealth has already found excellent markets for her wheat in addition to those of the United Kingdom, which are freely open to receive all that she can produce—upon precisely the same terms as those which the Canadian Minister of Agriculture declared to be all that could be desired !

That an extension of acreage is by no means a sufficient guarantee of an increased crop is shown in the charts on pages 362, 363, and 365.

In the first of these it is shown that in British India in 1898 the area under wheat was 25,370,000 acres, and in 1908 it stood at 25,978,000 acres. It was lowest in 1899 (18,688,000 acres), and highest (29,212,000 acres) in 1906. In

Chart showing the Fluctuations in the *Acreage under Wheat*, and the *Produce in Million Quarters*, in ONTARIO, MANITOBA, ALBERTA, and SASKATCHEWAN from 1898 to 1908 inclusive. (For the figures on which the chart is based, *see* pp. 286, 287 of [Cd. 4984].)



1899 the fall in the acreage was paralleled by the fall in the produce, but there were three other considerable falls in the yield of produce. In 1901 the acreage was only 400,000 acres less than that of 1900, but the yield was 4,681,000 quarters less. In 1904 the acreage was 56,000 acres higher than in 1903, but the yield was 9,610,000 quarters less. And in 1907, while the

acreage (22,824,000) was 6,388,000 acres less than in 1906, the yield fell from 39,628,000 quarters to 28,498,000, a decrease of 11,130,000 quarters. The chart shows that British India in the period from 1898 to 1908 had four years of more or less serious failure of the wheat crop, and proves that no reliance can be placed upon the great Dependency as a constant source whence the United Kingdom could draw its needed supplies.

The chart on p. 363 shows that the acreage under wheat in the chief wheat-growing provinces of Canada has risen from 3,232,000 acres in 1898 to 7,695,000 acres in 1908. Many Canadians have migrated from the Eastern Provinces to the fertile fields of the two new provinces (Saskatchewan and Alberta), but probably the main increase in the rapid developement of the wheat acreage is due to the immigration of skilled farmers from the United States, for the produce has risen from just under 8 million quarters (7,940,000), to nearly 16 million quarters (15,704,000), or almost exactly double the yield in 1898. But though the acreage has shown a fairly constant increase the yield shows three serious decreases. In 1900 the acreage was almost one-fourth greater than that of two years earlier, but the yield was one-fifth less ; and in 1904, although the acreage had increased from 3,232,000 acres in 1898 to 4,208,000 acres, the yield was only 645,000 quarters greater than in 1898 ; that is, while the acreage had increased by a third, the yield was little more than a twelfth greater. And in 1907 the yield was more than a quarter less than in the previous year, whilst the acreage was little more than *one-sixtieth* less ! Finally, in the present year, owing to the drought and excessive heat, the yield of the Canadian West, so far as can be estimated at the present moment, will—for the third time in seven years—fall far short of the normal harvest.

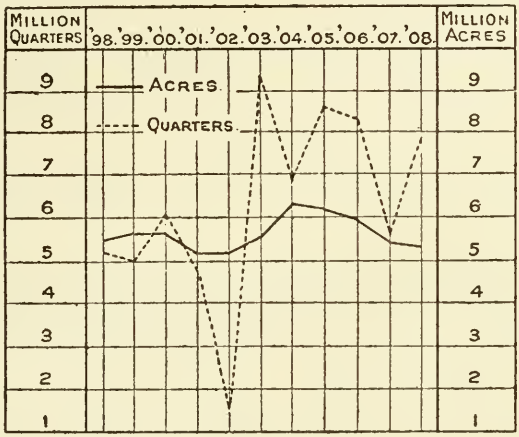
It remains to consider the great continent of Australia.

The acreage shown in the chart on p. 365 is that reserved for the grain-crop, and is exclusive of acreage mown for hay or green fodder.

Unlike the chart showing the growing acreage and the increasing produce of wheat in Canada, this chart shows that the Commonwealth acreage under wheat in 1908 was less than the acreage in 1898, although the yield was 50 per cent. greater. In fact, the acreage in Australia has fluctuated between 5,116,000 acres in 1901 and 6,270,000 acres in 1904, and in view of the rise in the price of wheat during the last few years the *decrease* in the acreage under wheat shown in this chart must be attributed either to the elimination of the less productive land, or to the insufficient supply of labour. Probably both

causes have been in operation. It is significant that the brief period of eleven years shown in the chart has witnessed three years of serious failure of the wheat harvest. In 1902, upon an acreage exceeding by 50,000 acres that of 1901, only 1,547,000 quarters were produced against about three times the quantity (4,570,000 quarters) in the previous year. In 1904 the acreage was one-eighth greater than that of 1903, but the produce (6,817,000 quarters) was 2,452,000 quarters less ! And in 1907 the decrease of 600,000 acres (about one-tenth) was accompanied by a fall in the produce of 2,721,000 quarters, or

Chart showing the Fluctuations in the *Acreage under Wheat,* and the *Produce in Million Quarters,* in the AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH from 1898 to 1908 inclusive. (For figures *see* pp. 286, 287 of [Cd. 4984].)



nearly one-third less than the produce of the previous year. So long, therefore, as the wheat area of Australia is subject to periodic drought, in some cases resulting in an almost complete failure of the harvest, it will be unwise and unsafe to rely upon Australian wheat-fields to supply the hungry families of the Home Land.

But many people are prepared to agree with Lord Milner, who declared at Wolverhampton on January 5 last that 'he 'did not believe that a duty of 2*s.* per quarter on imported grain 'would be felt by the consumer, because it would be so small, 'and he held that it would not be 2*s.*, because the people of this

'country would get Colonial Preference!' Against this view are the facts (i) that a tax of 1*s.* per quarter on all imported wheat was imposed in 1902, and (ii) that Lord St. Aldwyn stated at Manchester on November 5, 1903:

'I thought that my duty last year on corn was so small that it would not increase the price of bread. *I made a mistake.* I found that in not a few cases *it had the effect of giving an excuse to the bakers to raise the price of bread*; and therefore I must confess that I believe that doubling that duty and also adding new duties upon meat and dairy produce must increase the cost of food to the working classes.'

A few months earlier (April 23, 1903), Mr. Ritchie, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared in the House of Commons:

'My right honourable friend (Mr. Chaplin) says the corn tax has not increased the price of bread; but that is an impossible thing to say. *Undoubtedly the price of flour has increased to the amount of the tax, and a good deal more!*'

And on May 15, 1903, Mr. Balfour stated:

'The tax has operated as a great burden on the raw material used by the farmer (i.e. feeding-stuffs).'

And on June 10, 1903, Mr. Balfour further stated in the House of Commons:

'It turns out that there is a tax upon the raw material of the farmer amounting to something between one-fourth and one-fifth of the whole produce of the tax, so that the farmer, and I believe *the farmer alone*, is subjected to a tax on his raw material from which his foreign competitor is free.'

We have, so far, dealt only with our supplies of imported wheat; it may be well briefly to consider our other food supplies which the Tariff Reformers are prepared to tax.

The following analysis of the imports of meat and dairy produce furnishes matter for very serious consideration. Taking first the imports from Australia, because Mr. Deakin urged that it was necessary for the Home Government to grant 'preference' to Australia in order to allow of 'its further 'developement, especially of the primary industries of the 'country,' we notice that the average annual value of the imports of butter during the last six years of the Unionist Government, i.e. from 1900 to 1905, was £1,417,000—but that after the present Free Trade Government had 'banged,

Table comparing the *Average Annual Values* (in Thousand £) of the *Imports* by the United Kingdom of *Meat* and *Dairy Produce* during the Six Years from 1900 to 1905 with those of the Four Years from 1906 to 1909, and distinguishing between the Imports from the Colonies and from Foreign Countries. For the figures upon which the Table is constructed see the Annual Statements of Trade of the United Kingdom.

Imports from	Canada	Australia	New Zealand	Total from Dominions	Total from Foreign Countries
Butter (1900 to 1905) .	1,081	1,417	1,082	3,580	16,544
,, (1906 to 1909) .	373	2,582	1,487	4,448	18,647
,, (1900 to 1909) .	797·8	1,883	1,244	3,927·2	17,385·2
Cheese (1900 to 1905) .	4,277	—	187	4,464	1,987
,, (1906 to 1909) .	4,881	4	718	5,603	1,404
,, (1900 to 1909) .	4,518·6	·4	399·4	4,919·6	1,753·8
Bacon and Hams (1900 to 1905)	2,065	—	—	2,065	14,598
,, ,, (1906 to 1909)	2,024	—	—	2,024	15,548
,, ,, (1900 to 1909)	2,048·6	—	—	2,048·6	14,978
Meat* (1900 to 1905) .	205	1,540	3,838	5,583	17,165
,, (1906 to 1909) .	71	2,474	4,290	6,840	18,128
,, (1900 to 1909) .	151·4	1,913·6	4,018·8	6,085·8	17,550·2
Live Cattle (1900 to 1905)	2,215	—	—	2,215	6,800
,, ,, (1906 to 1909)	2,229	—	—	2,258	5,230
,, ,, (1900 to 1909)	2,220·6	—	—	2,232·2	6,172
Live Sheep and Lambs (1900 to 1905)	90	—	—	90	421
,, ,, (1906 to 1909)	39	—	—	39	76
,, ,, (1900 to 1909)	69·6	—	—	69·6	282
Av. Annl. Values of Total of above Imports (1900 to 1905)	9,933	2,957	5,107	17,997	57,515
,, ,, (1906 to 1909)	9,617	5,060	6,495	21,212	59,033
,, ,, (1900 to 1909)	9,805·6	3,798·2	5,662·2	19,283	58,122·2

* Including beef, mutton, pork, rabbits, poultry, and game, whether fresh, salt, frozen, chilled, tinned, or preserved.

'bolted, and barred the door' against the Colonies (as the Tariff Reformers say), our imports of butter from Australia rose to an average annual value of £2,582,000 for the four years from 1906 to 1909. Again, in the case of meat, the average annual value of our imports from 1900 to 1905 was £1,540,000, but it rose during the four years from 1906 to 1909 to £2,474,000. As a matter of fact our average annual imports of butter and meat together from Australia have risen from £2,957,000 between 1900 and 1905 to £5,060,000 between 1906 and 1909, showing an increase of over forty per cent. since the Home Government 'banged, bolted, and barred the door.' Surely this puerile argument of the Tariff Reformers will no longer be advanced by those who can understand the facts of the case.

The next fact that faces us is that Canada, whose statesmen have never asked us to impose taxes upon wheat and dairy produce coming from countries other than their own, has during the ten years under review supplied us with more than half the total value of the imports of meat and dairy produce that we have received from our Colonies. Although, as the following table shows, New Zealand is rapidly developing

New Zealand Cheese imported by United Kingdom	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909
Quantities, in cwts. . .	78,626	126,216	192,304	264,995	368,531
Values in £	203,344	370,666	586,683	801,131	1,113,714

her export of cheese, Canada still remains our chief source of supply, having sent us, on the average of the last ten years, imports of cheese valued at over 4½ millions sterling (£4,518,600), whilst foreign countries only sent us £1,753,800 worth. Mainly owing to a decrease during the last four years in the value of the butter sent to us by Canada, the average annual value of our imports of meat and dairy produce from the Canadian Dominion has fallen during the last four years to £9,617,000, compared with £9,933,000 between 1900 and 1905. New Zealand has raised her average annual exports to the United Kingdom from £5,107,000 between 1900 and 1905 to £6,495,000, between 1906 and 1909. And the total imports from our Colonies (the main supplies of which come from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand) have risen in average annual value from £17,997,000 for the six years between 1900 and 1905 to £21,212,000 for the four last years under the Free Trade Government.

Finally, there remains the fact that we are still mainly

dependent upon our supplies from foreign countries. Between 1900 and 1905 we imported meat and dairy produce on the average to the value of £57,515,000 from foreign countries, whereas our Colonies could only supply us with £17,997,000 worth. During the last four years the Colonies have gained ground, sending us an average value of £21,212,000 against £59,033,000 worth from foreign countries. We gladly welcome all they can send us, and the more liberal their supplies the better pleased shall we be, but—they must not ask us to discriminate as to the source whence we derive the food necessary to supply our home population.

At present we admit freely all corn, meat, and dairy produce, and so long as we hold to the fiscal system of imposing taxes for revenue alone we shall continue to do so, but immediately that we begin to impose taxes and to differentiate between imports from foreign countries and from our Colonial Empire, we shall cease to rely upon the sentiment and affection that bind the Empire together, and we shall fall back upon the huckstering element, the spirit of mere money-making, which will naturally result in the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness that are inseparable from all selfish pursuits.

In conclusion : we have seen (i) that the United States in the near future are likely to fall back from the position of our principal source of imported grain ; (ii) that Russia is very subject to a failure of her harvests, and that—notwithstanding the fact that from 1887 to 1906 European Russia added a million acres a year to her wheat acreage, which amounted to an increase of 70 per cent. in the twenty years, and was double the acreage which the United States added in the same period—the increasing demand for imported wheat by the countries of north-west Europe (amounting annually to at least 50 million quarters, according to Major Craigie's estimates) will more and more draw upon Russian supplies (when available) ; (iii) that during the last eleven years British India and Australia have scarcely increased their acreage under wheat, and that both countries are particularly subject to failures of their harvest ; (iv) that Canada and Argentina have very considerably improved their position as wheat-growers and wheat-exporters, but that they also are liable to occasional failures of their wheat crops ; and (v) that mere increase of acreage is no guarantee that a bountiful harvest will result and furnish surplus supplies for export. What, then, is our hope for the future ? Clearly it seems to be the opening up of fresh wheat-fields to supply the increasing demands of the world's growing population. In Anatolia wheat-growers would find climate and soil all that could be

desired. But internal communications are wanting: roads and railroads need to be constructed. Will capital be forthcoming if the United Kingdom declares that foreign-grown wheat shall be shut out from her shores if possible? Moreover, what encouragement would there be to develope the Siberian and Manchurian wheat areas? The agricultural developement of these Asiatic countries would cause a boom in every manufacturing country in the world that was prepared freely to receive their corn and dairy-products in exchange for manufactured articles.

Two or three generations ago there was no question more frequently discussed in the House of Commons than that which Disraeli called 'the condition of the people.' No problem impressed itself more deeply upon that remarkable man. Moreover, Carlyle's trenchant criticism—backed up by that of many other earnest students of politics, who in those days were mainly drawn from the ranks of the aristocracy—had an influence upon public opinion such as can scarcely be realised in these days of hurry and the cheap Press. When a 'social welfare Budget' is formulated it is denounced with all the abuse and invective that early in the nineteenth century were directed against the suggestions and attempted reforms put forward by the philosophic Radicals. But the arguments of the Utilitarians have largely prevailed; and it is much to be regretted that no Carlyle has arisen to denounce and expose the selfish timidity which so badly affects many of the leisured classes. This pusillanimity has permitted a crop of newspapers to make headway in preaching the doctrine that we are no longer able to stand by ourselves and to meet our enemy in the gate, but that our very existence depends upon the support that we can obtain from our outlying Empire! In our heart of hearts we know that we are still a proud and haughty nation 'prepared 'to face the world in arms' if the occasion should arise. But there can be no reasonable doubt that a fit of timidity and distrust of ourselves *appears* to have settled down upon us. Under this baneful influence a great mass of our countrymen are ready to impose upon themselves—and their more numerous neighbours who are not willing—burdens of taxation in order to conciliate or 'bind more closely to us,' as they say, our kinsmen beyond the seas. On the other hand clear-headed men see that 'the Colonies'—inhabited mainly by those who were either born in the United Kingdom or are of British descent—are both astonished and disgusted by the self-depreciation of British speakers and writers. Colonial statesmen and colonial journalists vie with one another in protesting against this attitude of

British politicians. They protest even more strongly against the idea that their loyalty is to be bought by the imposition of taxes upon the food of the people, or by the subordination of the interests of the Mother-country to those of individual colonies. 'Each for himself in home politics and the whole for the 'Empire!' is their cry; an honest and eminently British sentiment, and one that we confidently believe 'makes for' the common good and will ultimately prevail. But much has to be done, much has to be written, more even has to be spoken, before the great mass of the British folk can be reassured and brought to a condition of stable equilibrium.

Some twenty years ago the late Marquess of Salisbury declared to a deputation of hop-growers at Hastings that, much as he sympathised with them, he could see no hope of giving them a 'protection' against foreign growers, unless the whole fiscal policy was reversed. At present the cry is to protect our manufacturers and our corn-growers. Wool, cotton, rubber, oil are *not* to be taxed. But suppose Tariff Reform prevailed and in the near future our Empire were to produce appreciable quantities of cotton and rubber and oil—mainly because of the investment of British capital in such volume as we have seen in connexion with the 'rubber craze'—how long would it be possible to refuse 'protection' to what are now called 'raw materials'?

Art. VI.—THE MIND OF CAVOUR.

1. *Lettere del Conte di Cavour, Edite ed Inedite.* Raccolte da Luigi Chiala. Six vols. Torino: Roux e Favale. 1880.
2. *Il Conte Camillo di Cavour.* Da Nicomede Bianchi. Torino. 1863.
3. *Cavour.* H. von Treitschke. Italian Translation. Florence. 1873.
4. *Studi e Bozzetti di Storia Leiteraria e Politica.* Two vols. Alessandro Luzio. Milano: Cogliati. 1910.
5. *Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour.* By W. de la Rive, translated by Edward Romilly. London: Longmans. 1862.
6. *History of Piedmont.* By A. Gallenga. Three vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.
7. *Histoire du Second Empire.* By Pierre de la Gorce. Vols. ii. and iii. IXme Ed. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.
8. *Cavour.* By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London: Macmillan and Co. 1898.

The approach of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian independence is drawing the attention of Italians in a special way to the history of that great achievement. Lectures are being given, books are being published, dealing with this or that feature of the emancipation of the nation from home and foreign tyrants, or dwelling with pardonable rhetoric on the epic qualities of the movement as a whole. All this is well and as it should be. It is almost inevitable, however, that such accounts of the matter as the Jubilee primarily evokes should leave untold much that is most interesting. The heroes of those great days may be said to be almost smothered by the mantle of their achievements: draped as it were in the flag for which they schemed and fought, their personalities are apt to lose their individual and characteristic outlines. What manner of men in reality were Victor Emmanuel, Cavour and Garibaldi? Were they, as some idols of the people have been, intrinsically mediocrities carried to success on the crest of the wave of anonymous circumstance, or were they genuine heroes, authentic master-men?

The answer to such a question must be sought in the records of the time, and fortunately they are very abundant.

The men who brought about Italian independence happened to be voluminous letter-writers and shared the universal love of their nation for statements and programmes, and it is possible to follow the course of events almost day by day in the vast mass of State papers, manifestoes, diaries and correspondence that has come down to us. The greatest of the Liberators, Cavour, whose centenary occurred this year—he was born in August 1810—is perhaps better *documenté* than any. Not however as well as he might be, and, indeed, some day will be. Many important letters and papers remain unpublished, says Signor Alessandro Luzio, the learned director of the Archivium of Mantua, whose critical studies have thrown such light on the history of the *Risorgimento*, the time being not yet considered ripe for their publication. It is to be hoped that next year may see them given to the public. In the meantime there is great abundance of material, and though this or that episode of the great Minister's policy may have to await the decisive illumination of the written word, enough and more than enough is there to justify a reasoned appreciation of Cavour and his career.

Camillo Bensi di Cavour was born on August 10, 1810. He was the second son of the Marquis di Cavour, who held the office of grand chamberlain under the *régime* of Pauline Buonaparte, who, with her Italian husband, Camillo Borghese, presided over the destinies of Piedmont during the French occupation. His mother was a Genevese, a daughter of the Comte de Sellon. He appeared slow at his lessons, and his mother writes of him in his fifth year that he holds study 'in horror.' William de la Rive, one of his Swiss kinsmen, who was also his intimate friend, has left us an impression of the youthful Cavour on a visit to his grandfather at the age of six :

'He was an arch, roguish little fellow with a lively physiognomy indicating decision, a very amusing playfulness and inexhaustible spirits. He wore a red coat which gave him a resolute and, at the same time, an agreeable air. On his arrival he was very excited, and told my grandfather that the postmaster at Geneva, having supplied execrable horses, ought to be dismissed. "I demand his dismissal," he repeated. "But," replied my grandfather, "I cannot dismiss the postmaster; it is only the first syndic who has that power." "Well, I demand an audience of the first syndic." "You shall have one to-morrow," replied my grandfather, and he immediately wrote to his friend M. Schmidtmeyer, the first syndic, to announce that he was about to send him a very droll little fellow. The next day he presents himself at the first syndic's, is ceremoniously received, and, after three formal bows, makes a clear, calm statement of his complaint and demand. On his return, as soon as he

caught sight of my grandfather, he called out "All right, he will be dismissed." '

At the age of ten, Camillo, like most of the cadets of the noble families of Piedmont, was sent by his father to the Military Academy, where he was soon promoted to the dignity of a royal page. This honour, reserved to boys of high rank, and highly appreciated as affording not only a privileged entrance to court life, but also relaxation from monotonous studies, was not at all to his taste. M. de la Rive relates that he once asked Cavour, in later life, how the royal pages were dressed. 'Parbleu! like the lackeys we were,' replied the statesman with heat. His restiveness under court etiquette was such that he missed most of the honours attached to the position. As a matter of fact he did not care for relaxation from study and distinguished himself greatly at the academy by his devotion to mathematics. He explained to de la Rive that it was mathematics that had formed his mind and taught him to think. He admitted, however, in later years that his oratory suffered from his lack of literary training. Literature, as such, said little to him, although he appears to have admired Chateaubriand. Apart from Chateaubriand the only fiction he cared for was sensational stories.

'Do not expect from me,' he wrote to the editor of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, 'any article in which it is necessary to make any call upon the imagination. In my case *la folle du logis* is a lazy jade who is not to be stirred up. You would hardly believe it, but I have never been able to invent the simplest tales to amuse my nephew, although I have tried very often.'

A man who made history on the scale of Cavour may be excused from the composition of fiction. Nor should his failure to invent tales for his nephew be counted to him for lack of imagination. On the contrary, we should be prepared to maintain that Cavour possessed one of the most powerful creative imaginations that ever existed. Either his definition was wrong or he was too modest. By what other faculty did he evoke out of the absurdly inadequate conditions in which he found himself at the beginning of his political career the vision of a liberal Piedmont and a united Italy? In truth Cavour's imagination was of the highest order—the imagination of a man of science. We are so accustomed to take for granted the success of science to-day that we need reflexion to realise the fundamentally imaginative nature of that success. Science depends at the last on the *contre-épreuve* of experience; it comes eventually to be tried at the bar of fact, but the process

by which it gets as far as that judgement-seat is an ideal construction in the mind of the savant. Time after time has that construction to be thrown down, time after time must the faulty hypothesis be replaced by one a trifle less faulty. The world, at first sight, is not the world of science. The savant, basing himself on a presupposition, which, in itself, is a philosophical principle, the universality throughout experience of causation, attempts its application more or less successfully in the particular group of phenomena with which he is dealing. His method is to assume an hypothesis and test it by experimentation. Experimentation doubtless leads him to modify his hypothesis, but that hypothesis itself, without which he could have made no investigation, is clearly due to his creative imagination. Now, Cavour believed that miracles do not happen in psychology any more than anywhere else, i.e. he applied the principle and the method of natural science to human affairs. He did so consistently and deliberately, and such was his skill, both in hypothesis and observation, that his conclusions and previsions were rarely in error. So while still a young man he beat the veterans of European diplomacy at their own game.

The youth of great men differs. Those who, gifted with great versatility of genius, in a long life play many parts are frequently what is called 'backward' in childhood. The young Goethe gave no special signs of the promise that was in him, he was not a precocious boy. His genius slumbered until circumstances, the scenes he visited, the women he loved, awakened it. There are others, destined, it seems, for just one definite and supreme task, to be fulfilled, it may be, in a short term of years; and in these we may often observe a certain pathetic haste on the part of Nature to force, and so ensure, the developement of the germ she has placed in them. *Consummatus in brevi, implevit tempora multa:* Cavour had made a nation when he died at fifty-one; as a youth he had already the brain and judgement of a statesman. He writes, at the age of eighteen, a long letter to his mother *à propos* to the death of the Minister of the Interior, Roget de Cholex, in which he carefully discriminates between the trials of a constitutional minister and those of one who serves an absolute Prince. Only a long experience of both positions, one thinks, could produce such wise and well-balanced criticism. In the following year, when not yet twenty, he writes as follows on the condition of liberalism in Europe: 'The human spirit is on the move. The ignorant and the presumptuous are not strong enough to keep it back. But 1830 will be a much more fruitful and important

'year than the one now dying. God grant that reason and light 'may triumph!' The prayer that followed so sagacious a divination had, indeed, a right to an answer. The year 1830 saw the reconstitution of Greece and the awakening of France, which events were the first notes of that symphony of national liberty which was so soon to sound through Italy.

Cavour's military career did not last long. First quartered at Genoa, he drew attention to his liberal opinions by too free conversation, and, in consequence, was sent to Bard, a village in the Val d'Aosta, more or less *en pénitence*. Here he spent eight months of boredom. There was nothing for him to do, and he was reduced, in order to pass his time, to playing cards with the contractors employed in repairs. At last he took a decisive step: he obtained leave from his father to resign his commission, and ceased to be a Piedmontese officer on November 12, 1831.

It was not merely a dislike of discipline and of the passive obedience of the military state, as has been suggested, or disapproval of the absolutist Government of which he was a servant, that impelled him to leave the army, although such feelings no doubt had their weight with him. It was rather some essential in his character. It was, as a matter of fact, the quality that made him more than the 'clever' man of business, the 'wily' diplomatist, the 'far-seeing' statesman (though he was all of these in a very high degree)—the quality, in short, that enabled him to create a nation. This quality we must call, for want of a better term, his philosophy. It did not express itself in an abstract system—Cavour had a horror of such—it consisted rather in a synthetic view of human nature, embracing at once the individual man and society. Put briefly, it came to this: it is man's true nature to be free, and a healthy society, in order to produce the co-operation among men necessary to its existence, must base itself on this fact, as essential a characteristic of man as that he is a five-fingered vertebrate. In so far as it is necessary for the individual to curb and restrain himself in order to co-operate with others in a social scheme, such restraint should not be brought about by external force, but should be the self-determined effect of rational motive in the individual himself, who will find, in a properly organised society, his personal scope fruitfully enlarged by the general social effort in which he takes part. This view, which is a commonplace of philosophic liberalism to-day, was not so widely held in 1830. Liberalism in those days was not, as a rule, so scientific; it was weakened by the dose of mysticism and romanticism which it held in solution.

The ideas of Mazzini, for instance, were essentially theological, and the dreams of social regeneration of the French theorists were at least coloured by Pantheistic idealism. It was the merit, at that time the extraordinary merit, of Cavour to place the aspirations of liberalism on a definite basis of fact that stood in no need of the treacherous support of mystic finalism of any kind. This essential positivism of his mind saved him, on the one hand, from the suicidal excesses of the Mazzinian visionaries, and enabled him, on the other, to smile with equanimity when Pio Nono's thunderbolts flew high above his head. It is easy to see that military ideals would not appeal to one who took this view of human nature. War was justified, indeed, on account of the 'hardness of men's hearts,' and no man used it more freely as a means to the ends of civilisation than Cavour; but the warrior's sword could enjoy no greater prestige in his eyes than the policeman's baton: both were necessary evils resulting from and only justified by the imperfection of social developement.

Cavour thus found himself at the age of twenty-one without an occupation. More than suspect to the new king—the Prince of Carignano succeeded Charles Felix in the summer of '31 as Charles Albert—and personally disinclined to throw in his lot with the revolutionary party, he accepted his father's proposal to take charge of the family estates. It was at Grinzano in the province of Alba that he began his apprenticeship to agriculture, which was to be his main occupation for the next fifteen years. It was as much as he could do in the beginning to distinguish a cabbage from a turnip, but so rapid was his progress that in 1833 he undertook the management of Leri, a large property that had been recently purchased in a very neglected condition by his father. Here, in the midst of unromantic rice-fields, he exercised a degree of intuition and perseverance, of creative genius and administrative ability, which shortly changed the face of the estate. He writes in 1836:

'I am almost wholly absorbed in my agricultural pursuits. I have undertaken vast speculations which require great attention and constant supervision. There is no good to be done with farming unless you are your own manager; and the moment you have made up your mind to do a thing, you find yourself besieged by a multitude of details which take up an infinity of time.'

De la Rive describes his life at Leri in a district

'very ugly, very flat, with no shade to break its monotony, with no river to give life to a scene inanimate by nature, nothing but

rice-fields and meadows, the unhealthy verdure of which contrasts with the whiteness of the long, clayey roads striking off in straight lines till they are lost to sight.'

'At sunrise he was at his work, inspecting his cattle-sheds, present when his labourers went to their work, and superintending their work during the dog days under a burning sun; not satisfied with giving general orders, but providing for the minutest details, alive to all the discoveries of chemistry and every mechanical invention, multiplying his experiments and recording their results with that good sense which never failed him, abandoning one set of experiments, and repeating others upon an immense scale and with a degree of boldness which frightened his good neighbours, who came to him with fear and trembling for an opinion. . . . I never went but once to Leri, when, in 1846, I passed a fortnight there, half of the time in company with a large party, and the remainder alone with Cavour. . . . The hospitality of Leri was unbounded and its mode of life simple. It was farm life, and not that of a great country mansion. We set forth at early dawn and returned late. The days seemed short. The dinners were abundant and cooked by an old housekeeper who herself brought in and placed the ample dishes of game and the smoking *risotto* upon the heavy oak table, around which, after dessert was removed, we joined in a merry game of *lansquenet*. We never thought of complaining then of the country being flat, of the houses being low and unsightly, or of the rice-fields, which we were beating from morning till night, being poisonous. And, in those rice-fields, what magnificent crops; what fine flocks in those meadows whose verdure I have just been finding fault with; under the farm-sheds what grinding of machines in the courtyard; what activity; what loads in the barns, what heaps in the granaries; and all this prosperous state of things this life, this fertility, this tenfold produce, the work of a single man! Such was the result of Cavour's incessant struggle, during fifteen years, with land, water, and prejudices; to say nothing of fever, with which he was twice attacked.'

The eminently scientific manner in which he approached the problems of agriculture may be seen in the following passages from his correspondence, during this period, with de la Rive. Hearing that his cousin is working in the laboratories of Professor Johnston, an agricultural chemist, he asks him to obtain from the professor the solution of a problem in the cultivation of rice:

'The cultivation of rice having been tried in the saline districts of Provence, which were considered as altogether barren, enormous results have ensued. It might be inferred from this fact that salt is eminently suited to the rice plant. If so it is probable that it contains chloride of sodium, or soda, in great abundance; if this fact were confirmed by analysis, sound, practical consequences

might be deduced from it, which would be exceedingly useful in our country.'

And in another letter he inquires as to the nature of

'a certain inorganic matter required by asparagus which manure does not contain in sufficiently large doses. Find out that substance for me, and you will have rendered us an immense service, for the asparagus is the source of the prosperity of Santena.'

This absorption in the work which lay nearest to his hand did not however deaden Cavour's interest in politics. It was his practice to relieve his solitude at Grinzano with frequent visits to Turin. Here he frequented the French Embassy. Louis-Philippe, as soon as he mounted the throne, sent as his representative to the court of Sardinia Baron Prosper de Barante. This enlightened and distinguished man had a considerable influence on the young Cavour. Even greater perhaps was the effect of his intimate friendship with Comte d'Haussonville, one of the attachés. The joint result of their conversation was definitely to detach Cavour from sympathy with the violent revolutionists. He writes in April 1853 to his aunt, Mme. de Sellon: 'Ainsi je vous fais part que je suis un honnête juste-'milieu, désirant, souhaitant, travaillant au progrès social de 'toutes mes forces, mais décidé à ne pas l'acheter au prix d'un 'bouleversement général, politique et social.' The other mental acquisition which he owed to his evenings at the Embassy was the reasoned admiration which he came to feel and retained all his life for the French intellect. Himself a near kinsman of the French, both in race and language, he was no doubt temperamentally attracted by its precision and grasp, its capacity both for general ideas and the deft elaboration of detail. The best statement of his political views at this time is contained in a letter written to the elder de la Rive in 1833:

'Many things have taken place . . . since our political conversations in the walks of Presinge. A terrible commotion, which we did not then foresee, has shaken the political world to its very foundations, and God knows when it will recover its equilibrium. This general commotion has reacted upon individuals, and all opinions have been shaken, modified, and, in some cases, even changed by it. An inconceivable change has come over the friends and acquaintances of my own circle. Those who were moderate reformers have thrown themselves headlong into the arms of the movement party, and are now satisfied with nothing less than turning everything topsy turvy; others who were of the same shade of opinion have drawn back full of alarm towards ultraism. Persons who would have been delighted with reasonable concessions now wish for a republic,

and some few, who were only afraid of reformers going too fast, have retreated as far back as the age of Louis XIV., and would govern the peoples of the nineteenth century on principles taken from the reminiscences of the "Grand Monarque." As for me, I have long been wavering in the midst of these opposite movements. Reason inclined me towards moderation; an irresistible desire to make our laggards move forward drove me toward the movement party. At length, after numerous and violent oscillations, I have ended by fixing myself, like the pendulum of a clock, in the *juste-milieu*; eager for social progress and working at it with all my strength, but determined not to purchase it at the cost of political and social subversion. My state of *juste-milieu-ism*, however, will not prevent me from wishing to see Italy emancipated as speedily as possible from the barbarians who oppress her, and from foreseeing that a somewhat violent crisis is inevitable. But I wish this crisis to be brought about with as much prudence as the state of things will permit; and I am perhaps *ultra*-persuaded that the frantic attempts of the movement party only retard it and increase its risks. Now that I have given you my profession of faith, let me ask if you view matters in the same way. I confess that I have been flattering myself that you do; and this idea sustains me in the battles I have to fight, right and left. At all events, I hope to be able to make my escape to Geneva this summer, and consequently to find you at Presinge, where we will settle at our ease our political creeds.'

The *juste-milieu-ism* on which he prides himself is no negative state of mind which, fearing to commit itself to a definite policy, takes refuge in truisms and carefully balanced mutually destructive propositions. Cavour hated revolutions only a little less than he hated despotism. But he was not, in de la Rive's phrase, one of those who fall on the side to which they lean. He saw that liberalism was a state of society rather than a form of government; though no man ever was such a politician, politics was to his mind a subordinate branch of sociology. And it was this insight that we have ventured to describe as his philosophy which was the weight behind the blade of his statecraft.

His exertions at Leri were by no means limited to the management of his estates. Among the enterprises which he either initiated or developed were a railway company, a bank, a manufactory of chemicals, steam mills for grinding corn, and a line of steamboats on Lake Maggiore. In addition, he founded in 1842, in connexion with Marchese Alfieri and other friends, the Agrarian Association of Piedmont. In spite of its innocent name, this association was strongly, and no doubt not unjustly, suspected by the Government. Many of Cavour's friends who formed part of it were in sympathy with his views.

In the autumn of 1834 Cavour paid a visit to Geneva.

He prolonged his journey in the winter to Paris and London. A letter from Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Guizot, contains an interesting passage on democracy:

'Do you believe in the possibility of a reconstruction of any aristocratical power whatever? Aristocracy is crumbling away on every side. Princes as well as people are equally tending to destroy it. The patrician order, as a municipal and limited power, no longer finds a place in the social organisation of to-day. What then remains with which to struggle against the popular tide? Nothing substantial, nothing effective, nothing permanent. Is this a good or an evil? I hardly know; but, in my opinion, it is the inevitable destiny of mankind. Let us be prepared for it; or, at least, let us prepare our descendants for it, for it concerns them more than it does us.'

His mind never loses itself in theories, but is always intent on the observed fact. His stay in London was short, but he managed during his visit to study thoroughly the question of pauperism in England, and, on his return to Piedmont, founded with his friends a number of infant asylums on the English plan. It is to the eternal disgrace of Charles Albert's Government that he was obliged to desist after a few years from his philanthropy. The Count de Salmour, one of his colleagues on the board of direction of the asylums, felt it right to tell him that his being at the head of the institution was very displeasing to the Government, and that the workman was endangering the safety of his own work. Thus appealed to, Cavour did not hesitate, but at once abandoned the humble duty which had been one of his favourite and constant occupations for several years.

The attempt to exclude a man like Cavour from public life was necessarily futile. An active mind discovers by-paths to destiny and widens them unconsciously. The secret attacks of the Government on the Agrarian Society, to which we have already referred, inevitably brought both him and the Society into wider notice, and the class of which the Society was composed possessed considerable political importance. From them were recruited most of the adherents to Cavour's policy. Men of rank and substance, landed proprietors, with what is called a stake in the country, they were naturally prompt to perceive the embargo laid on all forms of national prosperity by the mischievously repressive character of the absolute Government, and to look forward to a change for the better. In order however to understand the conditions in which such men, under the inspiration of Cavour, were working, it is necessary to glance at

the fortunes of the sub-alpine kingdom during the first thirty years of the century.

While the French occupation of Piedmont from 1798 to 1814 had been a bitter blow to nationalist feeling, it had not been without considerable benefit to the Piedmontese. For their foreign masters, who had made them Frenchmen by a stroke of the pen, had also striven to make them men. They had broken through their lazy café-haunting habits, they had associated them with their destinies by enlisting them in their ranks. They had reorganised society on a basis which at least attempted to be that of a just equality and of both public and private security.

Their anti-clerical policy had rid the country of many useless bishoprics, as well as of all religious orders, and had thinned the excessive multitude of idle priests, besides entirely freeing the people, as well as public education and literature, from the temporal control of the clergy. They had repaid their spoliation by splendid roads and bridges. They had created a new stir in the country, opening a wide field for private energy and associated enterprise. All the liberty they had deemed expedient for themselves they had freely awarded to the subject people. At the restoration—of Victor Emmanuel I. in 1814—all this was changed, and the hands of the state clock were set back seventeen years at a sweep. The king wished, he said, to consider all that had taken place during his absence as a long dream. An aged courtier, one Count Cerruti, handed him on his arrival an almanac for 1798, and that interesting relic of the good old times became the standard of measurement for ideas and men. With such hurried zeal was the re-instalment of ancient officers effected that in several instances the 'Gazette' announced the appointment of individuals who had long been mouldering in their graves.

The atrocities of mediæval legislation returned. The property of criminals was confiscated; they were flogged, broken on the wheel and quartered. Absurd complications and hopeless confusion resulted from the re-establishment of the old fifteen courts of law, not to speak of the ecclesiastical tribunal with its secret proceedings. Even the 'Viglietti Reali,' or *lettres de cachet*, reappeared; and the royal authority was again put forward to interfere with the administration of justice, to invalidate contracts and mortgage deeds—any transaction, in fact, that bore the date of the odious period the very memory of which was to be annihilated. 'Religious' once more thronged the streets, the University was closed, to be handed over, at its reopening, to the Jesuit fathers. There was a comical

side to the tragedy. Public officers were dismissed because a French instead of an Italian *r* occurred in their handwriting. All those who feared God and honoured the king returned scrupulously to pre-Revolution dress, even to the wearing of hair-powder and pig-tails. (This last sign of loyalty gave rise to a nickname for the reactionaries. Cavour, in his lighter moments, used to call them *codini*.) Of course, such a state of things could not last. The Austrian queen, Maria Theresa, one day, in a fit of ill-humour, indicated to Vallesa, the Prime Minister, that she looked upon him as occupying the position of a servant in the royal household, whereat that proud though reactionary nobleman resigned. The king sent for Balbo, an able man of practical ability, who insisted on some reforms as a condition of taking office. His influence was at once felt through every branch of the civil and military administration, and public confidence and security were to some extent restored.

But Balbo's reforms came late and were moreover intrinsically insufficient. There existed also in the country a widespread demand for a constitution, not so much on definitely democratic grounds as in order to put Piedmont in the van of Italian progress, and thus render it plausible for her to take the lead in a national war against Austria, whose underhand intrigues and shameless bad faith had secured her, as the main result of the Congress of Vienna, an almost irresistible ascendancy in Italy. The King of Spain had granted a constitution in 1812, and the King of Naples granted one on the lines of the Spanish Charter in 1820. The garrison of Turin rose on the night of March 12, 1821, demanding the Spanish constitution and war with Austria. The king however declared that he would sign no constitution whatever, and on March 13 abdicated in favour of his brother, who was then at Modena. In the absence of the new king Charles Felix, Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, was appointed Regent.

Charles Albert, called '*il Re Tentenna*'—the wavering king—by his contemporaries, and '*il Re Magnanimo*' by those who came after him, had the most unfortunate character that an Italian ruler could have in those troubled times. He sympathised with Italian aspirations, but he was of too vague and hesitating a mind to attain the conviction of his sympathy. He acted and reacted on impulse. Thus, one of his first acts on being appointed Regent was to promulgate, without consulting the king, the constitution demanded by the army. The king was furious, declined to sign the constitution, withdrew the Regent's commission, and arrived in Turin on

October 18, 1821, determined to crush every manifestation of reform, and during the ten years of his reign (1821–1831) thought was allowed no utterance. Balbo's reforms were at a standstill and Piedmont became a paradise of reactionaries and clericals. Charles Felix died on April 27, 1831, and his whilom Regent Charles Albert came to the throne. Charles Albert's choice lay between the 'dagger of the Carbonari and 'the chocolate of the Jesuits,' as he himself expressed it to the Duc d'Aumale. He attempted to carry out Balbo's reforms, to reconcile hostile factions and found a compact state and a united people. But the part even of moderator and peace-maker was too arduous for the *Re Tentenna:* the unfortunate king never secured the attachment of either party, but lived in constant fear of both. Mazzini further complicated his position by sending him a fiery address from Marseilles in 1831, calling upon him to choose between the lot of 'the first 'of men and that of the last of Italian tyrants.' The king was not moved by this exhortation, and, in consequence, became the object of the first attack of the new association to which Mazzini had given the name of 'Young Italy.' Mazzini proceeded to circulate a monthly publication bearing the same name among the army. The Government became alarmed, and the king, wounded in the tenderest spot of a Prince of Savoy's heart, his army, resorted to terrible means of repression. Blood flowed freely at Chambéry, Turin and Alessandria. Cruel sentences were brutally executed. The governor of Alessandria rode on a cannon to the place of execution and forgot himself so far as to spurn with his foot Vochieri, one of his prisoners. By a refinement of cruelty, imitated from the abominable example of Austria, this unhappy man was purposely taken out of his way on his journey to the scaffold, in order that the mournful convoy should pass before his desolate home in sight of his mother, wife and children. The Mazzinian rising in Savoy of 1834 was foredoomed to failure, and resulted in the exile of the agitator from Switzerland and his retirement to London. Relieved from any immediate apprehension, it would have been natural for the Government to relax their severity, but the exercise of cruelty is disturbing to the judgement. The ties of Sardinia with Austria and all other absolute Governments were strengthened by the necessity of guarding against a common foe. The Jesuit fathers, who in Italy played the unworthy part of Austrian spies, gained a stronger ascendency over the king whose timorous conscience they directed. Police agents and informers terrorised the land, and for nearly ten years Piedmont was given up to

reaction. Yet, while he allowed his Government to act in this way, Charles Albert himself attempted a certain encouragement of liberal ideas. '*Delle Speranze d'Italia*,' the work of Cesare Balbo, the son of Victor Emmanuel I.'s reforming minister, printed at Capolago, in the canton of Ticino, was publicly prohibited in Turin, but secretly distributed by the king's friends, with his connivance. He would not openly grant a general amnesty, but was free with individual pardons. A 'Council of State' took the place of a parliament, and a commission of able jurists compiled a new code of laws for the nation. He was induced, with difficulty, as we have seen, to approve Cavour's Agrarian Society. He created a new order of knighthood of civil merit and was among the first Italian sovereigns to welcome in his states the 'National Scientific Meetings,' the individual participants in which were liberals to a man.

Beyond this he could not venture without giving provocation to Austria, but in 1846 a subject of formal quarrel arose. Austria, in the April of that year, complaining that the Swiss of Canton Ticino were allowed a free transit through Piedmont for the salt which they purchased in France, in violation of a commercial treaty existing between herself and Sardinia, retaliated by laying an enormous duty on Piedmontese wine, great quantities of which were imported into Lombardy. Angry diplomatic notes were exchanged. In December of the same year, the centenary of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa was made the occasion, both in that city and all over Piedmont, of violent anti-Austrian demonstrations. Thus began an incurable breach between Austria and Sardinia. The king, more than ever inclined to let himself go in the direction of Italian aspirations, which were calling to him from all sides, hovered between the nationalist suggestions of Villamarina and Gallina, two ancient patriots of '21, and the advice of his Prime Minister Della Margherita. Yet, on the other hand his ties with Austria could not be easily severed. In 1842 he had married his eldest son, the future liberator king, to the Archduchess Mary Adelaide. He had joined the Jesuit league, which supported the Sonderbund, and the fathers of the Society were still all-powerful in his cabinet. An extract or two from Della Margherita's memoirs will show the nature of the legislation he busied himself with:

'Tithes being a divine right, I have not permitted them to be touched.' 'It sometimes happens that guilty ecclesiastics are imprisoned without the preliminary authorisation of the bishop; I have taken the necessary steps to prevent the recurrence of so

monstrous an abuse.' 'Thanks to my efforts the blessed Boniface, Humbert and Louisa have received adoration at the altars.' 'I have urged the archbishop to oppose the promulgation of certain measures relating to a pretended reform in the schools; assisted by me he has succeeded.'

The spectacle of a Prime Minister 'urging' an archbishop to render nugatory educational measures decreed by the cabinet over which he himself presides, has an almost Gilbertian quality. And it was with a society organised in this way that Cavour had to deal. His account of Turin in these years was that it was 'an intellectual hell.' 'Science and intelli-'gence,' he says to the same correspondent, 'are looked upon 'as inventions of the devil by those who condescend to govern 'us.' In fact any manifestation of thought was rigorously proscribed. It was considered to prove the extraordinary influence of Cavour's aunt, Mme. de Clermont Tonerre, that she at last obtained permission to receive through the French Legation the *Journal des Débats.*

Inaccessible to the promptings of *amour propre,* Cavour noted the faults of the Piedmontese Government but to deplore them, and was eager to proclaim any merits they might have. He did not hesitate however to put his finger on the open wound which had to be staunched before any serious liberal legislation could be passed. He writes in 1844:

'The religious reaction carries the Ultramontane party beyond all reasonable bounds. Their conduct in Switzerland is not more absurd than it is in France. Their crusade for the re-establishment of convents is on a par with that which they entered upon to destroy the University. They are a greater curse to mankind than the Communists. I believe that at bottom they are powerless, and that their career will soon come to an end; but they will do much mischief. They will have prevented, or at least retarded, the regular and progressive developement of the human mind. *Almost all the faults committed by our Government arise from the influence of this party, for if it did not exist our administration would be superior to that of Prussia, and we should be fast advancing in the paths of salutary improvement.*' (The italics are our own.)

It would be an error to deduce from such statements as these that Cavour was an irreligious man. It has been observed that while the philosopher of the study inclines to atheism, the reflective statesman is almost always a theist. Nor is the reason far to seek. Experiencing the power of his own reason on the complex of human action and desire, the subject matter with which he has to deal, he is loth to conceive of the universe as

subsisting without a government. His moral sense becoming inevitably a little blunted by the methods which he has to adopt in order to achieve even his noblest aims, he feels no call to scrutinise too closely the 'ways of Providence,' and this attitude of mind is reinforced by what may reasonably appear to one situated at just his angle of observation as the practical necessity for humanity at large, at least in its present conditions of religious belief. But, however this may be, there is no doubt that Cavour was a believing and, until his excommunication, a practising Catholic. He would discuss the religious question with his Swiss Protestant relations, but they never succeeded in persuading him of the superiority of Geneva to Rome. When in Paris he used to frequent the sermons of the Abbé Cœur, a popular Liberal-Catholic preacher, and writes of them to a Catholic friend: 'When I see these 'views adopted by Rome, I shall become as ardent a Catholic 'as you.' Note here the trend of his instinctively political mind. Catholicism must be estimated by practical men at its face-value in ordinary life. What does it ultimately and on the whole stand for in the daily world of human affairs? This is what interests Cavour. Personally he may sympathise with the tendencies of enthusiastic individuals, but he does not confuse them with the policy of the Church. Probably neither the mystical nor the individualistic side of religious belief greatly appealed to him—his radical want of interest in metaphysics would seem to imply this; and indeed a person who rose at four A.M. and spent a long day in unremitting labour had not much time left for either speculation or dreaming. As a recreation, he wisely preferred whist. Yet at every point at which the Church crossed his public path he was its bitterest, most determined and most successful enemy. Why was this?

The tolerant sceptic who has learnt with Renan to appreciate the beauty of many of the manifestations of the Catholic consciousness may find himself here almost at one with the modern Catholic believer. To both, Cavour's attitude must appear stupid or perverse, or merely unintelligible. The sceptic indeed will murmur 'Philistine,' while the believer will probably indulge in some stronger expression of resentment. It is nevertheless true that, had it not been for Cavour and many a predecessor like him, the sceptic of to-day would live in danger of the stake, and the spontaneous choice of that respectable minority which, in the progressive countries of the world, still adheres to the Catholic creeds would never have come into existence. For there is a 'note' of the Church which Newman does not mention, but which can be verified

through every century of Christendom. It is her incapacity for reform, except from without and at the hand of her enemies. The Church declares it to be her mission to save the world; many a time has the world saved the Church. It is difficult for us to realise what the system was to which Cavour objected so vehemently. It amounted, in the Papal States, and, in a lesser degree, in all countries where the authorities were under the more or less open control of the Vatican, to what may be called, if we may be allowed to modify an historic denunciation, the negation of human nature erected into a system of theocracy. In strict theology, the assent of faith was either free or non-existent. Nevertheless, the withholding of that assent was severely and ingeniously penalised by these ecclesiastical Shallows. Also it was not enough not to withhold your assent; you had to prove it by the frequentation of the sacraments. The odious *billets de confession* (which certified the performance of the Easter duty) were a *sine qua non* for retaining almost any public employment. In the Papal States, under Gregory XVI., the *sospettati politici di prima classe* were obliged under penalty of three years at the galleys to present themselves for confession and communion once every fortnight, and to perform the 'spiritual exercises' once a year in a religious house selected by the bishop. And it is needless to say that these suspects represented the most important, if not the most numerous, part of the male population. Then there was the constant multiplication, at the direct or indirect expense of the industrial community, of armies of monks and nuns, who were exempted from taxation and themselves totally unproductive. For poor and growing countries, such as were, in spite of natural fertility, most of the Italian states, through one sort of mismanagement or another, these parasites were fatal. All this Cavour was well aware of, and, as we shall see, almost his first act on entering the Piedmontese Government was to attack the power which was bleeding his country to death: the further question of how it happened that the 'Truth,' as administered by its divinely commissioned ministers, had become so successful an instrument of enslavement and degradation was one that probably did not even occur to him. It is indeed a question more likely to occur to a 'philosopher of the study' than to a busy statesman.

On October 17, 1847, Cavour took a decided step. On this day the first number of the *Risorgimento*, a journal under the direction of himself and his moderate liberal friends, appeared. Most of the leading articles were written by him.

They are not, it must be confessed, very attractive reading. The readers for whom he wrote must be taken into consideration. He had to instruct a public, incredibly ignorant, but eagerly desirous of knowledge. In the meantime the accession of the liberal Pope Pio Nono, in 1846, had greatly modified the political outlook. This event had produced the deepest impression on the wavering mind of Charles Albert. He caused medals to be struck with his portrait and a motto, taken from the shield of a distant ancestor: '*J'attends mon astre.*' Emboldened by this and other similar indications, Massimo d'Azeglio, the leader of the progressives, requested an audience, and, having told the king what he had been doing, concluded with these words: 'And now your Majesty will tell me whether 'you approve or disapprove of what I have done.' The king replied in a calm, resolute tone: 'Let these gentlemen know 'that for the present they must remain quiet; but when 'the time comes let them be certain that my life, the lives of 'my sons, my arms, my treasures, all shall be spent freely in 'the Italian cause.' The moment was ripe for a serious development of the liberties of Piedmont. A crisis occurred towards the end of 1847 in the shape of a popular outburst at Genoa, which led to a petition to the king for the expulsion of the Jesuits and the formation of a National Guard. The Genoese deputies, charged with the presentation of the petition, conferred with the liberals of Turin at a meeting representative of every shade of progressive opinion. A resolution to support unequivocally the petition of the Genoese was on the point of passing unopposed, when Cavour saw his opportunity. He sprang to his feet and vehemently exclaimed:

'What is the good of reforms, which lead to no conclusion and terminate in nothing? Let us demand a constitution. Since the Government can be no longer maintained on the bases that have hitherto supported it, let it replace them by others conformable to the spirit of the time, to the progress of civilisation; let it replace them before it is too late, before social authority falls into dissolution amid the clamours of the people.'

The advanced democrats were against him. They feared a constitution in Cavour's sense of the word. Valerio, one of the revolutionary leaders, deprecated the acceptance of some 'constitution *à l'anglaise*, with an electoral census, perhaps 'with a chamber of peers and a complete apparatus of aristo-'cracy.' He knew, he said, 'Milord Camillo, the greatest 'reactionary in the kingdom, the greatest enemy of the 'revolution, an Anglomane *pur sang*.' The meeting separated

in confusion without coming to a decision. Cavour however took care that it should be accurately reported to the king. In little more than a month the line taken by him on this occasion was justified. On February 8, 1848, the king notified, in the *Official Gazette*, his intention to grant a constitution, nominating, at the same time, a commission to prepare an electoral law. Within a fortnight the 'Statuto,' now the charter of the Third Italy, was promulgated, and Cavour, among the members of the Royal Commission, found himself busy with legislative plans. From the fact that the main provisions of the law are in substantial agreement with the contemporaneous articles in the *Risorgimento* from his pen, we may infer that he was responsible for most of them.

Just at this moment however public attention was diverted from home politics to foreign affairs. The French Revolution of February convulsed Italy, already flung into commotion by the Austrian occupation of Ferrara. War to the knife against Austria was the popular cry which echoed from Milan and Venice to Florence and Naples. Cavour, who had been accustomed to say 'Let us first get rid of the Austrians, and then we will see,' published an impassioned appeal to arms in the *Risorgimento* of March 23. On that morning the Austrians retired from Milan, and a rapid series of successes consecrated the Italian tricolour, with which Charles Albert had replaced the ancient flag of his house. After the capitulation of Peschiera, the officers of his staff crowded round him and hailed him King of Italy. But the success was not to last. Abandoned or betrayed by the Pope, the King of Naples and the Grand Dukes, the Piedmontese forces were left unsupported to meet Radetzky, who had fallen back on the Quadrilateral, as the district enclosed by the fortresses of Peschiera, Mantua, Verona and Legnago was called, in order to concentrate his strength. The critical nature of the situation was fully realised in Austria, and the feeling of the nation was voiced by the lines of Grillparzer:

> 'Glückauf, mein Feldherr, führe den Streich,
> Nicht bloss um des Ruhmes Schimmer;
> In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich,
> Wir andern sind einzelne Trümmer.'

Austria, in Radetzky's camp, responded to the poet's cry with the overwhelming victory of Custozza, which would have led to the occupation of Turin, had not the cabinet of Vienna judged it more politic to follow up their success with an armistice. The immediate result of defeat in Piedmont was the

apparent encouragement of the extremists. After all, Austria in Italy was still limited to Radetzky's camp, neither Venice nor Milan had yet been re-enslaved, and the revolutionary spirit was strong and uppermost in Rome, Florence and even Palermo. The Piedmontese forces, though beaten, were not discouraged. Vague hopes were entertained of help from France or England. Cavour stood alone in realising the danger of resuming hostilities at once. Sardinia must first recruit her army, increase her resources and, above all, make sure of an ally stronger and more trustworthy than could be found in the Peninsula. Two purposes absorbed him during the unfortunate year of '48 and the opening months of '49, to throw back the war current and to keep guard over the new-born Statuto, which both the extreme reactionaries and the extreme revolutionaries were equally anxious to destroy. It was a hard task, and the vituperation and calumny which his wisdom provoked would have broken a weaker man.

In March '49 the war cry became too strong. Gioberti's ministry, which had identified itself with Cavour's prudent policy, resigned, and Ratazzi, who, while in opposition, had eagerly stimulated the popular 'jingoism,' found himself unable on taking office to do otherwise than follow the people's lead. The war which recommenced on March 13 lasted but ten days and came to an end with the defeat of Novara on the 23rd. All for the time was lost, and Charles Albert, brokenhearted, abdicated in favour of his son, who assumed his father's sceptre on that field of apparently complete ruin, as Victor Emmanuel II. The new king's little kingdom was brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the indemnity of eighty million francs which Austria demanded. Austrian troops occupied part of his territory as a guarantee of payment. As Victor Emmanuel rode away from his conference with the Austrian commander he is said to have pointed his sword towards the Austrian lines exclaiming 'Per Dio, l'Italia sarà!' At the moment his words could have appeared little but a vain-glorious boast.

With the reign of the *Re Galantuomo*, Cavour's public political career may be said to have begun. At first indeed the new king regarded him with a certain distrust, as did, more or less, the nation at large. During the greater part of 1849 he was not in parliament, having been defeated at the general election in January, but later in the year he regained his seat, which he retained until his death. In August 1850, D'Azeglio proposed his name to the king to fill the vacancy in the cabinet caused by the death of Santa Rosa. Victor Emmanuel

consented with a smile, saying ' He will take all your portfolios ' from you, gentlemen.' Two years later D'Azeglio resigned, and Cavour became Prime Minister, and he remained, with short intervals, at the head of affairs for the rest of his life. When one reflects on the work accomplished by Cavour during the eleven years which elapsed between his entering D'Azeglio's cabinet as Minister of Agriculture and his death in 1861, one is amazed. His labours seem those of a mythological hero rather than those of a man. These labours fall naturally into two divisions, his home and his foreign policy; and his peculiar greatness lies in the fact that the success of the former produced the weapon which rendered the latter possible. In 1850 Piedmont was a ruined state, partly occupied by Austrian troops, with no commerce to speak of, and a disorganised financial system. At the Congress of Paris in 1856, which concluded peace between the Allies and Russia, Cavour, as Sardinian representative, made himself and his country an important and, indirectly, the determining factor in European politics. How was this amazing feat accomplished? The first years of his administration were naturally devoted almost entirely to internal reform, to the material and political developement of the country, and to the revision and reorganisation of the laws in accordance with the principles of the constitution. Great progress was made in an extraordinarily short space of time. Cavour did not conceive of government as a repressive agency; on the contrary, he stimulated the people in every way to make use of their powers and give effect to their rights. This impulse soon produced its inevitable results. To General Lamarmora were entrusted the reforms in the army. Fortifications were restored, and Alessandria was put in a state of effective defence. A line of steamboats was established between Genoa and America. An almost complete system of free trade was established by means of commercial treaties. Apart from treaties of commerce, intimate relations were formed with England and France, and the ecclesiastical situation was liquidated. The country by no means followed as one man. Such marked superiority as Cavour's could not fail to excite jealousy in many less richly endowed natures, and just as, before his accession to power, the democratic element in the state hated him as a reactionary, so now he had to contend against the hostility of the old aristocratic party—chiefly represented by the senate, though also by a numerous party in the lower house—and, above all, of the Church. Cavour's position here was very difficult. The senate was an integral portion of the constitution, and a minister who stood so clearly

for the principle of the constitution, as against both reactionary despotism and revolutionary methods, could not oppose it. Nevertheless to yield to the senate was to yield to Rome. After a few useless interviews, he proposed to the king to dissolve parliament in 1853. The elections which followed were most significant. The Extreme Right lost enormously, while the Extreme Left almost disappeared. Cavour was thus enabled to dispose of a compact majority. Almost the first use made of it was to pass a law relative to ecclesiastical property, still in force and known as the *Legge Ratazziana.* The law, which was drawn up by Ratazzi, aimed at gradually suppressing certain religious communities and applying their property to relieving the extreme poverty of the inferior secular clergy. This project raised a storm nearly fatal to the Government. In the chamber, the Right, rallying to themselves a portion of the ministerial party, converted their benches into pulpits, from which they poured forth invectives and prophecies. Outside parliament the pulpits became parliamentary tribunes. Even Nature, which has a tiresome way on critical occasions of becoming the accomplice of superstition, was on the side of the reactionaries. The queen-mother, the queen and the Duke of Genoa all died within a few days of one another. The king was enjoined no longer to resist the will of God so plainly manifested, lest a worse thing befall him. Fortunately for his country he preferred not to abandon Cavour. But it was with supernatural terrors in his soul that he did so, for Victor Emmanuel was no modernist. The answer from Rome was the major excommunication of the king, Cavour, and all who voted for the law.

'L'excommunication n'est pas un geste philosophique,' said Remy de Gourmont the other day *à propos* to recent ecclesiastical events, and it has this practical drawback that when you have excommunicated a person, you can do nothing more to him. He is ecclesiastically dead, and you cannot hurt a corpse. Your only chance lies in his repentance. Now, Cavour was not a man to repent, and became through the papal act free to develope his anti-clerical policy, according to his own unfettered judgement. It is curiously significant of his personal attitude that, at this time, he made arrangements with one Fra Giacomo to administer the last sacraments to him on his deathbed in spite of ecclesiastical authority.

The year 1854, the year of the Crimean war, is the next significant date in the calendar of Italian independence. In the spring of the year, just before the war began, Cavour was asked by his niece, Mme. Alfieri, why he did not send 10,000

men to the Crimea. Cavour replied with a sigh 'Ah, if everyone 'had your courage it would have been done already!' That in the following December this was actually done is the first act that gives the full measure of his political stature. Up till then he had shown himself a sound political thinker and an admirable administrator with a very remarkable power of managing men. This master-stroke of genius was one of those acts of courage on which only those can venture who are conscious of carrying, on their bark, Caesar and his fortune. Both the Right and the Left were against him. He could not explain that he was throwing Piedmont as an apple of discord into the alliance, and that he was dogging the footsteps of Austria in order to outstrip and thus get the better of her. One such expression would have indisposed both England and France, to whom the assistance of Austria was far more important than that of Piedmont, and his difficulties were enhanced by the fact that, while he was in reality acting as a minister of Italy, then, as Count Buol scornfully put it, nothing but a geographical expression, he could speak only from the point of view of a minister of Sardinia. One cannot but sympathise with the opposition he encountered in the Chambers. The country was heavily in debt. The nation was only just recovering its vitality, and it certainly did not seem the moment to demand from it a useless sacrifice. La Farina and Brofferio, the leaders of the Extreme Left, were even more virulent in their opposition than the Right. 'If the chamber ratifies 'this treaty,' exclaimed the latter, 'there is an end of Piedmont 'and Italy.' The alliance, involving, as it did, the making of a common cause with Austria, was further considered, and naturally enough, not only inopportune and perilous, but odious and anti-national. Cavour, however, with the king to back him, held to his point, and a loan guaranteed by the British Government was negotiated in order to meet the expenses of the war. The Piedmontese troops were unfortunate at the outset. Instead of meeting the enemy they met the cholera, which carried off many of their best soldiers and most distinguished officers. Just then, too, the Government was meeting the storm raised by the *Legge Ratazziana* which has been mentioned above. Never perhaps did Cavour's credit and popularity fall so low as at this critical moment. All was changed by the news in August from the front. On the 16th of that month, the Piedmontese commander, General Lamarmora, led his men to victory on the banks of the Tchernaya. The military importance of the battle was not perhaps overwhelmingly great, but the prestige thereby accruing to

the Italian tricolour, and to the policy of the minister whose heroic courage had rendered it possible, was immense. Piedmont, now the moral representative of Italy, had fought successfully by the side of the great West European powers, and could no longer be treated as 'the fly on the coach wheel.' That, in truth, this result had been attained was clearly seen at the Congress of Paris, where Cavour, on the demand of England, France and Russia, and in spite of the querulous objections of Austria, represented nominally Sardinia, and, in reality that Italy which, under his creative genius, was now daily growing from a dream to a reality.

In November 1855 Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by Cavour and Massimo d'Azeglio, visited Paris and London. The change in the position of Italy was visible in the spontaneous cordiality with which both peoples and Governments received them. It was on their return journey through Paris that Napoleon put his famous question to Cavour, 'Et qu'est-ce 'qu'on peut faire pour l'Italie?' Cavour had perhaps already realised that the Emperor was the ally needed for the accomplishment of his designs. At the Congress, in the following February, the French representative, Walewski, who presided, insisted on devoting one of the last sittings to the discussion of Italian affairs, in spite of Buol's quite relevant protest that the Congress had nothing to do with them. Walewski urged the Congress to address a note to the Italian sovereigns advising them not to disregard national feeling and to adopt a more liberal policy in their states. The Austrian representative, Count Buol, formally protested, saying that the introduction of Italian affairs would oblige Austria to withdraw. The Austrian veto put a stop to any serious discussion, but Cavour did not hesitate to seize the opportunity to state his views. Count Buol persisting in his remonstrances, the discussion, or rather Cavour's monologue, was brought to a close, but the name of Italy was for the first time inscribed in the public diplomatic records of Europe. The first game of the rubber was won.

The reader may perhaps think that we have dwelt at undue length on this first game. But, apart from the fact that its conditions and details are not so well known as the series of triumphs of Cavour's last years, which are part of the public history of Europe, the first game, during which his genius developed itself, really decided the rubber. For, however circumstances may have helped him, or individuals have served him, during the swift race of those last years, to his goal, his unparalleled success was due, in the last resort, to himself and

himself alone. No one else could have made what he made both of his associates and his circumstances. He invariably used double-edged tools in the handling of which a slip would, time after time, have been fatal. But the slip never came. When, on occasion, enthusiasm got the better of his judgement he perceived his error sooner than anyone else would have done, and proved himself of so versatile a spirit as to be able, at the moment, to set about the reconstruction of all his plans. A remarkable instance of this occurred at the Congress of Paris. Clarendon, our Foreign Minister, had made a violent speech in which he condemned the theocracy of the Papal States and the cruelties of the King of Naples, and sarcastically derided the inept and perverse despotism of the minor Italian sovereigns. It is said that the *procès-verbal* of the Congress gives no idea of the immoderate violence of his language. A friend of Cavour, Oldofredi, wrote to Minghetti from Paris that 'Lord 'Clarendon a fait contre le Pape une charge semblable à celle 'de Lord Lucan à Balaclava.' His charge was so impetuous that Cavour, for the moment, lost his head, and appeared to himself to have attained, at a leap, the point which it was to take him several years of travelling by stages to reach. On leaving the conference hall, he sought a private interview with Clarendon and pointed out to him the vanity of expecting to arrive at the desired end by means of diplomacy. Nothing but war would affect it. In case of war, would England help Piedmont against Austria? We do not know exactly what Clarendon said,* but certainly Cavour understood him to assure the help of England. He passed several days in a state of intoxicated ambition that touched on real hallucination. He sent off the most extraordinary projects to Turin. He writes to Ratazzi: 'The moment will soon come to blow up 'King Bourbon and send the Prince of Carignano to Naples.' He urged the importance of hurrying on preparations for war, the negotiation of a loan; when all was ready an ultimatum would be sent to Austria. 'I hope,' he adds, 'that in reading 'these letters, you will not think I have brain fever or have 'gone mad.' He was undeceived in London, whither he betook himself with characteristic energy to settle for himself with the Prime Minister the details of this promising alliance. Palmerston's reception was chilly. Cavour's defence, during the Congress, of the Danubian Principalities against the views of the English cabinet, who in this matter sided with

* Two years later, replying to an interpellation in the House of Lords, Clarendon denied having offered any material help to Cavour.

Austria, was not in his favour, and perhaps his popularity with Napoleon was against him. In any case he soon discovered that in the event of war with Austria the only support he could get from the English Government would be the cold shoulder of a strictly academic moral approval. 'Non 'tali auxilio' he murmured, and at once bent all his efforts to associate with his designs the Emperor of the French. He had already prepared the way during the Congress. He was no courtier by nature, but he knew how to behave like one, and Napoleon was not very particular as to the quality of the praise he received. Although the compact which was to pour 200,000 French soldiers into Italy in 1859 was not formally ratified until the historic *tête-à-tête* of Plombières, there is no doubt that at this time he did his best to captivate Napoleon. And, in spite of his external disadvantages, a clumsy squat figure, a red chin-beard, of the sort that used to be called in England, in the days of that dismal fashion, a 'Newgate 'fringe,' and a hopeless untidiness of dress, few men had greater personal charm than Cavour. Nor did he rely solely on his own fascinations. 'Je vous avertis,' he writes on February 2 to Cibrario, 'que j'enrôle dans la file de la diplomatie la très 'belle Comtesse de ——, en l'invitant à coqueter et à séduire, s'il 'le faut, l'Empereur.' The methods of the Countess, who perhaps knew her Emperor better than Cavour, seemed slow to the impatient statesman. He writes a few days later, 'Je cherche à stimuler le patriotisme de notre très belle 'Comtesse.' On his farewell visit to the Emperor, Napoleon said to him 'Je ne puis en ce moment entrer en conflit avec 'l'Autriche; mais tranquillisez-vous, j'ai le pressentiment 'que la paix actuelle ne durera pas longtemps.' With this rather vague comfort Cavour had to return to Turin.

On May 6, replying to a question in Parliament, he explained to the House that the negotiations at Paris had not improved the relations between Sardinia and Austria, but that it had become clearer than ever that the aims of the two countries were irreconcileable, adding these aggressive words: 'Cepen- 'dant nous ne saurons conseiller au roi un changement d'atti- 'tude . . . la lutte pourra être longue, pleine de dangers 'peut-être; mais, nous confiant dans la justice de notre cause, 'nous attendrons sans défaillance l'issue finale.' These words inspired the policy towards Austria on which he was now deliberately entered. It was a policy of pin-pricks graduated with infinite skill. The war which he had so lightly prophesied on the assurance of Clarendon's good will was now the object of all his efforts. He was however by no means sure of the

extent, or even of the fact of Napoleon's connivance, until the interview of Plombières. Then, at last, he saw his plans definitely materialised. Among the many interesting documents that have been published by Count Sforza, for the Centenary celebrations at Turin, is a communication from Cavour, suggesting a method of forcing Austria to declare war. The Emperor had endorsed the letter with various unimportant corrections. The inhabitants of Massa Carrara in the Duchy of Modena are to send an address to Victor Emmanuel complaining of the Duke's Government and begging to be annexed to Piedmont. The king's reply will be *molto benevolo*, but he will decline to annex the ducal territory unless great political events should force him to do so. The Sardinian Government will, at the same time, send a note to the Duke's Government protesting against the conditions of the Duchy, which, through misrule, constitutes a menace of revolution for the neighbouring state of Piedmont. (This is truly a delightful touch.) A reply to this note is demanded within ten days. Cavour foresees four possible lines of action for the Modenese Government. Either they will refuse to satisfy the demands of the Sardinian Government and reply insolently, or they will call in the Austrians to their help, or arrest the signatories of the address to Victor Emmanuel, or they will not reply, confining themselves to acknowledging the receipt of the note, the contents of which they will promise to communicate to their allies. In the first three eventualities, Massa Carrara should be occupied by Piedmontese troops and Austria must at once declare war. In the event of the Ducal Government adopting the fourth course, an insurrection must be stimulated under the direction of Garibaldi, who, having taken Modena, will establish a provisory Government and call in Piedmontese troops to keep order. In these circumstances Austria will equally have to declare war. It all seems very simple. As a matter of fact Austria declared war on less provocation. This hypothetical insurrection however raises an interesting point. It seems unlike Cavour, with his strongly expressed distaste and disapproval for revolutionary methods, a distaste and a disapproval which he continued to express loudly till the end of his life.

The fact is that, though he would doubtless have personally preferred regular diplomatic methods, he came to recognise two things. Firstly, that diplomatic methods unaided were too uncertain and slow in their operation for his purpose, and, secondly, that if the revolutionary party were not with him, they would be against him. So he proceeded to forestall

Mazzini and to *accaparer*, unbeknown to themselves, the revolutionary elements seething up and down Italy. His method was highly characteristic. He himself could never appear in such delicate negotiations, more particularly as the revolutionary activity was inevitably directed against Governments with which the Prime Minister of Piedmont was ostensibly on most friendly terms. Nor does he seem ever to have used diplomatic agents except in the case of Buoncampagni, Sardinian minister at Florence, who would present flowery notes to the Grand Duke in the morning and spend the afternoon in discussing with Dolfi, the patriotic baker of Via San Lorenzo, the best way of overturning the Government to which he was accredited. On September 12, 1856, Giuseppe La Farina had a secret interview with Cavour. La Farina was an exiled Sicilian and a disciple of Mazzini. The pretext of their interview was to discuss the Muratist intrigues in the kingdom of Naples. La Farina expressed his views, which resumed themselves in the conception of a united independent Italy, under the liberal sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. The idea had always been at the back of Cavour's head, but it had not seemed practically possible; in his arrangements with Napoleon he had not gone further than the idea of a free and federated Italy, consisting of Piedmont, enlarged into North Italy, from the Alps to the Tuscan frontier, Tuscany, the ruler of which was to be found by Napoleon, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which would become South Italy, united under the nominal presidency of the Pope, who was to retain Rome and possibly a strip of land round it. It was certain that such a scheme as United Italy, under the King of Piedmont, could have no chance of success, provided only strictly diplomatic and constitutional—in other words, above-board—methods were used. Cavour replied very significantly to his visitor.

'I am,' he said, 'the minister of the King of Sardinia, and I cannot compromise the dynasty beforehand: come and see me when you like, but before the sun is up, letting no one see or know of your visit. And if,' he added laughing, 'I am asked questions in parliament or in the press, I shall deny you like St. Peter, and say "I do not know him."'

Cavour and La Farina founded between them a new revolutionary society which was to work at the undermining of all the thrones in Italy save one. It was called the Italian National Society. Cavour naturally did not appear in it, but La Farina, the ostensible head, who was a *persona grata* even among the most extreme Mazzinians, acted only as his

secretary. It was after all only a developement of his policy in 1852. He had then realised the coalition, or, as Italian writers call it, the *connubio* between the Right and Left Centres. In 1857 the National Italian Society realised a *connubio* between the Left Centre and the less fanatical of the Mazzinian revolutionaries. Well was it for Italy and the House of Savoy that he did so. Had he confined himself to constitutional methods alone, a descendant of Garibaldi might now be reigning in Naples.

Napoleon had named a heavy fee as the price of his services at Plombières. As a retainer, the marriage of Princess Clotilde, Victor Emmanuel's daughter, to Jerome Napoleon, a political adventurer with the worst of personal characters, and, on execution, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. Cavour somewhat demurred to the cession of territory, and the Emperor waived the matter aside, airily for the moment, although, when the time came, he had to be paid. It was the payment of this fee that so fundamentally estranged from Cavour and his policy the Niçois Garibaldi. Cavour seems to have perceived no objections to the marriage. The king, at first, objected on personal grounds, alleging, in addition, the youth of his daughter. Cavour's arguments, contained in a letter from Baden to the king, written two days after the Plombières interview, must have been rather curious reading for Victor Emmanuel. He first points out that, from a dynastic point of view, the marriage is not so bad as it looks at first sight. Then really Prince Napoleon's bad character has been very much exaggerated. He is an *homme de cœur*; witness his kindness to his discarded mistresses; did he not leave Paris *en plein carnaval* to visit Rachel on her death-bed at Cannes, although he had deserted her a good four years before? What sort of marriage does the king desire for his daughter? There are no sovereigns or heirs to thrones to be had for the moment. And the Princesses of Savoy, had they been so happy in their grand marriages? His Majesty's own aunts, the four daughters of Victor Emmanuel I., 'des modèles de grâce et de vertu,' were not very happy with the universally detested Duke of Modena, the unfortunate Duke of Lucca, an impotent and imbecile Austrian Emperor, and the King of Naples. Briefly, his Majesty may go further and fare worse. H.R.H.'s patriotic spirit will no doubt lead her to this union so clearly indicated in her country's need. H.R.H.'s patriotic spirit did, in fact, so lead her, and Cavour had another hold on the tortuous spirit of Napoleon.

It is not our intention to carry further the narrative of

events familiar to all. It is well known that less than a year after the interview at Plombières, Austria, stung out of her dignity by Cavour's ceaseless aggravations, committed the inexcusable indiscretion of herself declaring war on Piedmont, and how the Peace of Villafranca, although stemming, for a moment, the tide of the liberating movement and exasperating Cavour into a few months retirement from politics, was the beginning of the end of foreign domination in Italy. During the war, in addition to being Prime Minister, Home Secretary, and Minister of Finance, he assumed as well the portfolio of War, abandoned for the moment by Lamarmora, who was in command, under the king, of the troops. He retained it, becoming in addition Minister of Marine during the Piedmontese advance in 1860 through the Papal States to meet the victorious Garibaldi. But work never frightened Cavour. He had a bed made up at the War Office, on which he slept for an hour or two when necessary. The work of the office went on day and night, and Persano, the Piedmontese Admiral, gives a graphic picture of the statesman in dressing-gown and night-cap hurrying from one department to another. The tassel of his night-cap was an index to his staff of the progress of events. In moments of depression it depended languorously over his forehead. Then a cypher telegram would reach him and it would wag with triumph. He must have been a strange figure in that homely attire, never without his round spectacles, or, doubtless, his ever-faithful companion—the cigar which bore and still bears his name.

Eighteen months after Villafranca, and a year after Cavour's return to office, delegates from the whole country, except Venice and Rome, assembled at Turin to take the oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel II., first King of United Italy. Cavour's life-work was now practically accomplished, yet he did not, would not, could not rest. There was before him the gigantic labour of wielding into a homogeneous whole the widely differing elements of the new nation. 'My task is 'heavier and more arduous than ever.' Yet it was a task that perhaps appealed to him more than his underground policy of the last few years. Although he could manage revolutions better than any professional revolutionary, constructive statesmanship was the truly appropriate expression of his genius. 'Anyone can govern with a state of siege,' as he was wont to say. A few days after the meeting of the first parliament of United Italy, he indicated in the chamber the final stage of Italy's emancipation, a stage which he himself was not to see accomplished.

'The star of Italy,' he said, 'is Rome; that is our polar star. The Eternal City, around which twenty-five centuries have accumulated all the glories of the world, must be the capital of Italy. The union of Italy, the peace of Europe depend upon it. . . . But it is said we shall never succeed in obtaining the consent of the Catholic body, or of those Powers who consider themselves its representatives or protectors. The difficulty cannot be cut short by the power of the sword, it must be solved by moral power, by the daily increasing conviction of the great body of Catholics themselves—that religion has nothing to fear from liberty. . . . We are ready to proclaim freely throughout Italy the great principle of a free Church in a free state.'

The Church replied by a cry of reprobation, but once more her hereditary enemy was to save her from herself. Ten years later, Cavour's words were accomplished facts and the moral and intellectual regeneration of Italian Catholicism was seriously begun. The prophecies of Rosmini, the philosopher-saint, whom Rome had refused to heed, were fulfilled. And, although she will probably never admit it, her new lease of life was the gift of her great outcast son, the minister who created Modern Italy.

On Thursday, June 6, 1861, at a quarter to seven in the morning, after a week's illness, Cavour died of fever. His constitution must have been undermined by the incredible amount of work he had got through in the previous three years. On Friday, May 31, the fever having gone down, he held a council in bed that lasted for two hours, and worked the rest of the morning with his secretaries. This injudicious effort brought back high fever and delirium. He fought bravely, with pathetic insistence on the fact that Italy needed him, but he had met at last the only enemy whom, even in that name, he could neither escape nor conquer. The state of Naples preoccupied him. As long as he retained consciousness, he talked incessantly on the subject. The king came to see him at nine o'clock the evening before he died. He sat up and at once attempted to plunge into business.

'I have many things to communicate to you, Sir, many papers to lay before you; but I am too ill. . . . Has not your Majesty received from Paris the letter which you expected? The Emperor is very kind to us now; yes, very kind. And our poor Neapolitans, so full of intelligence; some of them are full of talent, but some are very corrupt. These last must be washed clean, Sir, yes, yes; *si lava, si lava.*'

He continued speaking as if to himself, on the same subject,

after the king's departure. Fra Giacomo, true to his promise, administered the last Sacraments, and the dying statesman was particularly anxious that the fact should be widely known. 'I wish the good people of Turin to know I die a good Christian, 'my mind is at ease. I have never done harm to anyone.' The worthy friar was subsequently suspended by Rome, and, in truth, his action was rather that of a good man than of a good theologian.

With Cavour Modern Italy lost her true founder. Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were, no doubt, powerful coadjutors in the great work. But that work was essentially his. The brain needs limbs to carry out its will, and Cavour was beyond all doubt the brain that brought Italy to take rank among the nations of Europe. In point of fact, it were truer to say that the king and Garibaldi were his instruments. Skilfully he used them, now stimulating, now restraining their eagerness, but always aiming them at his own definite purpose. The same may be said of the Emperor of the French and the statesmen with whom he dealt as colleagues or foes. Mr. Trevelyan remarks drily, in his 'Garibaldi and the Thousand,' that Cavour 'often employed deceit as part of his method in times of grave 'international emergency.' He himself said that it was his method to tell diplomatists the truth, but that they would not believe him.

In truth, men like Cavour have their own morality, and nothing is gained by either disguising the fact or wasting our breath in criticising it. 'You don't understand that with men 'of my kind it's not a question of right or wrong, but of whether 'we can win through to our desire,' says the hero of a modern novelist. Cavour's desire was the mental, social, and moral emancipation of millions of his fellow-creatures. And he 'won through' to that desire, at the cost of everything he possessed, including his life. No one but he could be the judge of the means necessary for that supreme achievement, and his memory may fitly be spared the impertinence of apology. That he should be blamed by the enemies of the ideals for which he lived and died is natural. His success will not disarm them. For that he succeeded beyond any expectation even he could have formed is certain. As he said on his deathbed: 'La cosa va!'

Art. VII.—THE GOTHIC CONTRIBUTION TO RENAISSANCE ART.

1. *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe.* Par F. P. G. Guizot. Bruxelles. 1838.
2. *Les Origines de la Renaissance en Italie.* Par E. Gebhart. 1879.
3. *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages.* By H. Osborn Taylor. Columbia University Press, New York. 1901.
4. *Cimabue-Frage.* Von Andreas Auber. 1895.
5. *Roman Society in the Last Days of the Western Empire.* By Samuel Dill, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1905.
6. *The Evolution of Sculpture.* By Lord Balcarres. London: John Murray. 1909.

The dawn of the modern world, the revival of art and letters in Europe, with the details of which we are so familiar, lies some four or five hundred years behind us. We are well acquainted with every decade of this wide space of time. We can construct a very vivid picture of the Florentine Republic, or the days of Lorenzo di Medici and Isabella d'Este. We are at home in the Courts of Milan and Urbino; the secrets of the Venetian Council or the papal power lie open to the gaze of modern criticism. We are in a position to appreciate the splendour of one age and to weigh the causes which led to the decadence of another. Year after year unfolds before us, marked by some achievement of learning and discovery, distinguished by the establishment of some style, alive with personalities and events. Our interest branches out, follows one clue after another; we note the pompous significance of the baroque and the aristocratic manifestation of French rococo preaches its own sermon. Time is unrolled in a sequence, till nothing seems hidden from us in the play of an ever-widening world.

And in our estimate of the Renaissance we have long learned that we cannot set it within a limit of time or confine the term to its own moment, to the few years which rivalled ancient Greece in creation and re-discovered the treasures of the classic world, the years which produced the Humanists, which brought law and order into chaotic thought, which discovered a new world and filled the old world with the productions of a perfected art.

We have become accustomed to recognise with Michelet

that the Renaissance is not to be measured by any short space of achievement, that it was the 'discovery of the world and 'the discovery of man'—that it was indeed, before all, the discovery of man—by himself, the soul's recognition of the powers and possibilities which lay hid within it, the facing of its own capacity for thought and judgement, the conscious perception of 'that spirit, which moving o'er the spirit of 'man, unbinds his eye and bids him look.'

All this is familiar ground. It is to us intelligible because it is illumined with the light of reason. No matter how distant the epochs be, or subject to how many other differences of race or faith, thinkers are brothers through all time; but if the age of the Renaissance is thus distinctly revealed, not less remarkable—rather made the more so by contrast—is the obscurity of the period preceding it. This contrast between mediæval darkness and Renaissance light is one of the most dramatic in history, but like most such effects it is not so absolute on a closer examination as it at first appears, nor is there a more fascinating subject of study than to question those obscure motives and impulses which developed into the clear, articulate existence of the succeeding age.

After the destruction of Roman society, after the fading of the classic tradition, some eight hundred years precede the achievement of Dante and Giotto; eight centuries in which the power of men for self-expression is in abeyance or faintly struggling, and which are blank compared with the much shorter period which is so full for us of events and characters and treasures of art. Yet those ages, the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, were not blank in reality; men loved and suffered and fought and enjoyed as vividly as in more articulate times, only their actions have passed away and left little trace. Their powers of self-expression have been feeble and faintly exercised, and we have only an inadequate record of such dreams and thoughts as have made later days as real to us as our own.

As we study the work of those men who rose triumphant above old bondage, as we stand in their buildings and read their frescoed stories, we must believe that the work is not theirs alone, but that their earliest impulses lie like seeds, buried in the soil of those silent centuries, where humanity, in the face of overwhelming odds, rose and fell and rose again, tenaciously asserting its claim to a share of that spirit which can never be destroyed.

The effort of individuals whose lot was cast in unpropitious ages to throw off the yoke of ignorance, appeals equally to our curiosity and our sympathy. The primitive impulse of the

intellect, recognisable in remote generations, is a note which for our intellectual generation is endued with peculiar interest. Catching its accent we are able to understand, and in some sort to answer, those who failed to obtain any answer in their lifetime. And as with individuals, so with races, the trend of events is gradually declared. By various roads, from different quarters of the world, men come to act and react on one another and in time form fresh combinations and give a new colour to life, brought about by the mingling of elements which had seemed most antagonistic.

The final fall of the Roman Empire was a long-drawn-out series of great and small events. The expeditions of Goth and Hun, of Celt and Vandal, which were directed from the fifth century onward against enervated Italy, concentrated upon the chief towns and upon Rome in particular; but there were many localities which the invasions were long in reaching or perhaps never reached, and many again which, while they escaped the march of overwhelming hordes, became the victims of smaller predatory bands. These lesser marauders, as Guizot surmises, would overrun a small territory, ravage a district, attack a town and retire quickly, carrying off their booty. We can imagine with what ease and promptitude these events were accomplished. Houses are burnt, crops devastated, men killed or taken prisoner, but the waves unite and in a few days the mark is effaced, individual suffering is forgotten, society returns, at least, apparently, to its normal state. For long the places and the people which suffered were few compared with those which escaped. Many of the great Roman families, by ransom and compromise with the conquerors, were able to postpone ruin, and as late as the sixth century it is possible to trace numbers who were living a tranquil and even opulent life; but the constantly renewed apparitions of savage hordes, everywhere possible, always imminent, undermined, disintegrated, and at length entirely destroyed the continuity of existence. A town was pillaged, a road rendered impracticable, a bridge destroyed, this or that source of communication was cut off. In many places, for many years, the aspect of the country might remain the same, but the knowledge and the terror of what might happen at any moment, the sense of insecurity, the blank that had spread over the fate of places and people formerly well known, contributed to the mental ruin of the inhabitants and destroyed and demoralised them even before their physical downfall came to pass.

Life, by and bye, must have presented a circumscribed area and totally altered aspect to men and women who before the

invasions, or even in their earlier stage, had been accustomed to easy travelling and the pleasures of towns, to the free social intercourse, the new books and the works of art which Roman civilisation supplied, and who looked forward, as a matter of course, to placing their sons satisfactorily and concluding advantageous marriages for their daughters. As affairs grew more desperate, many secluded themselves on great estates, maintaining themselves in a fitful independence, or fortified themselves on unassailable sites where, surrounded by such luxury as they could compass, with no stimulus of public interests, cut off from intercourse with friends and equals if not harried out of existence by the roving bands of marauders, they became sunk in mental torpor and impressed with the narrowness of the life they were compelled to lead.

Nor were the invaders the only foes to be reckoned with; their track was marked by famine and pestilence, and left troops of suffering and ruined survivors who swelled the ranks of the robber bands which became the scourge of the country districts. Deserters from the army, bankrupt farmers and broken men, rose up fiercely against a society which had failed to protect them, and gave way to their instincts of greed and of revenge. Disorder and misery were constantly increasing upon every hand, traditions died away; traditions of family, of art, of learning, even the language shared the fate of the people, and Latin was broken up and lost in a swarm of local dialects. A destruction so systematic appears almost intentional and as if it were the work of a conscious agent.

Such had been the shipwreck; what in general character had been the nature of the cargo lost? What were the salient qualities of the Roman tradition and in what elements had it been chiefly lacking?

The classic idea of life had been founded in the first instance upon thought and intellect, and presented a rational and harmonious plan. Beauty, broad and clear knowledge, desired for its own sake, joyousness of life, repose and constancy, had made up the Hellenic ideal. The Greek was self-reliant, free with the freedom of understanding, making a deliberate selection from the elements of human life, calmly resigned to the inevitable and distrusting every thought and impulse that could not give a clear account of itself. 'The Greek,' says Mr. Osborn Taylor, 'imagines with his entire nature—heart and mind; 'from out of life's limitations he visualises and creates epic and 'dramatic instances of its types and carves them in statues, 'and shows man's spiritual greatness in spite of Fate.'

The classic spirit as conveyed to Italian soil and developed

by the Romans was more limited in its scope. The Italian temperament appreciated to the full the stately nature of the great Greek days, but though full of admiration for and reverence of the past, it lacked the living spirit which had inspired the Greeks. The Romans had no fine, artistic imagination, no ardent desire for knowledge in the abstract, no 'stinging 'capacity for joy'; that is, for intellectual joy. Practical, cautious, politic, they preferred fixed types of civic life. Their fortitude and dignity, their care for the honour and aggrandisement of the State, the interests and enrichment of the family, spoke more of the world of deeds than the world of thought. Art was no longer, what it had been in Greece, the outcome and full expression of a people's aspiration, but the manufacture of a vast and elaborate system, more political than intellectual. As the system asserted itself more completely, the mass of the people was levelled down by its dominant and grinding power. In all parts of the world their subordinates relied upon the central machine, individuality ceased to manifest itself, and originality no longer existed. The Romans lost character, and in losing character they lost everything: the power to resist, the power to create, the power to live. And this temper of mind was apparent in their art. Temples and palaces all through their dominions showed the same features, used in a spirit which barred the way to natural evolution. The motives and decorations of classic buildings are repeated with soulless and mechanical exactitude; sarcophagi copied from former examples become barren and stereotyped; the groove and the drill usurp the place of the chisel in producing faces and draperies which have lost all expression and significance. The same observations hold good of literature, which evinces a clinging to form, while thought and sense have failed. 'The idolatry of mere literary form, combined with poverty of 'ideas, the enthusiastic worship of great models remained, 'without a breath of the spirit which gave them their enduring 'charm, immense literary ambition without the power to create 'a single work of artistic excellence.' *

The systematised nature of Roman culture is perhaps the reason why Byzantine art obtained so firm a hold in Italy. It was a thought-out system, complete in itself, and though in its origin it was formulated by Greek workers, it admitted of ready assimilation. It showed a mechanical perfection which commended it to the Roman mind; yet though the constant reproduction of Byzantine art led to a long period of formality,

* Dill's 'Roman Society.'

we must give it credit for that technical merit which kept alive precision of touch and accuracy of eye and contributed important qualities in course of time to the revival. In declining Italy we have, then, a temper of thought founded upon the old rational and intellectual ideals, but with its self-restraint degenerating into immobility, lacking idealism, relying upon rule and system, incapable of fire and emotion, sunk in a dull philosophy and living upon a splendid past.

Yet, in spite of all degeneration, that past was ineradicable; from its foundation Italian life had in it all those attributes which led it to admire, to appreciate, and to follow the aspect of art which classic principles had created. No other aspect at all was comprehensible or even conceivable to the Roman mind; and when we say the Roman mind, we understand everything of mind which had assimilated culture throughout Italy. Whenever, then, we can trace survivals along the stream of time, we find them clinging persistently to the same types. The love for the past remains, the satisfaction in attempting to produce it, the wish to save some relics from that of which they had been so proud. Down to the end of the sixth century poets were crowned in the Capitol and Virgil was solemnly read in the Forum of Trajan. Virgil indeed remained supreme, his fame absolute, long after any literary appreciation of his greatness had ceased to be possible. Another conservation of civilisation is to be found in the monastic system, which had undergone rapid developement and which affords some gleams of light to illuminate the centuries. The work the monasteries have left us proves that no kind of excellence in art was possible in the fragmentary and disintegrated state of society which prevailed for some centuries; but, even so, the attempts that have survived still adhere to the old classic type in drapery and in architecture. In the tenth century the soldiers sang in their barbarous Latin of Hector and the Capitol, women in the Dark Ages told their children tales of the Trojans and of ancient Rome, pilgrimages were still made to the tomb of Virgil, and the memory of Livy flung a lustre over Padua. Florence clung to the mutilated statue of Mars upon her bridge, and as late as the eleventh century Christ and His disciples are represented at the Last Supper as reclining upon couches in the Roman manner.

Yet all this time Italy was exposed to an influence the very opposite in its tendency to everything that was most inherent in her composition. It was not from any intention on the part of her conquerors that her rich inheritance faded away. Nothing is more evident than that the barbarians *wished* to be civilised. One northern race after another, as it invaded that land whose

splendours had long been held up before its envious eyes, made an ardent attempt to retain Roman law and order, and some scraps and fragments were retained and in time utilised again. But the barbarian efforts to reform the conquered world on the old lines failed, because the long succession of invasions incessantly displaced and threw back the populations and broke into fragments the old classic communities, isolating each one of those fragments so that there remained none of that unity of thought and purpose without which civilised life is not possible.

The northern influence was to act in an altogether unforeseen way; not by reconstituting, as its great men from Theodoric to Charlemagne, had hoped and planned, but by destroying, by breaking up the hard and polished monotony of the Roman system.

And how difficult was the task of altering this ingrained inclination is borne in upon us not only by such indications as we have noted, but by those which meet us immediately as the first signs of revival become apparent. With the ninth century foreign encroachments in some degree ceased, the towns began to rebuild their walls, and the way was thus paved to a more stable scheme of life; and what is the feature that strikes us most forcibly as civilisation again raises its head? The country still lay under the heel of barbarian conquerors, crowds of foreigners had formed colonies in every centre, Germans, Jews, and Swabians were acclimatised in Italy; yet while society had been broken up in the way we have described and reduced to separate, inarticulate, and impotent particles, we do not find that it had been altered, except superficially, in its actual texture and composition. The old, mature Latin element remained in Italy the basis of the population, and as the isolation and stagnation began to yield to social consciousness, the country went back to classic forms.

All through the tenth century the expectation of the end of the world, which was confidently looked for when a thousand years should have elapsed from the coming of Christ, imposed an additional blight upon men's energies, and as this was removed, they breathed more freely. As early as 1008 Florence embarked upon the building of San Miniato. No doubt many Roman buildings had survived the upheaval even of five hundred years. We have good reason to believe that classic materials were plentiful, and here, in this people emerging from darkness, feeling among the ruins of the past, we have at once a return to the best and purest classic manner. This is the more remarkable because the builders were not attempting to

produce any style, but were merely doing their best with the materials at hand to produce something suited to their purpose. The choice they made is an indication of their underlying Latinity. It is but one instance among many that meet us at this early stage; but the greatest of all is the Romanesque style as a whole, which was already able to assume the coherence and the character of a great order of architecture.

In short, down to this time and down, it may be said, to the latter part of the twelfth century, all attempts at art expression in Italy, however made, are of a pure Latinity. Architecture is either based, like sculpture, on a recollection of slovenly imitations of classic models, or, as in the case of Romanesque architecture, it proceeds from an adaptation of classic structural ideas. In neither case does it step outside the limits—the range of classic thought. It is curiously dumb in regard to that new human element which the barbaric invasions had introduced into Europe.

In the last half of the twelfth and the first years of the thirteenth century this calm at last is broken and those 'haunts 'of ancient peace,' the placid, solid, round-arched, basilican structures of Roman design, are shaken, as it were, and disturbed by the breath of an entirely new spirit. It is the moment of the meeting in the sphere of art of the Gothic and Latin temperaments. The mingling currents of the Rhine and the Rhone could not show a greater unlikeness than these racial elements. Everything that the Roman lacks, the Northman possesses. The distinguishing feature of the barbarian character was individuality; the initiative given to each man by a life of hardship and self-reliance. Each man fought for his own hand, yet while he did so, it became inevitable for each man to depend upon his brother man for help and comradeship and loyalty. The men of the northern races had lived in a state of universal anarchy, they were not even aware of boundary-lines between their lands, and the chaos which they brought into Italy was not so great as that which they left behind them. The social principle when it emerged among the Northmen was made up of a chief and his companions, later by the relation of a suzerain to his vassals, and the fundamental feature of this connexion was, as Guizot points out, the attachment of man to man, the fidelity of individuals to each other, without any binding obligation to enforce it. In the ancient republic the attachment had been to the city, later the social principle had been the dependence on an all-embracing system, but the devotedness of man to man, existing together with the sentiment of personal independence, the passion for liberty, vigorous and

unrestrained, was an element peculiar to the energetic and vital people of the north. They obeyed unwritten laws, in contrast to the ordered institutes of the ancient world, and their passionate energy and vitality were shown in the desire for a destiny full of adventure, in the readiness to court unforeseen events, in the actual enjoyment of danger. All the fire which was lacking in the enervated southern people was ablaze in the northern races; an untrammelled and irresponsible spirit speaks in their actions and in their poems and ballads. The histories of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' the feats of Roland and Oliver, the Arthurian legend, are all wildly romantic, full of fantastic emotion, depending little on form, but instinct with life and spirit, and have nothing in common with the worn-out formulae of the Latins.

The barbaric influence had been a disturbing, a destroying influence, but in due course it became a vitalising one, imparting its energy and individuality to an effete people, cleansing the vitiated soil, and giving the lifeless roots strength to put forth fresh fibres. In France, above all, this fiery spirit culminated, and the northern characteristics were brought to bear with fuller force upon awaking Italy.

The truth is that the barbaric influence was vitalising by reason of its possession of those elements in which the decadent empire was most deficient. The faculties and qualities so remote from each other, which were embodied in Roman and barbarian, were both essential to the complete man; and it is their fusion which did in fact constitute that kind of human completeness which we recognise for a short time in the spring-time of the Renaissance. The classic ideals we were just now discussing were most assuredly entirely absent from the barbaric mind. Yet the barbaric mind had a contribution of its own to offer. The very fondness of classic thought for exact definition, its hatred of all that was obscure and uncertain and vague, its determination to keep all subjects and all ideas within the compass of the understanding, were incompatible with a free spiritual developement. There needed influences which should thaw or penetrate or overleap the boundaries of classic thought if life were to be once more spiritualised, and these influences the barbarians were able to supply. Those perceptions which are rather emotional than intellectual were theirs in abundance. All the sources of feeling seem to have been open to them. Spiritual aspiration, romance in its wildest but most beautiful forms, a loyalty without bounds, an extraordinary command of the language of pathos, are the motives they revel in. They are exactly the motives required to re-vitalise minds dried up

by the classic intellectuality and the prolonged tyranny of a political routine which had profoundly appealed to the Latin character.

Passion always writes legibly, and the characters of individualism are traced across those centuries in no uncertain fashion. The most outstanding events are the most typical. Has it ever occurred to the reader to wonder what a Roman gentleman of the Augustan era would have thought of the Crusades? Certainly it would be impossible to conceive adventures more lacking in every classical attribute than those mad outpourings of enthusiasm which strewed the roads and coasts of Southern Europe with uncounted corpses. On the other hand, it would be impossible to conceive a more signal manifestation of that spiritual and emotional vitality which it seems to have been the mission of the barbaric races to instil into an outworn civilisation. The spirit of social unity which, as the towns of France shaped themselves out of the chaotic tumult of the Dark Ages, culminated in the impulse of the Crusades, overspread Europe with an outburst of chivalrous and romantic feeling. Men were once more brought into touch with earth as well as with heaven. Instead of hymns to the Virgin and legends of the saints, the troubadours who accompanied the crusading bands sang of knights and ladies, of warriors and squires and pages. The song of Roland, full of a knightly spirit of adventure and good comradeship, echoed through the land. The joys and sentiments were such as all men, *bourgeoisie* as well as nobles, could appreciate; generosity and courage, courtesy and loyalty, patient and faithful love. Modern language as it found itself in Provence developed itself in fabliaux of jongleurs, lyrics of minnesingers, and tales of trouvères.

The Middle Ages have given us two tremendous manifestations of the new emotional spirit. The first, which dominates northern life from the dawn of the eleventh century, is that of the Crusades; the second, which applies to its art, is Gothic architecture. A writer in the 'Contemporary Review' for December 1909 deals with the difference between Gothic and classic architecture, and if we wish to crystallise in art the rival tendencies we have been endeavouring to analyse, there is no doubt that the ardent and aspiring line of the one and the severely contained yet ample proportions of the other embody in an extremely graphic manner the leading characteristics of the Gothic and classic temperament.

The broad and level lines, the noble and spacious proportions of a Greek temple speak eloquently of a corresponding desire

for breadth and space in the temple of the spirit, but they confess to no wild and ungoverned impulses: rather they testify to that wide and equable outlook upon life which we have marked as a leading note in the Greek character. The Greek column and architrave endure, it would almost seem, to all eternity as the natural expression of a calm and assured scheme of existence, based in restful calm upon reason and the proved stability of conditions. So the Greeks spoke in that universal tongue of stone which tells the truth all down the ages, and the Romans, inheriting the Greek rationalism together with its limitations, imitated the purport at least of their artistic utterances. But what can be more opposed to this dignified, thoughtful expression of the mind than the accents of the Gothic architects? Possessed as they are by a frantic spiritual fervour which is entirely uncontrolled by the balancing power of the intellect, is not the absence of calm and reason and calculation the most striking feature of Gothic cathedrals? The space is unbalanced; so little below, where crowds might use it, so much above, where it seems wasted, or at least superfluous. Instead of rest and stability, the architecture seems instinct with such action and such energy as infuse animation and vitality into each soaring line. All the cry of the spirit, its love and adoration, its hope to idealise life, found its expression in that upward rush; all the reaction from those dark times, still so present to the minds of men, was typified in that springing towards the light. As the men of the Crusades had thrown themselves in an outburst of emotion upon a mad adventure which sacrificed all to an impulse of the heart, so men now threw themselves upon the stone: their lines reckon nothing of the space below; they shoot up towards heaven and break into aspiring arches, and culminate at last in the spire which seems to vanish out of sight.

The desire for expression found an outlet by more than one channel. In those great cathedrals, 'rippling with light,' in contrast to the dark Romanesque churches, sculpture formed so integral a part that we conceive that the carvers of images must have been as numerous as the hewers of stone; and as sculpture is an art dealing more intimately with life, we turn to those images for a more articulate illustration of a spirit opposed in its whole character to the antique. The statues on the façades of the French cathedrals represent a type of humanity which at first finds no parallel in the Italian revival. They are instinct with a sentiment which marks them as the work of men keenly alive to pathetic ideas and susceptible above all to spiritual promptings. Similarly, the

wooden statuettes of the Virgin and Child of the Early Gothic era are conceived with a sweetness and a poignancy of introspective feeling which testify to a fresh element in the composition of art. And if we carry our examination into the details of a minor art and compare small things with great, we shall find that in ivory-work this spirit manifests itself at a very early date. It may be true that, as has been suggested, the first ivories seen in France were Byzantine productions, brought back by Crusaders ; but what they did not bring back, and what the French ivory-workers were able to instil, was the delicate feeling, the tenderness, which find their way into these small carvings. The faces of some of the saints and Virgins in those early French images affect us with a sense of pathos beyond words ; a pathos like the keen, wailing note of a violin.

It is, of course, open to contention that this element, of which it seems to us scarcely possible to over-estimate the significance, this evidence of an awakened feeling more introspective and more emotional than anything that ancient art can show, which from a very early moment leavens the art of the Renaissance, was not owed by Italy to the North, but that she was developing it, though more slowly, on her own account as a result of modern life. Some writers attribute it to the working of the Christian religion, yet Christianity, though in the North it soon provided channels for this frantic spiritual aspiration, had lasted for many hundreds of years, without, either under the antique or the Byzantine system, betraying any poignant feeling through its art. Nowhere in the art of the Early Church, either in the catacombs or the mosaics, can we discover any feeling more positive than a certain majestic solemnity and melancholy, due to isolation and decorative treatment. When strong emotion first transpires, it is curiously typical of that temper which differentiated the men of barbaric races from those of classic lands.

For centuries the northern people had pervaded Italy. They conquered and colonised, they came and went. They came as Crusaders, they came as traders and as pilgrims. To some extent a northern strain was grafted upon that of the Latin, and as time goes on we have ample testimony that all the arts known to the northern people were carried by them to Italy. With the northern invasion of the eleventh century a stream of new life flowed over the time-worn provinces. As soon as the war was over, the conquerors began to cultivate the arts of peace in the South. The Provençal troubadours were at home there from the eleventh century ; hunted from their own land by the Albigensian persecution, they spread in the

ensuing years over every part of Italy, and the Provençal tradition lasted till the time of the 'Divine Comedy.' The study of French soon became widespread: 'Langue française cort 'le monde, et est la plus délittable à lire et à oïr que nul autre.' Masons and stone-carvers who had worked on the French cathedrals must have come over by hundreds in the train of the northern architects who were employed when pointed Gothic took its first hold in the South. Italy could not avoid assimilating something of what they brought, but she adapted it to suit her own temperament.

The elements which finally emerged in the Renaissance were the old elements with something added. We have seen that even in the Dark Ages there have been occasional glimpses of that adherence to the classic style which was Italy's natural expression; Roman art had been long in dying out because it was ingrained in the very fibre of the Roman people. Long after all possibility of a great tradition or a vital style had been swept aside, men were still fumbling with old memories, and these memories were of the performances of their own race. So when these were exhausted, when the desire once more arose to do original work, this, too, assumed the same proportions; the Latin element in the population was the element that spoke.

The difference between the Italians and the men of all other countries was a radical one. The Goths, the Franks, came from lands where the whole mass of people in the past had always been uncivilised. As they crystallised into nations, the art they evolved was a wild growth, rising out of virgin soil; but the Italian, even in the darkest hour, was never a barbarian. He always retained that substratum of a shrewd and genial ripeness which we look upon as the assurance of a far background of ancient culture; and as men take a wild plant and transform and develope it by setting it in rich soil, so Italy dealt with the growth brought to her by the stranger.

We have seen that northern art was racially uncongenial to the Italian nature. From the way in which the Italians dealt with Gothic architecture it is evident that, long before they understood their own feeling, they still retained that larger outlook upon life which called irresistibly for breadth and space in their surroundings. Pushing apart the narrow aisles and drawing down the soaring arches, they modified the new style to conform more closely to their instinctive ideal; yet while they classicised Gothic, they did not abandon it till such time as they became conscious followers of the antique, and the picturesque and individualistic tendencies which Italy

absorbed from the northern influences which poured in upon her in spite of her instinctive reluctance to receive them, checked her return to the old conditions.

Between the ancient Romans and the people of the modern revival there stretched a great tract of time, 'as wide and as 'sad as the sea,' and though, as we have seen, the experience of many generations had not swept away the hereditary and racial attitude of thinking and reflecting, it was a different element that Italy now had to reckon with; one which she absorbed so sufficiently that all which she produced henceforward bore witness to its influence.

With the dawn of the thirteenth century the whole developement becomes more precise, and there are signs that the spirit of man was once more setting forth on that long journey of inquiry and discovery of which no one can foretell the end. Sculpture at Rheims, Chartres, and other French centres had acquired an elasticity, a sinuous and lively quality which suggests that the artists were making use of the living model and carving faces which bring before us, often with startling realism, the types and individuals of the moment. Yet Italian sculpture of the same date shows as yet no glimmering of the introspective quality. Nothing is more striking than the fact that Italy had for centuries lost the power to express any inward feeling whatever in the faces and figures produced by her artists. Yet the urban element, the environment which enhanced and quickened intelligence, was stronger than in France. A race which had been organised as citizens for a thousand years had never taken kindly to feudalism or to country life. It was for the nobles to descend to the towns and become merchant princes and burghers, and to these classes the country belonged more completely every day. The rational temper of the Latin looked askance on the headlong enthusiasm of the North; the spirit which inspired the Crusades found no parallel in Italian municipalities, and the Crusades themselves in their earlier stage drew no following from Italy; but public spirit and civic devotion were once more incentives to the Italian freeman, and from the twelfth century onward ornament and adornment were called for in increasing quantity by public life. There is not at first the same desire as in France to harmonise the work of the architect and the sculptor; but art begins to show some progress, it grows less dependent on Eastern traditions, less fixed in style, and clumsy attempts can be discerned to express the vision of the artist. At least two hundred pieces exist up to the middle of the twelfth century, signed and dated and in good condition, by which we can judge

of the quality of work, so much less complete and perfect than that of the Byzantine school, yet so interesting in its struggle for emancipation. The Byzantine still mingles with the tentative Western art. The drapery still shows a geometrical rendering, but in the work of Anselmo da Campione, the descendant of a family which for five generations had wrought in stone, and in that of Nicolas and Guglielmus, who sign a 'Last Supper,' we are struck at length by a freer touch. A decided step is marked by the famous 'Deposition' of Benedetto Antelami, over the portal of the cathedral at Parma. In the excellent book by Lord Balcarres which has lately appeared, he surmises that if the sculptor had lived a few years later he would have emancipated himself more completely. He was evidently sufficiently advanced to model in clay before beginning to carve, whereas many of his contemporaries seem to have carved so roughly and at such a venture that they often found their inscriptions overstepping the spaces they were intended to fill. Antelami 'disengaged the incident,' instead of overcrowding his panels with irrelevant figures after the manner of the carvers of sarcophagi and their descendants, and his work indicates that it was carried out in unison with the architect of the building. In his 'Deposition' he contrives to give a vigorous sense of drama; Joseph of Arimathea grasps the body of the Saviour, which rests in his arms with some impression of weight, the Archangel Raphael pushes forward a figure which is identified as a stiff-necked Jew by the word *Synagogue* carved above its head. An attempt, which is a novel one, is made to combine the idea of the visible and the invisible world; and though the figures have the Byzantine stiffness and elongation, they are not wholly lacking in natural movement. The man mounting the ladder is busy and engrossed by his task, and above all, and perhaps for the first time, in the group of four seated persons examining the seamless robe there appears some touch of that look of intention which proceeds from inward thought.

Mr. Gerald Davies, in his recent 'Tombs of the Renascence,' in speaking of the artistic activity, of the rebuilding, restoring, and redecorating which meet us everywhere in Italy in the twelfth century, alludes to the numerous Roman *marmorarii*, or marble-cutters, who had bridged over the gap of the darkest days in response to the constant demand for tombs, which the dead still called for and which the living were fain to provide. When the twelfth century made its fresh demand for men bred and born with the chisel in their hands, a fairly ample supply was forthcoming,

yet among the tombs of this period which attempted to deal with the human form, he cannot point to one in which any emotion is distinguishable. The Roman sculptors continue to show the dull, stolid character into which the antique had so long before degenerated, and it is not till the thirteenth century that they catch the infection of the new tenderness.

The emergence of Niccola Pisano and his absolute grasp of the nature of the antique marks an unexpected and accelerated departure. Lord Balcarres truly remarks that we cannot regard him as a sudden prodigy or miracle, but we cannot quite subscribe to his opinion when he describes Niccola as the last of the sarcophagi artists. He was that, but he was something more also. He caught up and perfected the classic tradition, but he added something to it. He was apparently employed all over Italy, by Frederick II., by Charles of Anjou, at Pisa, Bologna, Siena and Perugia, but his is the art not of the last only, but also of the first of a line. Niccola visualises for himself as no other had done for centuries the majestic stateliness of the antique; he realises what is meant in the abstract by breadth and simplicity. His pulpit at Pisa is a work of formed manhood; it has passed the experimental and tentative stage. Juno poses as the Madonna, the kings are Roman warriors with their chargers, and the temper of the whole is the calm, unemotional classic temper expressed by one who was intelligently alive to its beauty and whose nature responded to its charm and majesty. So far the inspiration is classic. But then we turn to his pulpit at Siena, executed six years later. Something has come into Niccola's art that was not there before; something which is new altogether to Italian art and which differentiates it from the art of ancient Rome and lifts it out of the darkness that lay between. He gives the human touch, he makes the personal appeal. He signs his decision, as it were, by that little pierced and pointed building, with its rose window, in the background of his 'Nativity'; the Italian version of the French Gothic which came across the Alps with the wild and emotional northern people. And that emotion is carried into his creations; the mother is tender and appealing, a deprecating, loving woman has replaced the cold, self-sufficient goddess. The gesture of her hand speaks of wonder and adoration in contrast to the indifferent clasp in which Juno gathers up her robe. The women of the 'Visitation' have lost their imperious quality and are full of touching solicitude. The introspective, the poignant sentiment in which French sculptors and ivory-carvers steeped their work (work, we may remember, of so essentially portable a

character that it was likely to be widely known), almost overrides the national bias towards classic form, and when we come to the work of Niccola's son, Giovanni, the yearning, the dramatic quality have for the moment obscured the older style, and the Magi bowing before the Child, full of a spirit which seems to shine through the stone, might be brothers to the kings upon Rheims Cathedral.

In literature the same mingling of influences and the same effects are apparent. The legends of saints and lives of Churchmen, which fill the feeble annals of Italian monasteries, had been replaced by writings excited by the stimulus of Provençal poets. A whole literature precedes Dante and cultivates the art of language. The study of French was becoming general throughout Italy, and within half a century of Dante there are more than fifty poets who launch out into songs, amorous and comic songs, graceful lyrics and racy dialogues. Verses of Guido Guinicelli to the 'Gentle Heart' still appeal to our sense of beauty. Folgore of San Gemignano sang the months and days, the adventures of youths and lovers, 'with never a friar' in sight,' with a joyous vehemence in which the people were beginning to delight. From this date forward there is no lack of self-expression, and the life of the time comes before us in a thousand details. But the productions of Dante's predecessors are marked by a gift of reflection and analysis quite foreign to the northern poetry of that date. The wild plant of French extraction was soon looked upon as a rank, unpruned growth in a land where ripeness of root and branch was indigenous. At first the growing language is interlarded by picturesque French words, but as it becomes more articulate these are struck out. Form begins to assert itself, and nowhere since the Greeks do we find such admiration and appreciation of clear, simple, and intelligent sentences, short and epigrammatic. After the Swabian House was broken up in Sicily all culture centred in Tuscany, and Florence became the intellectual mistress of Italy. Both prose and poetical motives were drawn still more freely from French sources, but the way in which these poets shake off French pedantry and discard the Provençal provincialism, while keeping its raciness and spirit, the tone they take of irony and humour, speak of the vein of maturity which lay hidden in the Italian nature. Florentine culture had in it even now the first full note of the Renaissance; it took what the Provençal had to give and was able to bestow that of which he never dreamed.

The outburst of song had come from other lands, where it had been nourished by passion and energy rather than by power of

thought. Italy was not to lose that passion and energy, while she established the forms of poetry, those strictly balanced forms in which she so quickly became again prolific. The poems of the old statesman Brunetto Latini, Dante's first teacher, and one whose own training had been received from the philosophers and theologians of the Paris University, are marked by true and genuine passion, but his 'Tesoro' has maxims which in sense and style might be taken from the moralists of Greece or Rome. All the framework was there before Dante appeared, and, coming as he did, Dante seems more a climax than a starting point; he gathers up and moulds and fuses by his genius the contending influences he encounters, till it is impossible to separate the component parts. As we look at him from afar, says M. Gebhart, the edifice which he has raised recalls the Middle Ages, but it is only by degrees that we become aware of the luminous spaces which open on the Renaissance. Dante had probably read more widely than any man of his time; as far as can be discovered, all the French and Provençal books in existence were known to him. His poem is medieval and full of the northern inspiration; his Italy is peopled with Tristrams and Lancelots, Olivers and Rolands; Paolo and Francesca are reading the Arthurian legend. The power he evinces of describing landscape has traits akin to German mystical lore. He is keenly sensitive to the far distance of limitless horizons, to the first flush of rose-red dawn across the sea, to the vague visions of curling mists and the deep mystery of the night; he is imbued with that pathos which came out in Giotto and Botticelli; the fate of the great souls who lie in torment penetrates him with an aching sympathy; he 'sinks and dies' with pity as he listens to Francesca's mournful story; the thought of the kingdom without hope wrings his heart. Yet Dante's passion is not the fantastic melancholy of the troubadours; it bursts out like a sob, but he keeps his grace of manner. It is not merely that Dante's 'Hell' is developed from Virgil's 'Aeneid,' but his poems are rich in enlightenment of idea and appeal to the human mind, and he has a classic purity of language which bears comparison with that of the great Mantovan. In Italy alone the literary effort of the Middle Ages grew in an incredibly short time to the full height of achievement, and the man in whom it culminated, while he was able to grasp a fervent idealism, was rooted in an older system than any northern barbaric system. We have only to compare his poetry with the northern *chansons* and ballads to understand the gulf that separates them. He draws from all sources and is not indifferent to the modern world, but

his outlook is enriched by the Latin element. In temperament and character he is *ripe*; he is of the race and soil of Italy, and his mind is still akin to the mind of Virgil. To his own land belong his suavity, his nobility, his grace and majesty; but his tragedy, his high ideals, his melancholy—when these things reappeared in Michelangelo, the Renaissance understood them no longer.

Can we trace the same mingling of influences in painting, the art in which Italy was to excel above all others? We believe we can do so even more decidedly. Italy still clung to her Byzantine lessons, and all the early stages of her great age of painting were dominated by them. Yet into these limits both the inclination towards the antique and the vivifying play of a more ideal spirit found entrance. We can actually put our finger on their meeting in the Upper Church at Assisi, a building which owed its inception to Gothic architects and is almost certainly French in its origin, in which Andreas Auber, the Norwegian writer, makes a study of one whom he calls 'the 'great unknown,' and whom, in a chain of resemblance worked out with quick insight and close perception, he more or less conclusively identifies with Cimabue as the first to free painting from the bondage of the Byzantine school and to lift it out of the helpless slough of Western inanity to a higher—indeed to a very high—plane. Cimabue paints a 'Crucifixion' in which he shakes off the hieratic style, of which it is evident he is an accomplished master, and gives the Saviour a classic form, resembling, and in all probability derived from, the figure carved by Niccola on a panel of the pulpit at Pisa; and, in conjunction with this figure, the spontaneous gesture, the poignant emotion of the Magdalen, and the intelligent interest of the bystanders, indicate that the qualities which we have already found manifested in marble and ivory are making for themselves another channel. Grasping the significance of the departure, we realise that Giotto was not sudden or unheralded; the great art of the older generation of Tuscany was his foundation, and in that art may be discerned the germs of that combination which Giotto carried out with a fulness to which those who came after could add little that was essential.

For in truth when the various arts have arrived at this point of self-realisation, nothing can hinder their progress and nothing can separate the parts of which they are composed. New racial elements now made part of the Italian people, new inspirations had come to them, and new faculties were ripening. In some such words Mr. Osborn Taylor calls attention to their evolution. 'Art in Italy,' he says again, 'was not, as in the

'days of the Caesars, to stop with a mere Italianising of the 'Greek. . . . Italy was to renew her youth and then her 'manhood, but it was a new youth and a new manhood.'

With the establishment of art and literature by the Pisani, by Giotto, and by Dante, we see their followers entering into the enjoyment of full fruition and basking in conscious happiness in the sunshine of the Renaissance. Summing up that period, we compare its achievement with that of the great classic era; the two spaces of time are immeasurably the finest in production that the past has known; yet, with all their likeness to each other, how unlike they are! With all the heartfelt effort to call back the ancient days, how completely the Renaissance is Italian and not Greek or even Roman! The Renaissance has been stigmatised as 'a muddy period,' and no doubt the Greek era still recurs to us as something set apart. The Renaissance cannot claim that calm purity of intellect, that clear-cut self-control, that balanced outlook upon life, in which the spirit of inquiry never disturbs a splendid repose. Nor have its men the uncompromising consistency of Roman times; yet through all their fibre goes a strain which, while it destroys their classic resemblance, makes them only the more fascinating and sympathetic to modern thought.

As we look along the centuries which immediately succeeded those with which we have been dealing a picturesque and human quality arrests us at every step. In Donatello, the most typical perhaps of all the artists of the Quattrocento, how deeply ingrained is the sense of the pathetic in mankind, how largely the vision of the ideal has triumphed over classic learning! Greek art has nothing, in its most imperfect days, like the imperfections of the Italian artist. Botticelli's wistful genius is edged and intensified by the new spirit. Natural, homely affection and doubt and grief make their own appeal. There are varying degrees; some artists with deliberate assiduity form their style on classic models. Raphael almost alone strikes one as Greek, not by intention, but by inherent inclination; Greek in his calm simplicity, his nameless distinction, his effortless perfection. Raphael is the most assimilative of painters, but he adapts what he takes and is always faithful to his own taste. His Granduca Madonna might be the Aphrodite of Cnidos trained at the Court of the Montefeltro, his 'School of Athens' and his 'Disputà' would be at home on Olympos, yet in him we miss that faulty leaven, that ring of passion or ecstasy: Raphael in all his art has nothing of the barbaric emotion. Nowhere perhaps save in Leonardo do we find the perfect balance—Leonardo, who allowed himself no

conscious dealings with the classic school, but who possessed its qualities, its richness and self-restraint, its grace and perfection, and who had too so unsurpassable an insight into the asking and yearning of the human mind. When he conceived those heads in the background of the 'Adoration of the Magi' he understood to the full 'the world with its conflicting claims, 'its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, with 'many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience.' Is not this the ultimate culmination of the entrance of self-tormenting moods and passions within the simple terms of Greek life?

'Set the "Monna Lisa" beside one of those white Greek 'goddesses, and how would she be troubled with this beauty, into 'which the soul with all its maladies has passed.' It is the truth that Goethe recognises when he exclaims that 'Pheidias 'created serene gods, Michelangelo suffering heroes.'

And in that adventure of the mind that we call the Renaissance, what it was to the end (as far as it can be said to have had an end) it had been in the main from the beginning. The Italian character as it was shaped by the Middle Ages was accountable for Italian civilisation. The flower which came to bloom in the time of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo the Tenth, with Leonardo and with Michelangelo, had been in bud in the days of Dante and of Giotto. Circumstance and environment may have combined to colour and to modify those aptitudes, other influences were assimilated, but the roots of that marvellous efflorescence were nourished by the same elements which sustained it to its latest hour.

The attempt to distinguish how much of Gothic motive and impulse Italy might have evolved out of her own resources, and for how much she was indebted to transalpine influences, is scarcely perhaps tangible enough for discussion. What we rather desire to lay stress upon is that the Renaissance does in fact contain this Gothic strain of feeling in no small measure; that it is ennobled, quickened and spiritually inspired by it; and also that it was this strain of feeling which constituted the bond between Italy and the West of Europe, permitting and enabling each to profit by the ideas of the other. It was because of the existence of this common chord of feeling that Italy was able to receive with modification the artistic suggestion in which the North had embodied its spiritual aspirations. It was because Italy was open to receive such suggestions, and could incorporate their spirit to a great extent with Renaissance thought and Renaissance art, that that thought and that art, though here again not without serious alterations, were in their turn accepted throughout Europe.

This is the point which in a general survey, or summing up, of the Renaissance we are so apt to overlook. Because in its main aspects the Italian Renaissance was an intellectual movement, and expressed itself therefore most readily in a reversion to the rational terms of classic art, we are prone to think of it and allude to it as rational and classic and nothing more. Whoever compares, however, for a single instant the life and thought of the Italian republics with the life and thought of Imperial Rome will be aware that the later life contained elements in the order of the spiritual and emotional which differentiated it fundamentally from the earlier. Apparent in the life, these elements are no less apparent in the art and literature of the period. In their nature and leaven they form not the least significant and valuable ingredient in the great intellectual event of the age. We of the North especially owe them recognition, for they represent the contribution of our own blood to what has since become a common cause.

Art. VIII.—BRITISH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES AND THE METRIC SYSTEM.

1. *Our Weights and Measures.* By H. J. Chaney. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1897.
2. *Le système métrique des poids et mesures.* By G. Bigourdan. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 1901.
3. *The Metric Fallacy.* By Frederick A. Halsey; and *The Metric Failure in the Textile Industry.* By Samuel S. Dale. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 1904.
4. *The Evolution of Weights and Measures and the Metric System.* By W. Hallock and H. T. Wade. New York: Macmillan Company. 1906.
5. *Natural Weights and Measures: A Challenge to the Metric System.* By Capt. the Hon. E. Noel. London: Edward Stanford. 1889.
6. *British Weights and Measures. The Official Report and Journal of the British Weights and Measures Association.* Manchester: published quarterly.
7. *Publications of the Decimal Association.*
8. *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad on the Metric System.* July 1900. February 1901. Official.

[And other works.]

At the Franco-British Exhibition there was distributed, by order of the *Ministère du Commerce et de l'Industrie de France*, a leaflet entitled 'All that need be known about the 'metric system.' Within, inscribed in one square decimeter, was the key to the system, so neatly arranged that we cannot do better than reproduce it as it stands, minus its decimeter border, which is just too big to go into the page of this Review.

Around the border were examples of calculation, of weights of bars, and pressures upon the bottom of tanks, all showing the beautiful simplicity which comes from the decimal interrelation of the fundamental units. Yet, for reasons which are incomprehensible to the scientific Frenchman, the stubborn Anglo-Saxon, in the presence of such beauty, remains comparatively unmoved.

THE KEY
TO THE METRIC SYSTEM.

FUNDAMENTAL NAMES.

UNITS	MULTIPLES.	SUBMULTIPLES.
Meter. (Length.	Kilo = 1000 times.	Deci = ·1 = *one tenth.*
Gram. (Weight.)	Hecto = 100 times.	Centi = ·01 = *one hundredth.*
Liter. (Volume.)	Deka = 10 times.	Milli = ·001 = *one thousandth.*

USE OF THE KEY.

With each decimal multiple or submultiple a new metric unit is formed. The names of the new units are obtained by combining the fundamental names with those of the multiples and submultiples.

EXAMPLES { kilometer = 1000 meters
hectoliter = 100 liters.
centigram = ·01 gram.

FUNDAMENTAL RELATIONS.

The square of a unit of length is a unit of surface.

The cube of a unit of length is a unit of volume.

1 kilogram = weight of 1 liter of pure water.

1 cubic decimeter = 1 liter.

No one defends the British weights and measures in their confused entirety; yet reforms aiming at simplification of the existing system make slow headway, while the movement to establish the metric system in the British Empire makes no progress at all in Parliament. Successive committees of each House have reported in favour of the metric system. Chambers of Commerce and Chambers of Agriculture throughout the country have urged its adoption; the Colonial Conference of 1902 recommended its use throughout the Empire. But in brief the recent Parliamentary history of the movement is this: In 1895 a committee of the House of Commons recommended that the metric system should be made legal at once, and compulsory in two years. A Bill to this effect passed its second reading but got no farther. In 1897 the metric system was made legal for purposes of trade, but not compulsory. In 1904 a committee of the House of Lords approved a Bill to make the metric system compulsory in five years. The Bill passed the Lords, but was not brought up in the Commons. In 1907 an almost identical Bill was introduced in the Commons; the then President of the Board of Trade opposed the Bill, and its second reading was defeated on division.

This history gives little encouragement to the friends of the metric system. They appeal to the experience of the system in all countries which have adopted the change, as reported by British Ministers and Consular officials abroad; they appeal to the considered judgment of public bodies at home; they

urge the necessities of our foreign trade, the need of simplicity in our manufactures becoming daily more scientific. They represent one body of opinion, viz. that our British want of system in weights and measures is a national handicap, a nuisance to everybody, and that the longer we preserve it the greater will be the nuisance.

On the other hand, the introduction of the metric system is opposed by a great mass of established practice, backed by a combination of diverse opinions, dislikes, and fears, not consistent among themselves, but sentimentally and politically strong. In our examination of the case against compulsory introduction we shall find ample proof of the difficulty or impossibility of making such a change complete. For the moment we will note that in the Commons debate sentiment and platform argument were conspicuous, and were successful.

The responsible Minister of a Radical Government pleaded a hopeless conservatism :

'He did not agree that apathy was the reason of resistance to this change. He thought it was rather apprehension : a fear that the change might be for the worse. . . . They talked about the anomalous measures there were in different parts of the country. He knew there were, and it would happen to the end of time. They would never alter these measures in the country. They were rooted in custom and habit ; and no matter what law they passed, it would be impossible to get rid of these anomalous measures.' *

A former supporter of the metric system avowed himself reconverted. He favoured the appointment of a new commission. 'But he would not have too many scientific men on the 'commission. The scientific man wanted to have an enormous 'number of fractions ; the manufacturers wanted to have as 'few fractions as possible.' A Lancashire member computed the cost of scrapping every loom and spindle in the country. So the Bill was rejected, on what seems to us to be the weaker side of the case against it.

The British Weights and Measures Association was founded at Manchester in July 1904, during the passage of the Metric System Bill in the House of Lords. It has two aims—to oppose the metric system, and to simplify the present British system. Its very interesting proposals to the latter end we shall examine later. For the moment we are interested in its methods of opposition, which were strongly reflected in the Commons speeches of 1907.

* *Times* report of the speech of Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Board of Trade. House of Commons, March 23, 1907.

The late Sir Frederic Bramwell used to declare that we had an advantage over the foreigner, because we could easily learn to understand his measures, and he could never learn to understand ours. Wherein the advantage lies is stated unblushingly in the Association's journal :

' It is in the interests of British manufacturers that British standards of weights and measures are maintained, because they are better and more convenient ; and again, if metric manufacturers are hindered in the Eastern markets by the fact that British weights and measures are there established, then that very fact gives our traders and manufacturers the pull over those manufacturers in metric countries who cater for the Eastern market.'

Nor are these Protective principles confined to Manchester and the textile trade. A proposal to adopt the metric system in the Union of South Africa alarms those who find that our present system is ' a strong safeguard to the British engineering ' trade.' A leading article in ' African Engineering ' repeats the above argument :

' Whatever the drawbacks to the English system of measures, it has the great advantage of offering an obstruction to the introduction of Continental-manufactured machinery in fields where the British system has been adopted, and for this reason alone we should do all in our power to prevent the introduction of the metric system in South Africa or anywhere else where machinery is bought . . . . Were it a more important manufacturing district, and thus not such a valuable market for our products, the system of measurement prevailing there would be of little interest ; but so long as South Africa adheres to the British measures we will have a distinct advantage over our Continental competitors, who seem more unwilling to work to the foot than the Englishman is to work to the metre.'

Without venturing to pronounce on the political morality or practical sagacity of arguments such as these, we may admit that they are effective in magnifying apprehension that a change might be for the worse. We are told that the British system is the pillar of our prosperous trade, which in recent years ' has increased with non-metric countries in a greater ' proportion than with metric countries ' (Mr. Lloyd George). But let us refrain from a less agreeable way of stating the same fact. We are bidden to congratulate ourselves that our system is partly derived ' from that eminently practical people ' the ancient Romans.' But they forget that those practical people had a system of numerals that made arithmetic impossible. Speak of the metric system as a retrogression to the Chinese—name savouring of pigs and slavery—and say that its decimality is an *accidental* advantage, due to the accident

that ten is the basis of our notation. The British Weights and Measures Association has arguments to suit all tastes. In estimating their effect we must treat them as Newcomb treated certain testimonials: 'they would have to be counted, not 'weighed.' But they are none the less effective in turning public opinion; they act in turn upon that 'judgment of the 'House' to which any Government would be apt to leave a Weights and Measures Bill; and it seems to us that there is no probability that Parliament will make the metric system compulsory in the United Kingdom.

An opinion formed with regret should be justified to the full. Let us look briefly at the history of the metric system in other countries, and see why what has been done in them is so difficult for us.

In the first place, though our system is admittedly complex, unscientific, unworthy the name of system, yet it is well established and well administered. The Imperial standards, the yard, the pound, the gallon, are perfectly well defined, and there is a complete machinery at work throughout the Kingdom, almost throughout the Empire, to ensure that the measures of these denominations used in commerce shall correspond exactly with the standards.* For the moment we will neglect the extraordinary confusion of multiples and submultiples that cumber their use, the 'customary' quarters and stones and bushels that vary from trade to trade and from place to place. Our point is that there is no variation in the fundamentals; a yard and a pound and a gallon are the same everywhere in our dominions. So far there is no confusion; and the same could not be said of any other country before it adopted the metric system.

And, secondly, there is no strong political reason for our making a change.

When Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, presented to the Assembly his scheme for reforming the measures of France, he proposed to invite the English Parliament to co-operate in establishing uniformity throughout the two countries. When Condorcet, a year later, in 1791, laid before the Assembly the report of the Academy, he spoke eloquently of the care which they had taken to frame a system which might be truly international.

'L'Académie a cherché à exclure toute condition arbitraire, tout ce qui pourrait faire soupçonner l'influence d'un intérêt particulier à la France, ou d'une prévention nationale; elle a voulu, en un mot,

* For a very interesting account of the work of the Standards Office we may refer to Mr. Chaney's book.

que si les principes et les détails de cette opération pouvaient passer seuls à la postérité, il fût impossible de deviner par quelle nation elle a été ordonnée ou exécutée.'

The lofty ideals of the Academy are perpetuated in the system which the non-English-speaking world ostensibly uses to-day. But we shall never know how far they alone would have sufficed to recommend it, for while the commission charged with the preliminary scientific operations was at work very different feelings had gained the upper hand. The Revolution had come. The Academy itself had been suppressed, ' comme il ne doit exister dans un gouvernement sage ' aucune institution parasite.' The scientific commission lost some of its most distinguished members, for the Commission of Public Safety decreed that ' pour l'amélioration de l'esprit ' public, il était important de ne donner de mission qu'à des ' hommes dignes de confiance par les vertus républicaines et ' leur haine pour les rois.' The Marquis de Laplace, with five others, was dismissed, but Lavoisier was allowed to leave prison each morning, in charge of a gendarme, to continue his scientific work.

So the metric system of weights and measures was made a token of the Revolution.

' Bientôt, législateurs, ce bienfait va être répandu également, sous vos auspices, sur tous les citoyens ; bientôt leurs yeux ne seront plus choqués de ces poids et de ces mesures anciennes qui retracent encore des restes odieux des temps et des choses souillés par les tyrans. Des mesures et des poids républicains vont nécessairement remplacer les anciens. . . . La commission régénérée des poids et mesures a regardé comme un de ses premiers devoirs de présenter aux fondateurs de la République l'état de ses travaux, et de vous faire connaître le zèle des républicains qui la composent. Sa marche révolutionnaire, comme celle de tout ce que vous faites pour assurer la Révolution, ne connaîtra plus aucun obstacle.'

We are grateful to M. Bigourdan for the care with which he has collected these documents. They go far to explain why the proposed co-operation with England came to nought.

The Napoleonic conquests carried the metric system through Europe and imposed it on the conquered, who celebrated their deliverance from the yoke by returning to their cherished confusion of measures. But they had perforce learned its convenience and simplicity. Gradually their Governments established it by law ; more slowly it became used by the people ; and its progress was most rapid when there was political force behind. The establishment of the kingdom of Italy

rendered necessary a unification of weights and measures within the kingdom. With their primitive education the people of the south were slow and unwilling to make the change; in the industrial north things moved quicker; and the people of Lombardy adopted the system with enthusiasm as a visible sign of escape from the dominion of Austria.

The decisive point in its international use was gained when Germany adopted the metric system. 'It is curious,' says Captain Noel, 'and speaks little for the originality of that 'nation, that the Germans should, on the morrow of their 'victory over France, have copied the Chinese system from 'the people whom they had worsted in war.' The taunt is needless, for the history is false. Already for many years the German States had struggled with systems of measures different in every State, and the necessities of their Customs tariffs had led to the adoption of the 'Zollverein pound,' which was half a kilogram, as the unit of weight in all interstate commerce. In 1868 the Government of the North German Confederation had passed a law making the metric system compulsory from 1872.* The war with France came in the period of transition. Before 1872 the German Empire had drawn together the Confederation and the Southern States. There was all the more need for a unification of weights and measures, and it says much for the commonsense of the German people that no sentimental objections to a system of French origin delayed the completion of the reform dating from before the war.

The admirable reports on the metric system from the representatives of Great Britain abroad give a complete history of the movement in all countries. They do not conceal the difficulties inherent in any change of ingrained habit; they admit that old measures, and more particularly the names of old measures, survive in common use long after they are officially dead. Being honest statements of a complicated subject they naturally provide the intelligent extractor with a battery of arguments either for or against the metric system. But on one point they are unanimous. The associated Chambers of Commerce had asked Lord Salisbury to inquire 'whether there is any desire to return to former systems' after the metric has been adopted; and of course the reply was always in the negative. No one would wish to repeat the inconvenience of a change; a retrograde change from established order to primitive confusion is impossible; equally impossible would it be to return to one of many pre-existing systems.

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* Hallock and Wade, p. 87.

A first principle of metric reform may be stated thus: When there exist many variants of a measure in different parts of a country, it is easier to establish the use of a brand-new measure than to bring the old into conformity one with another or to suppress all others in favour of one. For this reason the first French commission reported:

'On ne peut prendre pour unité une unité de mesure déjà usitée dans un pays, car il seroit difficile d'offrir aux autres des motifs de préférence capables de balancer l'espèce de répugnance, sinon philosophique, du moins très naturelle, qu'ont les peuples pour une imitation qui paroit toujours l'aveu d'une sorte d'infériorité.'

If it was easier to establish the metre than to make, let us say, the *toise* of Lyon conform to the *toise* of Paris, we may be sure that no proposal to return to one *toise* or the other would have the least chance of support. For this reason we do not find it remarkable that in metric countries there is no expressed desire to return to an older system.

But what we do find throughout these Ministerial and Consular reports is the clearest evidence that two conditions are favourable to metric reform: first, diversity of existing standards (as distinct from complexity or inconvenience of their system); and, secondly, political reconstruction. In the British Empire neither condition exists in an acute form. We are strengthened, then, in our belief that the British Parliament is unlikely to enforce the adoption of the metric system.

What then is to be done? The British system of weights andmeasures, *as it exists in the tables of school-books*, is intolerable, and the somewhat mitigated form which one meets in ordinary life is sufficiently inconvenient. If we are not to sweep it all away, can it be simplified? The simplification of British weights and measures is the second plank in the platform of the Association which we must, for brevity, refer to as the B.W.M.A.

Whoever sets out to reform our system must first dispose of the duodecimalists. 'What is the real difference between 10 'and 12?' asks the manager of a cotton-mill; 'there is some-'thing, as every practical man finds out, but I've never come 'across anybody who could tell me what it was, or why it 'was.' The happy man had never met a duodecimalist, whose creed is equally simple and impracticable. The number 12 can be divided by 2, 3, 4, and 6; the number 10 can be divided only by 2 and 5. Therefore it would be much more convenient if the base of our numerical system were twelve instead of ten; and our first reform must be to make it so. Of all the

reforms proposed for the amelioration of the human lot, there is none so hopelessly impossible as this. The first step is easy ; we invent new signs for ten and eleven, and straightway 10 means not ten but twelve—unless we change the signs for the other figures also. The ingenious advocate of an octaval system has seen this difficulty. To overcome it, he would write the usual figures upside down and call them by their Esperanto names ; then there would be no possibility of confusion. And he is quite right. When we adopt the duodecimal system we shall have to invent eleven new signs, learn a new arithmetic, which is possible, and blot out all recollection of the old, which will be infinitely harder. Till we can do that, we must refuse to see the duodecimalist standing in the path, charm he never so wisely. 'Twill be well for the B.W.M.A. when they have learned to dally no longer with visions of a new arithmetic. For some reason or other unknown, but perhaps connected with the numbers of our fingers and toes, the world agreed long ago on a decimal system of numbers. We are not sure but that it is the one idea common to all intelligent mankind ; let us alter anything rather than that.

Now, being agreed that our arithmetic is and will always remain decimal, we come at once to the real difficulty in the science of weights and measures—the invincible preference for dividing into halves and quarters, into eighths, sixteenths, and thirty-seconds, which characterises especially the English-speaking peoples. This tendency the opponents of the metric system call natural, with the implication that it is therefore necessary. Leaving to the psychologist the business of discussing the true bearing of this argument, we may remark in passing that natural habits sometimes call for repression rather than encouragement. And in this case there is every reason for discouragement, for subdivision into halves and quarters, subdivision into twelfths, in fact subdivision into anything but tenths, is destructive of facility in arithmetic. The simplest example will serve, if example is needed. We buy at a railway bookstall five reprints of popular novels, at sevenpence each, and have to pay thirty-five pence. But we have not so many coppers upon us and want to pay partly in silver. The shilling is divided into twelfths ; to pay in shillings and pence we must divide thirty-five by twelve, and reach the result two shillings and eleven pence—expressed by a 2 and two 1's in place of our original 3 and 5. But if there had been only ten pennies in a shilling, how much more simple to turn thirty-five pence into shillings and pence—three shillings and five pence.

The point is simple to tediousness, yet worth making, for

the B.W.M.A. supports Captain Noel, who insists that multiples should be decimal and subdivisions should be duodecimal, because it is convenient to be able to divide any unit into as many simple parts as possible—halves and thirds and quarters and sixths: he draws the line at eighths. At first sight the argument is plausible; carried to its logical conclusion it would seem to require that ten pennies should make a shilling, but that a shilling should be subdivided into twelve pennies.

For simplicity of arithmetic, then, all multiples and all subdivisions of units must proceed by tens. But is simplicity of arithmetic to be the ultimate criterion? We do not hesitate to say Yes, though some say No, and attribute positive merit to a system which continually exercises the mental powers. The headmaster of one of the most successful mathematical schools in the country is a member of the B.W.M.A. 'Would not the 'advantages of uniformity,' he asks, 'be dearly purchased at 'the price of the mental feebleness which compels a Continental 'booking-office clerk to use a slate to compute the value of 'seven tickets at 1 f. 20 c. apiece?' Mental feebleness is indeed apparent in the whole working of some foreign railways, but is it the fault of the decimal system that boat expresses stop at every station to take up local third class traffic? Or, to come nearer home, is the freedom of the English language from inflexions dearly bought at the price of the linguistic incapacity that makes it so difficult for us to learn German? Perhaps; but we do not believe it, any more than we believe that the knowledge a landowner will acquire concerning gross value, total value, full site value, and assessable site value will more than repay him the new land taxes.

Apart altogether from the alleged educational advantage of learning perforce to think in eights, twelves, and sixteens, as well as in tens, the opponents of the metric system draw a curious distinction between convenience in calculation and convenience in use. They admit the value of a decimal system of weights and measures in arithmetic, but are so firmly convinced that division into tenths is not convenient 'in use' that they say we cannot have a perfect system of measures, because our arithmetic is decimal and likely to remain so. Let us try to see what are the advantages claimed for divisibility of a unit into as many simple parts as possible, apart from all questions of calculation. The alleged convenience is doubtless largely a matter of immemorial habit—of habit formed when commerce was conducted by barter in kind, without the use of weights, measures, or money. A heap can be divided by estimation into halves; less easily into thirds; halves and

thirds give quarters and sixths; but by this process you do not arrive at tenths. That is no doubt why we are told again and again that division into tenths is unnatural. As soon as weights and measures become standardised this rough-and-ready facility of division loses its value, but remains fixed in habit. And as soon as exchange for money replaces exchange in kind, arithmetic of some sort becomes inevitable—the distinction between calculation and use is meaningless.

And there is another side to the question. If we are proud of our shilling because it can be divided into twelve parts, we must not overlook the fact that the division into twelve parts is not, by old habit, made at one step: it goes by halving and taking thirds, in which process some of the twelve subdivisions do not arise. Why is it that fivepence and sevenpence are uncommon prices compared with fourpence, sixpence and eightpence? Probably for the reason we have just given. When our unit allows us to halve it, and halve it again, and to take thirds, the tendency is for the odd twelfths to drop out of use. This tendency is a distinct disadvantage when prices are fixed arbitrarily, not depending closely upon wholesale cost. It operates in all countries, whatever the subdivisions used; but it seems to us that its effects are more marked when the division is duodecimal than when it is decimal.

Closely connected with this question of subdivision is the larger question—perhaps the most difficult of all—Does one unit with its multiples and submultiples suffice for all operations, from the largest to the smallest and most delicate? Is it really convenient to weigh coal, for example, and drugs in terms of the same unit? The decimalist answers unhesitatingly Yes; while the supporter of 'convenient' (*i.e.* British) weights is equally certain that the proper answer is No. From the former point of view Captain Noel reads strangely:

> 'Another general fault running through any purely decimal system is that it really affords but one measure in each series . . . the multiples and submultiples being nothing more than the regular steps of numerical notation. . . Thus the advantage of varying measures for large and small quantities is lost.'

In fact, the fundamental advantage of a decimal system is represented as a positive defect. The true bearings of this objection will be examined most readily if we take an example. The size of small things—say books—may be measured in centimetres or inches; larger things—say gardens—in metres or yards. If we should want to know how many books placed side by side would stretch across the garden the necessary

division sum is performed straightway in the metric system, although the books are in centimetres and the garden in metres, because one unit is decimally related to the other. In the British measures we must perform an additional operation, namely multiplication by 36. And the question is: Are the yard and the inch so essentially of the right order of magnitude for their respective uses that we must tolerate the arithmetically awkward ratio between them? Or take an example which is even more to the point. In making a sketch map according to the military methods the topographer is continually measuring differences of height by a process involving measuring the horizontal distance between the two points. He is taught to measure the latter in yards and after a short sum to express the former in feet. Why use different units? Must we believe with Captain Noel that there is some essential fitness in the foot as a measure of height, in the yard as a measure of distance upon the ground? If so, we cannot refuse to recognise the title to use of the hand, the pace, the pole, the chain, the cable, and the dozen other well-established measures of length that are found in various professions and trades. If we are to believe that these varying measures are *an advantage*, there is no case even for the reforming spirit of the B.W.M.A. There is no making headway against the resistance of those who feel that certain units, certain numbers, are sacred, perhaps divinely predestined. Was it not Napoleon himself who said that the French soldier's ration used to be a very simple number, 24 ounces, and that it was so inconvenient to translate it into the new, 734·295 grammes?

There is something to be said, however, for a collateral objection often brought against the metric system, that its names are too long. This is, of course, inevitable if the name of the kilogramme is to contain the statement that it is a thousand grammes. Centimetre and hectolitre are good descriptive words, but cumbrous in the mouth. And, moreover, they tell only half the truth; for if it is necessary for the name of a measure to show precisely its place in the system, why not construct fresh words to mean one hundred times a cubic decimetre—the hectolitre—or one thousand times the mass of a cubic centimetre of water at maximum density—the kilogramme. Several attempts were made to establish the system *des noms simples*. The *noms méthodiques* found few friends: 'on leur fit cette objection, que centimètre doit signifier *à cent* 'mètres, comme *centimanus Gyas*, chez Horace, signifie *Gyas* 'aux cent mains et non au centième de main.' Equally grave was the objection raised in the Convention, the 24th of Thermidor in the year III. 'Ces noms nouveaux et inintelligibles au

'plus grand nombre des citoyens ne sont pas nécessaires au 'maintien de la République.' But in the long run they managed to outlive a couple of republics and several empires; and they remain to-day the most conspicuous and least beautiful part of the metric system.

The question of names, indeed—on which opinion must be sentimental—is the most serious difficulty in any way of reform in weights and measures. Do you wish to introduce a methodical system—straightway a clamour arises to preserve 'the grand old Saxon monosyllables,' yard, pound, gallon, and bushel, pennyweight, kilderkin, and avoirdupois. Do you wish to keep the old names—it is most confusing to have old names attached to new values, and some bright person proposes to say nu-mile, nu-gallon, and so on, to distinguish the new from the old. 'On plaisanta sur *kilo*,' says M. Bigourdan; but what should we say of the nu-inch and the nu-ell?

If we have dealt first, and at greater length, with what may be called the political and domestic side of the question—the side upon which any proposal for reform will be judged in Parliament—we must not neglect the scientific foundations upon which a system should be expected to rest. All authorities are agreed that the fundamental unit should be the unit of length. What length shall we take? the arm of King Henry the First, which, tradition says, defined the present British Imperial standard yard? the ten-millionth of a quadrant of the earth's meridian, which the metre should have been, but is not exactly? or the ten-millionth of the earth's polar radius, slightly more than 25 inches, which Captain Noel proposes to make the new ell? We may say at once that the latter proposal has no merits. Its author objects to meridians 'that 'they are self-contained; that is, that they begin and end in 'themselves, and do not carry us on to the vast space which lies 'beyond this little world in which we live.' But he forgets that astronomers, for very good reasons, use the equatorial and not the polar radius of the earth when they step out into space. And he overlooks the important requirements of maps, as did Sir John Herschel when he made his unfortunate pronouncement: 'So long as the human mind remains mathe-'matical it will prefer a diameter to a circumference.' With the present increasing interest in scientific geography, there is a constant demand that maps shall be made in a simple proportion to the actual size of the territory they represent. The great one-in-a-million map is now under way: one millimetre to the kilometre, or one inch to 15·76 miles: the advantage of having the unit of length related to the circumference is obvious.

But in this matter two mistakes are commonly made. It is a mistake to suppose that because the metre is, or was meant to be, the ten-millionth part of a quadrant of meridian, therefore the earth itself may be considered the ultimate standard to which appeal can be made should there be any reason to suspect that the material standard metre, the iridio-platinum bar preserved at Breteuil, had suffered any change or damage. The geodesists who determined the metre made an error of about one part in ten thousand. If the work were done again to-day the error would be less, but if it were done twice the results would not be precisely the same. Hence in fact the metre and the yard are both arbitrary quantities, the distances between pairs of lines engraved upon standard bars. And if either suffered damage it would be restored, not by reference to the earth or to any material thing, but by reference to the wave-lengths of three lines in the spectrum of cadmium, in terms of which each has now been determined.

And it is equally a mistake to decry the metric system because of that error of one part in ten thousand to which we have referred. For map-making the error is of no practical importance. In all other concerns it is of no consequence whatever. The metre is an arbitrary length, preserved and reproduced with all possible care, and serving as the basis of a system of weights and measures ideally simple in construction.

In the international Bureau of Weights and Measures established at the *Pavillon de Breteuil*, in a corner of the park of St. Cloud, the world possesses, and pays for, a laboratory which has set up a new and high standard of accuracy in the science of weighing and measuring. But individual Governments have not been remiss in providing for the needs of their own people, scientific and industrial, who cannot always be making the journey to Breteuil. And within the last few years the Standards Department of the Board of Trade and the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington have done work which is unsurpassed at Breteuil. Those who prefer to work in British yards are now as well provided for as those who work in metres. The check thereby given to the propagation of the metric system is not insignificant ; it may be regretted by reformers, but it cannot be disregarded.

We have, then, established in the world two principal systems —the metric and the British Imperial*—one consistently

* The system of the United States is practically equivalent in most respects to the British, but is legally defined in terms of the metric system.

decimal throughout, the other a system only in name, in reality a chaos to which we British are accustomed, and which we cherish, perhaps as part of our national extravagance. Many ingenious schemes have been proposed for the simplification of our system; the authors of several have boldly claimed that a little readjustment could put it on a scientific basis.

Let us examine two of these proposals. Captain Noel starts with the polar radius of the earth, and takes a mean of the best determinations available when he wrote. One ten-millionth of this he calls an ell = 25·0246 standard inches. Half of this he makes a new foot, divided into twelve new inches. Thus the new foot and inch would be rather more than four per cent. greater than at present—a change which he describes as 'very slight.' He then makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ new feet = one new yard or pace, of rather more than $31\frac{1}{4}$ present inches; and 5000 new feet or 2000 new yards = 1 new mile: nearly one and a half per cent. less than the present mile. Here the decimality of the system has gone wrong. He ingeniously restores it by putting 1 mile = 4 leagues; and then one league is the thousandth part of the polar radius. We need have no hesitation in pronouncing this 'reform' worse than useless. Its decimality is second-rate. It alters everything a little and uses the old names. It is open to every objection which can be brought against any change, and has not the merit of making it any easier for us to understand our neighbours, or they us.

A second proposal put forward by the B.W.M.A. has the merit that it makes no change in inches, feet, or yards. Yet there is a reform. We must say:

1 dozen inches=1 foot.
$\frac{1}{4}$ dozen feet=1 yard.

And why? So that we may proceed:

1 gross yards=1 grossyard.
1 dozen grossyards=1 nu-mile (2% less than the old)—

an arrangement which 'happens to give us an excellent duo-'decimal system . . . and the uneducated need not be aware 'of any change.' Does this brilliant scheme show the simplicity of a change to duodecimals in its most alluring light? By no means. The ingenious author proceeds to the reform of square measure, by a table in which the successive steps are 1 gross, 9, 8 gross, 4, $4\frac{1}{2}$ gross! And this for a decimal system of arithmetic.

Whether a scheme of 'reform' of our existing measures is serious, as the first, or farcical, as the second, makes very little

difference. The British system is proof against reconstruction for the simplest of reasons. The standard of length is the yard. Custom divides the yard into 3 feet and 36 inches, and nobody can do anything with the number 36. In common phrase 'we 'must take it or leave it.'

But while we feel perfectly sure that the British system of weights and measures cannot be put on a scientific basis by any process of reconstruction, we are equally sure that very much might be done to reform its use, and that in the simple way urged fifty years ago by De Morgan—the use of a single unit in any measurement, with decimals instead of fractions. Of all the irrational scales which we use, the worst is that in which the area of land is measured, with its $30\frac{1}{4}$ square yards = one perch. In legal documents and in land agency a property is almost always described as containing so many acres, roods, and perches—for example, 3 acres, 3 roods, $35\frac{1}{2}$ perches. On the maps of the Ordnance Survey the area would be given in its decimal form, 3·972 acres. Yet a practice so manifestly convenient has made little progress in general use. We could find no better illustration of the British preference for clumsiness than the fact that this expression of an area in terms of three units, when one would suffice, is a gratuitous addition to the labour of the surveyor, made by himself. It is nearly three hundred years since Edmund Gunter introduced the surveyor's chain, which is almost always used in England to-day. The system of Gunter's chain is the one really convenient and perfectly decimal system that we have. An acre contains 4840 square yards, or ten times the square of 22. Gunter's chain is 22 yards long—the length of a cricket pitch—and ten square chains make an acre. All English surveyors, using this chain, obtain their results immediately in acres and decimals of an acre. They give themselves the extra trouble of transforming their results into acres, roods, and perches, in order that any multiplication sum arising from the result may be compound instead of simple.

The same example will serve to illustrate another side of this perverse preference for complication. Gunter's chain is conveniently divided into 100 links. Each link is then, in fact, 7·92 inches—which is duly set down in our tables of measures of length. Now this statement is purely gratuitous. Nobody, except the maker of the chain, has ever any business to know the length of a link in inches.

The link is just the hundredth of the chain, and the chain is the excellent instrument for measuring areas on a decimal system. Links have no business in measures of length at all;

and it is only because railway engineers have a bad habit of expressing the radii of their curves in this measure that the chain must perhaps be included among them—but let us be sure which of the various chains, of 50, 60, 66, and 100 feet, they use.

School-books have long been notorious for their forbidding habit of putting all difficulties, irregularities, and exceptions in the forefront of their treatment of anything. They and 'Whitaker's Almanack' are responsible for obscuring a very real, though tardy, reform which has been going on for many years, in the direction of suppressing unnecessary weights and measures in the English system. Take, for example, troy weight. A favourite instance of our peculiar measures is that an ounce of silver weighs more than an ounce of coffee, but as compensation a pound of coffee weighs more than a pound of silver. The statement is justified by the school-books and the 'Almanack,' where troy weight ranges through grains, carats, pennyweights, ounces, pounds, and actually hundredweights (= 100 pounds in this instance). But in fact this system is obsolete. For nearly sixty years bullion has been weighed in ounces troy and decimal parts of it. For more than thirty years jewellers have been encouraged by law to use the same system; the jewellers' pennyweights have been removed from among the Board of Trade troy standards. The carat used for precious stones never had any place among the troy weights, while the carat used in defining the fineness of gold was never a weight at all, but a proportional part. The ounce troy alone survives, yet our tables are cumbered with its relatives long since defunct.

Apothecaries' weight gives us another example to the same purpose. Scruples and drachms disappeared from the British Pharmacopœia twenty-five years ago. Their curious alchemistic symbols survive in prescriptions, with the dog Latin and the Roman numerals; but there is no justification for their retention in school tables, along with the apothecaries' ounce and pound, which are completely obsolete. Educational reformers could do no better service than to insist upon the elimination from all school-books of curious information which makes our weights and measures ten times worse in appearance than they really are.

The foundations of a reformation in the use of our measures, we repeat, are suppression of compound quantities, and decimalisation. We welcome therefore, as a most hopeful sign, the recent change in the system of cotton buying. The price of raw cotton is stated in pence per pound, and is subject to minute fluctuations—or, we should say, fluctuations by minute

steps. Hundreds of clerks have spent their lives in calculating the value of so many tons, hundredweights, quarters, and pounds, of cotton at so many pence and one hundred and twenty-eighths of a penny per pound. In future the cotton will be weighed in pounds and its price expressed in decimals of a penny—one of the most simple and sensible reforms accomplished in British practice.

The B.W.M.A. took some part at least in this reform, in spite of that Association's hankering after duodecimals. The Decimal Association considers that decimal = metric system, and looks askance at mending when ending is desired. But could they not, following high precedent, hold a Conference to consider the possibility of decimalising the quotations of stocks and shares? A primary objection to prices in sixteenths and thirty-seconds is that they are illegible. A second, more serious, is that prices which run to thirty-seconds are not always expressed in them if the fraction can be reduced to a lower denominator. What could be more wearing than the simple ascending scale:

$$\frac{3}{32},\quad \frac{1}{8},\quad \frac{5}{32},\quad \frac{3}{16},\quad \frac{7}{32},\quad \frac{1}{4};$$

and how do stockbrokers' clerks compute the cost of £437 15*s.* 8*d.* stock at $87\frac{15}{32}$? We do not know; but we do know that the customer has to take the result on trust. Doubtless we shall be told that the superior mental agility developed by use of this system is responsible for the commanding position that London has enjoyed in the financial world; that it is a barrier against foreign competition in the money market; that the French use it secretly because it is really more convenient, and that it is only because they are forced to do so that they quote the price of Rentes in decimals; that decimal prices are perhaps more convenient in computation, but fractions are more convenient in use; and, finally, that the trouble of making the change will cause such dislocation of habit and instinct for the moment as to more than counter-balance a problematic advantage for the next generation.

Nothing is more difficult than to estimate how long it would take to establish a new system of weights and measures in the Empire. On the one hand we are assured that Germany was able to make the change in four years; on the other hand, that after a hundred years the ancient measures of France survive vigorously in some trades, and even threaten the existence of the new. And there is much evidence for each case. German beer is drunk by multiples of the litre; French claret is still bottled in unmetric bottles. On the other side, the French are at last

putting an effective stop to the invoicing, labelling, or cataloguing of British imports in British measure; while the German Imperial Tariff on textiles is framed upon the British system of counts. We must distinguish between measures in trade and measures in manufacture.

The advocates of the metric system continually assert that this distinction is all-important: that Great Britain might leave the manufacturer free to manufacture in whatever units he pleased, provided that he sold his goods by the metre or the kilogramme. There would be no need, they say, for wholesale changes in machinery and patterns; the cost to the manufacturer of a change in our system has been grossly exaggerated. The argument is plausible; but after reading the lively attack of Messrs. Halsey and Dale we do not feel so certain as we should like to be that it is sound.

The authors of the 'Metric Fallacy' do not try to be impartial:

'Anglo-Saxon nations are blessed with substantial uniformity of weights and measures, while others are cursed with a confusion that is a reproach to their civilisation. . . . They are asked to enter the slough of despond in which metric Europe wallows in order to help metric Europe out.'

In this simple faith Mr. Halsey deals with American manufactures in general, while Mr. Dale confines himself to 'the 'metric failure in the textile industry.' With the latter we cannot deal; we have never dipped into a subject more repellent to the uninstructed. But we have read Mr. Halsey with the greatest interest, finding his book by far the most able statement of the anti-metric case that we have seen:

'The scientific use of measurements consists in measuring existing things; the industrial use of measurement consists in making things to a required size.

'With the miscellaneous quantities with which he must deal the scientist would find vulgar fractions almost unmanageable, and he is practically driven to the use of decimals, while the constructor, through his power of choice, selects such sizes that decimals may be avoided.

'This change in the set of sizes to which things are made is the physical difficulty of the manufacturer, and it is this which all scientific discussions of this subject substantially ignore.

'Established industrial standards are the most priceless of material possessions. . . . What we have to find is not a means by which such things can be changed, but a means by which such changes can be avoided.

'If this system were made compulsory to-morrow, and the people were to receive it with enthusiasm, the gas pipes in the ceilings of our homes alone would keep the old system alive for fifty years.'

There can be no doubt, we believe, that Mr. Halsey is quite right. When standards have become established in manufacture they will persist, for the demand for those sizes will continue. But it does not necessarily follow that this is a fatal obstacle to our adoption of the metric system in ordinary use. Pipes are a striking example, because their size is nominally expressed in inches, even in Germany. But in fact the inches are not exact; the standards are really empirical, and $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch pipe might just as well be called No. $1\frac{1}{2}$ in England or America, as it is when it is imported into France. Standard gauges and standard fits will survive as long as manufactures survive; very largely arbitrary now, they will doubtless remain arbitrary for ever.

We must not forget however that manufacturing processes become continually more scientific, and that, though the staple industries may continue to produce indefinitely a few standard sizes, new and more complicated industries arise in which it may be imperative to adopt the scientific standpoint; to have a system of weights and measures interrelated decimally, which must be the metric system because there is none other. Already there are firms both in England and America which have found it worth their while to make the change; the numbers will doubtless increase; special trades will follow suit; and we shall have two systems in use side by side. Manufacturers will continue to do what suits them best, for no legal compulsion can very well dictate to them what measures they shall use inside their own works. But manufacturing apart, reformation or simplification of the British system apart, we cannot avoid facing the question, Is the metric system of weights and measures convenient for everyday use, in small retail trade, and in housekeeping?

The answer is pretty simple. Judged by everyday usage in France, the metre is convenient, but the kilogramme is too big. You go into a shop to buy biscuits or fruit. The price? 'Quarante le demi' or 'huit (sous) le demi.' But it is not the *demi-kilo*. In small shopping the *demi-kilo* is called the *livre*, and the *demi* is the *demi-livre*. In Holland and in Germany it is the same—always the *demi-kilo* called by the name of the pound. The metric system, in fact, is unfortunate in its unit of weight. The gramme is too small, and the standard, the prototype, is the kilogramme. But that is too big; it gets halved and quartered in the old-fashioned way; and price per quarter-kilo is nineteen times out of twenty in *sous*. The universal preference for a weight of about a pound cannot be denied; and it provides an argument of some account against the use

of the metric system in retail trade. If the system were made compulsory, it is most unlikely that we should be content with the long names ; old names, the ounce and the pound, would gradually acquire new metric significations, as in Holland, where the pound is half a kilogramme and the ounce a hectogramme, so that 5 ounces = 1 pound is in effect the Dutch system of weight. All these customary lapses from the ideal beauty of a decimal system do much to destroy its merits, and are useful as evidence in defamation of character ; they show at any rate that the kilogramme is not quite popular in its own country.

In respect of measurement of land there is more difficulty, and the most hardy backer of a Metric System Bill has been compelled to except land from its provisions. The acre is beautifully provided with a decimal system of its own ; the acre seems to have established a claim for preservation, though we do not find any very clear statement of that claim in the evidence before Parliamentary Committees. The then Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, examined at some length by the House of Lords Committee, declared that he would regard with dismay any proposal to alter the acre, even though the so-called metric acre is so near the British that ' thinking in ' acres would be practically the same in both.' Yet, very curiously, he failed to point out one important respect in which a change to the metric system is really impracticable. The Ordnance Survey maps are contoured at intervals of 100 feet, and those contours are exceedingly accurate. But it is impossible without a complete new survey to interpolate accurate contours at any other vertical interval. Metric contours can be ' generalised ' with sufficient precision for the new International Map on the scale of one in a million ; but for the larger maps nothing of accuracy sufficient for the purpose could be done without re-survey. We present this point to the B.W.M.A.

We have seen enough of the complexities of our subject to realise that reform in weights and measures must be advocated on broad grounds, while it can be opposed effectively by every variety of special pleading. We have seen further that many of these special pleas are made on behalf of interests wide enough to ensure their acceptance. There can, we think, be only one conclusion—that a change could never be complete. The old and new would be used side by side. Severe compulsion might alter the balance between the two, but the old would survive in manufactured sizes and standard fits of all kinds. Yet the only justification for compulsion is resulting uniformity—if that is unattainable, compulsion is indefensible.

Judged by this principle, the rejection of the Metric System Bill was right.

Let it be understood clearly that in coming to this judgment we neither minimise the general superiority of the metric system nor overlook the manifold disadvantages of our own. Our present system can never be a rational one; nor can English spelling and pronunciation ever be anything else than a picturesque encumbrance to the English language—yet neither can be reformed nor abolished. We shall retain them in common use. When we want to be clear, precise, and logical, we shall use the metric system, as diplomatists use the French language.

Already the two systems are legal in our country, though we know of only one firm that sells by the metre and the kilogramme; nor is it likely that in retail trade their employment will become general. Gradually, no doubt, manufacturers, and especially new manufacturers, will start work on the metric system, as a few firms do in England to-day. We are in a fair way towards becoming dual in practice, as we are in law; and doubtless that will still further increase the mental alertness which is said to distinguish us from the Latin races. At the same time it will gradually educate us to appreciate a decimal system, and may help us to reform in the end—yet hardly to the abandonment of our yards and pounds. Nothing in our discussion has raised in our minds any doubt of our original principle—that confusion of standards and upheavals in politics are, even as allies, hardly strong enough to drive out existing systems of weights and measures. From a trial of their strength may we be preserved!

There is an allied question, the decimalisation of the coinage, upon which we must say a few words in conclusion. On the demise of the Crown the coinage must be changed, so that from time to time there occurs an opportunity for considering the question—an opportunity which reformers have not let slip upon the present occasion.

The florin, the tenth of a pound, was introduced as a step in the direction of decimalising the British coinage, with the implication that the pound sterling is the unit which must be preserved—nor is it easy to imagine that British financiers would ever consent to the abolition of the pound. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone was willing to sacrifice the pound for the sake of the penny—for which course there is much to be said. A very slight experience of French and German money shows that the *centime* and the *pfennig* are smaller than they need be, with the consequence that the number of

figures required to denote trivial sums is larger than is convenient. The persistence of the name *sou* in ordinary French use is significant. It is not convenient to have trivial sums expressed by numbers five times as large as they need be; and, indeed, most people would find it as easy to add up a long column of pence, and do the necessary division by twelve at the finish, as to add up the much larger numbers of equivalent centimes without the final division. If we adopted the decimal division of the pound sterling, we should be forced to carry it to thousandths; that is to say, to a submultiple slightly smaller than a farthing; let us call it a mil. The penny would be about four mils; the name penny would doubtless live as long as the *sou*; we should be as continually multiplying or dividing by four as the French are by five, and in all the trivial matters of every-day life the change would be, as the Irish say, a disimprovement.

We would keep the penny, then, as the basis of our reformed system; and those who wished to subdivide the penny might do as they do now, using halves and quarters. True, they are not decimal, but it would be mere pedantry to insist on a decimal subdivision when in business on a large scale it is generally sufficient to work to the nearest penny. We would keep the penny, then, and make our standard coin equal 100 pence; that is to say, two United States dollars, and, as nearly as may be, ten francs. This double-dollar would want a name—the most delicate part of the whole matter—and its tenth part another name, to supersede the shilling.

If decimalisation of the British coinage is to come, this is the system, we believe, that would entail the minimum of inconvenience in the change, and would have the most points of contact with existing systems. It fits in with the American and French as well as could be, but for that very reason is not conveniently related to the German.

But is decimal coinage to come? We find it hard to believe in the possibility of displacing the English pound, whose standing is world-wide; and it seems on the whole more probable that in the course of a few years we shall see a great extension of the method already mentioned—of keeping accounts decimally, though the coinage is not decimal. Cotton is quoted in decimals of a penny. All the costs in the factories of Messrs. Kynoch are kept in decimals of the pound. And those who condemn the inconvenience of the necessary translation, first or last, which such a system involves, are apt to forget the existence of tables of equivalents, daily becoming more complete and extensive, and of mechanical calculating

machines ; they neglect, in fact, the machinery of computation, and speak as if all had to be done with pencil and paper as in the past.

In regard to coinage, then, we come to very much the same conclusion as in regard to weights and measures. Our system is not convenient for arithmetic, but the best use has not been made of it in the past, because of our British fondness for compound quantities. And there is an excellent reason for urging reform in use rather than in fundamental units : the burden of the change and the benefit of the change fall upon those who will feel the burden least and reap the greatest benefit—the expert accountant, the practised manipulator of figures, the man who ought to have had in the past, and will be compelled to have in the future, the rudiments of a sensible education in arithmetic.

Art. IX.—EASTERN ART AND WESTERN CRITICS.

1. *Indian Sculpture and Painting.* Illustrated by typical masterpieces, with an explanation of their motives and ideals. By E. B. Havell. London: John Murray. 1908.
2. *Painting in the Far East.* An introduction to the history of pictorial art in Asia, especially China and Japan. By Laurence Binyon. London: E. Arnold. 1908.

It is agreed and needs no proof or further argument that the bias of the present age is critical rather than creative. It is indeed so critical that even its creative work is done critically —by reason and analysis, that is to say, not by a spontaneous impulse of the imagination. We are all critics nowadays. We live in and breathe criticism as fish live in and breathe water. It is natural enough moreover that, recognising as we do our industry and assiduity in this kind of study, we should be great believers in our proficiency at it. That plausibility and air of inevitable commonsense which the opinions and ideas possess that happen to be in the air at the moment, and which of course current criticism at all times has to back it up and support it—that plausibility is reinforced in our case by our knowledge that criticism is, so to speak, our *métier*; that we make a speciality of it. We may not be producing much ourselves in the higher walks of art and literature, but at least we may claim to be pretty good judges of what others have produced.

That, we take it, is the general feeling, but we sometimes wonder how far it is justified. What we observe, in looking back over the history of art and literature, is that the criticism of any particular period usually tallies pretty closely in character with the creative achievement of that period. We have had one literary critic of the first order in Matthew Arnold, and the merit and value of Matthew Arnold's criticism consist in his intimate hold of the fixed principles which govern literature. But Matthew Arnold was himself brought up in an atmosphere of fine poetry and in the midst of a very serious and conscientious literary tradition. The influence of the qualities he upheld in his criticism was around him, though ebbing perhaps when he wrote. His criticism is not a criticism which has been vitiated by the example of paltry and meretricious work, but is animated by the presence of fine examples. So, too, we have had one art critic of the first order, and Sir Joshua's Discourses, like Arnold's Essays, owe their continued freshness

and interest entirely to their grasp of the fixed principles of the art of painting. The principles themselves were not new or newly-discovered; they were and are of permanent importance, and therefore a forcible and clear statement of them is permanently acceptable. But Sir Joshua, like Arnold again, lived in a creative movement in art. The ideas and principles he was recommending were powerfully influencing his own work and that of others. Art and criticism were in agreement. After all, this is bound to a great extent to be the case, for, since art and art criticism are both under the direction of the life of the age, they must needs correspond in their methods and ideals. The similarity consists in the point of view and attitude adopted. The difference between Leonardo's and Vasari's criticism is more than the difference between a man of genius and a man of talent. It is the difference between a man who lived at a great moment in art, when the ideas and principles proper to the subject were in visible exercise, and one who lived in a period of decadence. Vasari's criticism has been acted upon by the example of contemporary art, and the laxity of Bernini and his group has crept into it. There is no escaping this atmosphere of contemporary thought in which we move and have our being. To take a last instance, this time from literature: the eighteenth century, as we all know, has the intellectual character of a critical age, and believed itself to be, and in a sense was, critical; but what was its criticism worth in fields outside its own achievement? Who would be guided by an eighteenth-century estimate of poetry, an estimate which placed Pope and Dryden above Shakespeare and Milton? Criticism in the eighteenth century, as is very evident, is on the same plane and is inspired by the same ideals as creation. The age was an age of second-rate poetry and of second-rate criticism of poetry. We repeat that it cannot be otherwise, since criticism and creation both take their orders from life.

How does this apply to us, and what, under such conditions, is present-day criticism likely to be worth? Sixty years ago there occurred the revolution in art which dethroned and degraded a great reigning tradition. The action was at once regrettable and necessary: regrettable because the tradition itself, in its main principles, was deserving of all respect; and necessary because its precepts, comprehended only in their application to Italian art, had become a mere pretext and disguise for pompousness and pedantry. In the interests of the very laws and principles which it had been created to preserve the old tradition had to go; but when it

went it left behind nothing that could take its place as a check on individual whim and caprice. The consequences have been, to say the least of it, remarkable. The advances made in technical knowledge and facility of execution have increased enormously the mere volume of painting, while the breakdown of the old Renaissance tradition has removed every semblance of authoritative guidance and control. 'Full speed ahead' and 'the steering gear broken' roughly describes the situation. The two salient facts about contemporary art are the enormous number of pictures that are painted and the extraordinary number of different styles and methods and aims which these pictures pursue. The superintendence of art having been transferred from an impersonal tradition to the individual artist, the latter has felt bound not only to exercise his liberty, but to uphold and assert as vigorously as possible the merits of the new management. He is forced into being a champion of individualism. This is all there is left to go by. Either he must make his own individual way of painting interesting and exciting, or abandon his trade altogether. The history therefore of painting during the last fifty or sixty years resolves itself into the history of how and by what means several millions of painters have endeavoured to make their own individual way of painting interesting and exciting. Naturally this endeavour has led to a very large number of experiments. The individual must bring something of his own, something new. Insensibly the spectator adopts a similar attitude, and 'What is *your* trick?' becomes his mental inquiry as he passes from canvas to canvas. No caprice is too fantastic, no motive too whimsical or too far-fetched to claim its disciples. Nay, the farther fetched it is the better, for the more likely the fetcher is to be alone in his discovery. 'A poor thing, but 'mine own,' is a sentiment which has inspired not a little of the artistic effort of the last couple of generations.

But, as we were just now saying, what affects creation affects criticism. The revolution which destroyed the value of the old standard of rules in the eyes of artists destroyed it also in the eyes of critics. The criticism we have so much with us to-day is of various kinds. We have our newspaper articles describing the pictures at the various galleries; but description, though it may pass as such, is not quite the same thing as criticism. And then, more seriously, we have a great deal of patient investigation and research and cataloguing of facts and minute comparison; but neither is research, perhaps, exactly what we have in our minds when we think of the function of criticism. What we imagine genuine and pure

criticism concerned with is simply the intrinsic merit of the thing criticised after its own kind; the poetic merit of the poem, the pictorial merit of the picture, and so on. Unfortunately for its equipment in this adventure, criticism must be able to refer to an impersonal and fixed standard, and this is just what it cannot now do, for no such standard exists. Our criticism, therefore, like our painting, lacks this authoritative note; but, on the other hand, if it is weak where the painting of the day is weak, it is strong where the painting of the day is strong. It is as free, as adventurous, as entirely a matter of individual initiative as painting is. In regard to scientific accuracy of analysis and description, the critic indeed is bound, but in regard to purely artistic judgements he is as free as air; indeed, the more closely in this respect he conforms to painting's example, and the further afield he wanders in search of subjects to extol, the more likely is he to command attention and excite interest. All this has come about quite inevitably and naturally, and might indeed have been foreseen by a tolerably shrewd observer fifty years back, for from the moment when the controlling power of an impersonal standard was removed the future anarchy and licence of artistic creation and artistic criticism were absolutely assured.

One or two examples of this kind of criticism we wish to discuss with the reader. We have before us a book by Mr. Havell on the sculpture of India, and another by Mr. Binyon on painting in the Far East. Both are important works, and have influenced hundreds no doubt in becoming devotees of the art they celebrate. Mr. Havell's book is full of photographs of statues of gods and goddesses which are, perhaps, more remarkable in conception than execution. They show very little knowledge of modelling or anatomy, but they are boldly conceived, most of them with extra heads and limbs, and some with as many as four pairs of arms. To Mr. Havell they are perfect, infinitely superior to any works of the Greeks, which are comparatively of a very inferior and vulgar character. Mr. Binyon, too, has pictures in his book with one of which we were particularly struck. This represents the sage Shoriken crossing the sea on a floating sword. The original picture may be seen at the British Museum. The sage is depicted as a squat, thickset man with distended paunch protruding through his gown. His broad fat face with its narrow slits of eyes and huge jowl is of an almost bestial type of ugliness, yet is rendered half ridiculous by the expression of peevish spite and anxiety with which he contemplates his surroundings. Nothing can well be conceived more hopelessly

degraded whether from the spiritual, the intellectual, or the human point of view. But further than this, the mere design and arrangement of lines are as bad as they well can be. The folds of the creature's garments blown by the wind are tumbled into such an inextricable mass of lumps of drapery, and the confusion and awkwardness of the whole arrangement is so great, that it is safe to say that a good draughtsman with half a dozen clear lines could produce more of the desired effect than all this dull and jumbled work has succeeded in conveying. Nevertheless, such as it is Mr. Binyon seems to be perfectly contented with it. He tells us that Motonobu, the author of the masterpiece in question, is 'the most vigorous and 'various of the whole Kano school,' that 'few names in Japanese 'painting stand higher than his,' and he then goes on to speak with delight of his 'subtle beauty of stroke,' the 'force and 'firmness of his brush,' the 'clean strength' of his handling, and the 'triumphant force' of his line. If these judgements came from irresponsible quarters they would not demand attention. But Mr. Havell and Mr. Binyon stand in the position of authorities; nor do they stand alone; other notabilities, including Mr. Fry, are on their side. The whole army of newspaper critics, with the delicate perception of fashions that are 'catching on,' which is the most indispensable attribute of their genius, have espoused the same cause. In short, as all those of our readers who frequent London galleries and exhibitions, and are in a position to know what the æsthetic coteries are interested in, are aware, there prevails an oriental boom in matters of art just at present of no common force and magnitude. We do not think it is likely to last very long, for it is the way of such movements to die of their own success. Novelty and strangeness are among their most potent attractions, and the more converts they make the quicker these qualities fade. It is all very well to admire Shoriken on one's own account, or to admire him in company with Mr. Binyon and one or two others, but when one's uncles and aunts and country cousins take to admiring him too the thing becomes a nuisance and a man of taste must look elsewhere. However, this stage is by no means reached as yet, and we shall be careful in what we have to say to treat the subject with the seriousness which its present reputation justifies.

Mr. Binyon devotes the greater part of his first chapter to discussing a theory advanced some years ago in this Review (Edinburgh Review for October 1904. 'Byzantine Architecture'), which suggested that the element of form in art was in its nature intellectual, and that its developement had

been the task of the West, while colour was in its character emotional, and its developement had been allotted to the East. The intellectual West, we said, had, in the domain of art, spoken in terms of form, the emotional East had spoken in terms of colour. We do not mean here to traverse old ground and recapitulate old arguments, but that part of our reasoning relating to form is so applicable to the books we are about to examine that it may be briefly referred to. The intellectual quality of form is manifested in a thousand ways. The primary attribute of chaos, the realm of unreason, is its formlessness, and the action of mind upon inorganic matter has always been figured as the resolution of that matter into order and form. It is so God's directing thought has been conceived as acting upon the unformed universe, the influence and effect of a supreme intelligence being made manifest in the emergence of specific forms. So again is it that the sculptor uses clay or marble; for what was formless, and therefore meaningless, his guiding intelligence changes into form, and, in changing it, invests it with an intellectual significance. Thus, on the one hand, every act of reason is thought of as a 'formative' act (for order, discipline, coherence, &c., which are typical manifestations of the intellectual faculty, are all similar in that they endow formlessness with form), and, on the other, every outward visible example of form addresses itself to and stimulates the intellect of man. In short, intellect and form are each other's counterpart and reflexion. It would be easy, were it necessary, to show in what way these considerations have influenced the life of the West and the character of its civilisation. It would be easy to show that Western civilisation, Western knowledge and science and thought and literature, and also Western politics and government and methods of colonising and ruling—in short, the Western influence in all its effects—has been of a distinctly intellectual and rational quality, and has been closely identified with the establishment of order, discipline, coherence—in a word, with the vindication in all things of the principle of form. Not less apparent is it that, in Western art, which after all is but the expression of Western life, form is the chief and governing motive. The correct representation of the human figure, with a due knowledge of its functions and anatomy, the capacity to depict every aspect of nature and all visible objects as they really are, have throughout the history of Western art been the chief objects of its pursuit. Athens and Florence, centres as they have been of the two great intellectual movements which have most influenced the West, have been the centres also whence

this passion for the delineation of form has emanated. That the artistic impulse proceeding from these sources has been intellectual in inspiration and has concentrated itself upon the study of form is a proposition which we believe no intelligent critic will dispute.

We have outlined thus briefly the Western point of view in order that we may the better understand the Eastern. No one, we suppose, will accuse the East of anything very remarkable in the way of intellectual developement. Certainly every kind of manifestation, scientific, political, literary, of order, discipline, and coherence will be looked for in Eastern life in vain. Eastern life has very little in it of what we call intellectual, save what it has occasionally borrowed from Western sources ; indeed, it is the invariable excuse, or justification, of Western interference in Eastern affairs that the West is able to supply those elements which Eastern society so notoriously lacks. This being the case it becomes of interest to inquire how form, intellect's artistic counterpart and ally, has fared in Eastern art. Has it shared in the blight which seems to have overtaken most branches of Eastern intellectual achievement, or has it found, as some have pictured, another inspiration on which to draw ? At this point we shall close Mr. Binyon's book for awhile, and turn to another which treats the subject we are discussing at rather closer quarters.

Mr. Havell's work on Indian sculpture is one which, quite apart from its artistic doctrines, we desire to treat with all possible respect. It is a work which every one of our readers who has ever become conscious of the gulf which separates East from West, or who, having heard of that famous abyss, would desire to explore its nature and extent, would do well to study attentively. Its author, besides having lived in India for many years, has held the positions of Principal of the Government School of Art and Keeper of the Government Art Gallery in Calcutta. He has worked and written and thought much in connexion with Indian life and art, and his ideas have that kind of ripeness which results only from ample experience. And yet it is not, perhaps, either to his experience of Indian life or Indian art that Mr. Havell's book owes its chief value, but rather to a certain gift of insight and spiritual sympathy, rare in a European, which has enabled him to enter with complete discernment into the guiding motives of Indian conduct and the ideals of Indian thought.

With all Mr. Havell has to say on this subject we are in humble but hearty agreement. We wish to make it clear that, if we venture to question the value of the artistic

interpretation which India has given to her ideas, it is not that we question for a moment the value of those ideas themselves. The worth to the world of the Indian spiritual instinct is a matter beyond calculation. In basing the recognition of spiritual truth on the cultivation in man of a faculty other than reason and intellect—a faculty spiritual in its own essence and therefore formed to deal with spiritual ideas as its subject matter—India has taken the only way which in the long run will avail to uphold the spiritual cause. Not from the unaided action of reason and intellect can any spiritual sustenance ever be forthcoming. The comprehension of the spiritual involves in man a perceptive faculty of like order to itself together with the cultivation of that faculty. So assiduous, however, with us is the cultivation of reason and intellect, and so implicit the reliance placed upon those agents, that any other mode of perception stands small chance of developement, but is liable on the contrary to atrophy from disuse. Where the spiritual faculty is thus slighted the spiritual cause itself is never secure, and were it not for the East we could not feel certain but what the very capacity for apprehending spiritual ideas might pass from us and our lives be sunk in a confirmed materialism. Fortunately the East has always been as profoundly engrossed with the cultivation of the spiritual faculty as we have with the intellectual. The illumination to be derived from passive contemplation has been its especial study, and no one, we imagine, can reflect on the kind of influence it has exerted and on the spiritual quickening which contact with the East has always engendered in the rest of the world, without perceiving that the debt we owe to it on this account is beyond the power of words to determine.

It is not, therefore, on the question of the value of Eastern ideas that we differ from Mr. Havell, but solely in regard to the artistic interpretation of those ideas. What is the nature of that interpretation? 'The Greeks,' observes Mr. Havell, 'and 'the artists of the Renaissance who followed in their foot-'steps, attempted to arrive at the highest type of beauty by a 'selection of what appeared to them to be the most admirable 'in various types of humanity, and in natural forms and 'appearances.' On the other hand, 'the Hindu artist has 'an entirely different starting-point. He believes that the 'highest type of beauty must be sought after, not in the imita-'tion or selection of human or natural forms, but in the 'endeavour to suggest something finer and more subtle than 'ordinary physical beauty.' Let the reader observe the significance of this passage, for it defines what has always been

the *idée fixe* of oriental art, though to the West it is well nigh incomprehensible. Indian art, including Indian sculpture, the most uncompromisingly definite of all the arts, has always concentrated itself upon the endeavour to embody a type of spiritual beauty which shall owe nothing to nature and shall not be derived from nature either by imitation or selection. A longing after, a passionate seeking for spiritual expression—that is one commanding trait of Indian art; a dislike and distrust of nature and a steadfast refusal to accept any suggestions of hers as appropriate to that kind of expression, is the other. If it be asked how such an incompatibility of aims should have crept into Indian art, the answer is that the Indian distrust of nature is not of artistic but of philosophical origin. It crept into thought before it crept into art. At a time impossible to determine, but certainly long anterior to the Buddhistic era, Indian thought had already grasped the conception, never since relinquished, that this terrestrial life is an illusion and its apparent phenomena a fleeting phantasm. Spiritual consciousness and spiritual existence are in the eyes of Indian philosophy the only real consciousness and existence. Moreover, not only is nature, as we call the visible universe, non-existent and a delusion, but to surrender to that delusion, to accept nature as real, is the infallible mark and proof of spiritual degradation. Nature in Hindu thought is the soul's purgatory. While the mortal state exists for you, you are mortal; but some time or other, when the ladder of incarnation has been climbed, there will come a moment when, under the intensity of the inward vision, all visible and material existence shall collapse and vanish like mist under the rays of the sun, and the obliteration of appearances will signalise the advent of truth.

All matter, therefore, all nature as we call it, is in Indian eyes accursed, for it is that which ensnares the soul and cuts it off from its longed-for union with the divine essence. How unintelligible such a doctrine, and the consequences of such a doctrine, are to the Western mind Mr. Binyon's explanation of them proves. Mr. Binyon draws a profound distinction between man as viewed by Indian thought and nature. Man, it seems, 'the naked human form, of Western art the noblest 'and most expressive of symbols,' is recognised by Indian art as a non-conductor of spiritual emotion. But it is very different with nature. 'Mountains, waters, mists, flowering 'trees,' speak to us of 'powers and presences mightier than 'ourselves.' They convey to us 'thoughts that lead us out 'from ourselves into the universal life,' and contain 'hints

'of the infinite' and 'whispers from secret sources'; and they are therefore according to Mr. Binyon just the themes which the Indian imagination would be likely to sanction. But this is altogether a Western view of the matter. It is perfectly natural that a European should think of nature as full of infinite suggestion, but the notion does not reach beyond the Suez Canal. The distinction Mr. Binyon draws is an imaginary one. All matter, the outward semblances of nature equally with the form of man, is in Eastern thought a delusion. The Wordsworthian idea of whispers of the infinite conveyed by mountains and mists is Western not Eastern. Not only is there nothing in Eastern philosophy to countenance such an idea, but the conception is contrary to, and if admitted would be subversive of, the whole teaching of that philosophy. It cannot be too clearly understood that Indian contemplation, to which Mr. Binyon appeals, concentrated as it is in the spiritual and the abstract, never for one moment admits that nature is to be accepted as the vehicle of spiritual and abstract suggestions. This is precisely the difference between Eastern and Western mysticism—that Western mysticism accepts nature as the interpreter of spiritual truth, while Eastern mysticism regards it as the curtain which shuts us off from spiritual truth. The distinction is a profound one, and dwelling on it we hover over that very gulf by which East and West have ever been divided. A universe not God-created, a nature empty of spiritual purpose, that is the position the Indian has to face. Professor Max Müller, in a very interesting letter which the reader will find, if we recollect aright, for we have not the book with us, in the early pages of Professor Knight's history of æsthetics, declares that, so far as he has been able to discover, the sentiment of love for nature and the feeling for natural beauty have in India no existence. No signs of them are to be found in Indian life, and the very words which should describe such feelings are lacking from the language. The slight knowledge of such matters which three years passed among the Tamil coolies and Cingalese villagers of Ceylon may be expected to confer would certainly incline the present writer to the same conclusion. None of the common daily signs, as the flowers of a cottage garden or plants even in slum windows, which testify in the West to the inarticulate deep feeling for nature which prevails, belong to the life of India. We never saw a native evince the slightest sign of a recognition of natural beauty, and even the instinctive delight of children which we associate with posies and daisy chains seems to form no part of the experience of an Indian childhood.

These things go deep. How deep they go let the reader as he glances at the texture and composition of Indian civilisation attempt to estimate. He will find everywhere extending round him the influence of the paralysing doubt which Indian thought has cast on the reality of matter. Our business here is confined to the effects of this doubt upon art, but certainly in no sphere could such effects have deeper influence or their action be more graphically exhibited. For of art we may at least say this with certainty, that, whatever be the ultimate emotions which it would evoke, it must work through nature. Its material, its language, is the visible universe. There is, we may allow, no limit to the spirituality of which this language may be made the expression. But to whatever heights the artist may soar he is all the time rooted in the concrete. It is there his course begins. Unless he knows how to handle the concrete, how to use it as his medium of expression, all his spirituality will avail him nothing. All art, all art worth the name, is a glorification of the visible universe, an attempt, in Milton's phrase, to 'justify the works of God to man' by showing that they *are* works of God, that they communicate the divine spirit. But this is not to be done save by entering into the nature of these works and dwelling with all reverence upon their inward meaning and significance. It is they themselves, rightly understood, which raise the soul to God, and the right understanding of them is the artist's part. How does it fare, then, with a people who undertake to express themselves in the language of art, while at the same time all their mental and spiritual training and bias inclines them to disavow and repudiate that language? The answer to the question is to be found in the illustrations to Mr. Havell's book. It is very significant that the earliest of these illustrations which deal with Buddhistic art—the teaching of Buddha being, as the reader is aware, in the nature of a revolt against Hindu abstraction and a drawing closer in sympathy to nature and humanity—are free from the grotesque fancies of the later properly Hindu art, and treat the human form with a certain respect and approach to naturalness. We cannot in our praise of these early works go farther than that. To Mr. Havell they are 'superb' and 'magnificent,' and he regards them as completely successful attainments of spiritualised expression; but we find ourselves in this unable to follow him. If, indeed, we permitted ourselves to put into the stone ideas derived from elsewhere: if, having satisfied ourselves that Indian life was soaked with spiritual emotion, we set ourselves to detect signs of this emotion in the faces of these statues, it is likely enough we should

succeed. Nothing is easier than to invest vacant lineaments with any expression we choose. But if, shutting off extraneous sources of information, we ask ourselves what is the meaning of the expression actually contained in these faces, we confess to being hopelessly gravelled. The heavy, unmodelled limbs and trunks and the mask-like physiognomies appear equally the negation of all emotion and all thought. We can as readily invest such creations with one set of attributes as another, and can as easily imagine them the objects of idolatrous terrors and human propitiatory sacrifices as intercessors to the divine wisdom and interpreters of spiritual truth.

But it is when we come to later Indian art and embark on the curiosities of Hindu representation that the helplessness of the East in dealing with the element of form is most apparent. No descriptions can do justice to these productions. Let us take what may be called perhaps a transition work, the figure of Dharmapola as the supreme Buddha trampling underfoot the enemies of religion, as an example. What we see is a small figure in a strangely contorted attitude with one leg thrust out in a straight line and the other doubled up beneath it. So ill-supported does it seem that we take it to be on the point of sinking helplessly to the ground. The feebleness of its legs, however, is made up for by an unusual display of arms, of which it boasts eight, four issuing from each shoulder like the legs of a lobster. Evidently the problem of how to lend diversity of posture to so many limbs has engaged the sculptor's attention, but after one or two attempts to secure variety he has been overcome by the situation, and most of the arms are merely exhibited in meaningless positions outstretched like the arms of sign-posts one above the other. Each hand grasps a weapon, and a club, a bow, two quarterstaffs, and several other implements not easy to specify are flourished on both sides of the figure. This weird travesty of the human form is surmounted by a quadruple head and four very ugly faces, to say nothing of an undecipherable concoction of ringlets and ornaments, the whole crowned by some sort of lofty head-gear in the shape of an inverted bell.

Now what is Mr. Havell's position in regard to a work of art of this sort? He defends it on two grounds. In the first place it shares in the justification extended to all works of the sort, which are not, we are told, to be judged from the human Western standpoint, but are to be taken as the abstract and ideal conceptions of spiritualised imagination; while in the second it is said to convey with unrivalled power the sentiments of divine fury and energy which the artist desired to communicate.

Both positions seem to us untenable. What do such terms as 'abstract beauty,' 'imaginary forms,' an 'imaginative ideal,' mean as applied to art? We said just now that art was rooted in the concrete and that the visible universe was its one and only means of expression. If there were such things as 'imaginary 'forms' in art this would obviously be a misstatement; but there are no such things. Invention and imagination can alter and rearrange, can simplify or can confuse; but they cannot create. Stand hills on their heads, turn rivers into snakes and trees into birds, give clouds eyes and houses wings, still hills and heads and rivers and snakes and trees and birds remain your material. Conceive any form you choose, strain your imagination to the utmost, distort heads and features and limbs and bodies in any kind of way you will, you still cannot conceive a form which does not possess or suggest any of the attributes of a form. In what sense are these concoctions of human odds and ends put together by Indian sculptors an escape from the bondage of the physical and the material? Why are eight arms more 'abstract' than two? Mr. Havell has taken the will for the deed. The will of the Indian sculptors to escape from the concrete, their impatience and contempt of the material they were forced to work in are plain enough. But this impatience and contempt do not open a way of escape, for no possible way of escape exists, but merely lead to the outraging of the laws of matter and to its failure in consequence to express whatever it may be capable of expressing.

Forced to work in the concrete, it is open to art either to exalt its material by working not in it only, but with it, in accordance with its own laws and intentions, and continuing, as it were, the same line of developement until the material merges into the spiritual; or on the other hand to degrade and stultify it by arbitrarily imposing upon it methods which do not belong to it. Indian art has chosen the second course, and has paid the penalty in its failure to get any genuine expression out of its material whatsoever. 'Tremendous energy' and 'divine 'fury' are the traits Mr. Havell reads in the Dharmapola figure. Will the reader attempt to draw an eight-armed figure expressive of energy? He will find the task not only absolutely but demonstrably impossible, and for a very simple reason. The central will of man animates his entire body. Each gesture is an indication of that will. But the will being one, the gestures which express that will are one also in their unity of intention. A hand is raised to strike, and immediately the legs, trunk, head, down to the expression of the features, adapt

themselves to that impulse. No limb lives alone or moves independently, but, animated by the central will, plays its part in conjunction and harmony with the whole figure. Consequently the more keenly the sculptor feels the dominating motive and the more perfectly he harmonises his subject in obedience to its dictates the more expressive his statue becomes. All this is evident enough, but how does it work in connection with a figure like the Dharmapola? Each of the eight arms, if its gesture is to be really expressive of the will, makes a demand upon the rest of the figure. The hand with lifted weapon cries, 'I am the governing motive and all the rest of the body must 'obey me,' and the hand with outstretched bow objects, 'Nay, 'I am master; it is I you must follow.' And so with the remainder. Each issues its own orders and, since it is impossible for the body to obey all, it contents itself with striking a neutral attitude which commits it to nothing. The consequence of course is that the entire figure, since it is built up of a variety of motives which mutually contradict each other, is expressive of no intelligible meaning or motive whatsoever. It is beside the mark under these circumstances to dilate on the spiritual nature of the Indian ideal, or to pretend, as Mr. Havell pretends, that there is anything 'superhuman' and 'divine' in the deliberate monstrosities of Indian sculpture. These forms are de-humanised not super-humanised. They are less not more than human. In accepting the human figure and limbs as his medium the sculptor binds himself to speak the language of form, and in outraging the laws of form he destroys the very medium through which he has undertaken to convey his meaning.

Further, it is evident that under such conditions all the ordinary rules of representation by which sculpture is bound become inoperative. Just as we said that the whole figure is animated by a single central intelligence, so, on the physical side, it is bound into a similar unity by the nervous and muscular system through which the mind's commands are carried out. It is impossible, therefore, to carve any limb or portion of the body correctly save with reference to the whole, for the right articulation of any portion supposes a knowledge of the system by which the whole is governed. An arm can only be rightly carved in relation to the body it belongs to. But eight arms stand in no relation to the body they belong to. The sculptor therefore who sets out to carve eight arms on a figure proves, *ipso facto*, that he cannot carve one. Mr. Havell is of opinion that the Indian sculptors knew just as much about the technique of their trade as the Greeks, and that had

they wished to do so they could easily have produced 'an 'Olympian Zeus or an Aphrodite of Cnidus.' This 'we-could-an-'we-would' style of argument is difficult to meet, but in truth the unmodelled contours and blunt shapeless limbs, as much like limbs as sticks, of Indian sculpture afford conclusive proof of the impossibility of carving misconceived figures with any kind of truth or vigour.

Such are the inevitable consequence of the standpoint from which Indian art regarded its material. Slowly turning the pages of Mr. Havell's book we pass in review a long procession of figures all more or less conceived as abortions. It is impossible to survey the marks of such a degradation of the human form—a degradation so widespread and deep-rooted, for it may be said to infect to a greater or less extent the whole art of the East from its earliest conception—without being led to perceive that there must necessarily exist in Eastern life and thought some bias or motive, as powerful and of like nature to this bias which we see in art. We have already drawn attention to that something. Art is the expression of life. Indian art shares its disabilities with Indian literature and politics and science—in short, with all those subjects whose material is the visible universe. Such subjects have never come to anything in the East. How should they when all the weight of Eastern thought has striven to invalidate the material they must needs work in? We believe sincerely in the abiding value of India's spiritual testimony, a testimony which again and again has lit up the world with a glow of spiritual consciousness; but the artistic expression given to that testimony by a people who had pressed spiritual perception to the denial of material existence is another matter. Art in order to be spiritual must begin by being material. Like science, like poetry, like all human thought which can find intelligible expression, it must recognise in this mortal existence the medium through which alone such expression is to be found. Time and again the perception of the consequences which its own action was entailing upon art has occurred to the Indian mind itself. Image worship, as Mr. Havell points out, had no place in the ancient Vedic ceremonial, and 'the Hindu *Sastras* hold that 'it is unlucky to have any representation of a human figure 'within the precincts of a temple.' More significant still, he tells us how 'in a famous Hindu temple of Southern India the cause of all things is represented by space—an empty cell.' That is the attitude, the only possible legitimate attitude, imposed by Indian thought on Indian art, just as the only

legitimate expression of the thought itself is, as Indian sages are fond of declaring, a dead silence. Empty space and utter silence, to nothing less is man driven by his denial of physical existence. A Western poet thought that, could he but understand one small flower plucked from the cliff, he would understand the divine wisdom and all its works, and it is conceivable that, if art were to use nature in that spirit, nature through art might attain to the fuller expression of the spiritual towards which she seems, as many have thought, to be always striving. Be that as it may, however, and to whatever heights of spirituality natural interpretation may ultimately be carried, we must still start from this end and proceed hand in hand with nature. We build a bridge from the seen to the unseen, and the firmer we lay its foundations the more chance it will have of reaching its destination. The very utmost in the way of spiritual suggestion that can be got out of natural forms will be got out of them by a perfect and profound appreciation of natural laws, never by outraging or ignoring those laws.

In turning from Mr. Havell's work on Indian art to Mr. Binyon's on Japanese we are conscious of a certain loss of interest which is inevitable from the nature of the subjects dealt with. Indian art may fail adequately to interpret Indian philosophy, but even its failure involves questions of profound interest. Behind it, though not speaking through it, there is all the depth of Indian thought. It is difficult to find any depths of thought behind Japanese art. Mr. Binyon indeed claims that they exist, but he does not, that we can discover, adduce any evidence or reasons in support of the suggestion, nor does he build much upon the assumption of their presence. His own standpoint is distinctly æsthetic. He is concerned primarily and almost exclusively with the artistic quality of the works he discusses, and on to this ground he invites us to follow him.

This, however, is easier said than done. We pointed out to begin with that the tendency of modern criticism was to ignore impersonal standards and favour individual initiative, and it is to be observed that, following this intention, the critical terms in use at the present time, such as 'handling,' 'technique,' 'quality,' 'values,' 'spacing,' 'rhythm' and the like are much less detached and fixed in their meaning than 'composition,' 'proportion,' 'subordination,' 'selection,' and others of the older terms and phrases. The old terms bore reference to an impersonal standard which might be abused, but which still existed. The new terms bear reference to personal qualities of execution which are more difficult to define with precision. We do not say

that Mr. Binyon writes without due meaning, or that the praise he bestows does not rest upon something real. What we do feel about his criticism is that it is of too indefinite and elusive a quality to stand the strain of overhauling. Not being itself based upon an impersonal standard and a coherent train of reasoning it is difficult to subject it to a reasoned analysis. So lightly does Mr. Binyon flit from subject to subject that we find ourselves rather in Hubert's predicament when Locksley invited him to shoot at the willow wand. 'I might as well 'shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, 'or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can 'hardly see.' It is no doubt true that this very lack of a definite sequence of ideas will probably prevent Mr. Binyon's advocacy of oriental art from influencing unbiassed minds very deeply. The strength of his criticism consists very largely in the fact that it appeals to a sentiment already in the air, and without troubling to convince the reason and judgement avails itself of the fashion which oriental art at present enjoys for the support and ratification of its decisions. What it says others are just now saying. The line it takes is the line all newspaper critics are taking too. It is easy under such circumstances to praise without testing very exactly the grounds of the praise, and easier still under cover of popular favour to exaggerate and enhance out of all proportion the merits which oriental art may actually contain.

These are difficulties which we must deal with as we best can, and we think we shall be most likely to arrive at something definite if, instead of following Mr. Binyon in detail, we take what, on a conscientious study, we conceive to be his chief conclusions in regard to Japanese painting and submit them to a little independent examination. In some respects we are glad to find ourselves in agreement with him. Our own feeling about Japanese painting is that, with a good deal of decorative value, it has little of emotional depth and less of intellectual interest, and up to a certain point Mr. Binyon seems to go with us. 'The painting of Asia,' he observes, 'is throughout 'its main tradition an art of line.' And a page or two further on he adds: 'This painting, we have said, is an art of line 'rather than an art of colour. Yet it is not difficult to see 'how an art of line can come to have for one of its chief 'characteristics, and for its most obvious attraction, the charm 'of colour. The Japanese prints of the eighteenth century, 'for instance, proved a revelation of exquisite colour to Euro-'peans, and yet they too are in their essence linear designs. 'The reason is that these linear designs aim at no illusion of

'relief and ignore cast shadows. The spaces to be coloured are 'flat spaces, and the instinct of the artist is to invent a harmony 'of colour which intensifies and gives added charm to the 'harmony of line. Such an art never loses sight of the primary 'condition of a picture as a decoration on a flat wall; and with 'this decorative aim the free and undistracted developement 'of colour-harmonies is naturally associated.' Here we have, as the reader will see, a description of a purely decorative school of painting. The colour indicated, flat and on the surface, is decorative colour; the linear designs, which 'aim at no illusion of relief and ignore cast shadows,' are decorative designs. The 'decorative aim,' in short, of the entire treatment is, as Mr. Binyon confesses, never lost sight of.

We agree, but what is implied in this? Mr. Binyon does not set about defining decorative painting, but he gives us some pretty exact notions of its quality nevertheless. It is flat, ignores cast shadows, and depends chiefly on line. Well, then, whereabouts in the history of art does that kind of painting come, and at what point does it stop, of which flatness, ignorance of cast shadows, and dependence on line are the principal attributes?

If the reader can, as the Germans say, 'think himself into 'the skin' of the palaeolithic cave-man who first smeared the walls of his cave with yellow ochre or red clay, and then into that of his neighbour and rival artist who essayed to scratch the likeness of a running elk or antelope on a piece of ivory, he will be aware that the two processes proceed from different impulses or desires of the mind. His wish, as the first cave-man, is simply to enjoy an appearance which has in it no mental or intellectual significance whatever, and his pleasure, so far as it goes, is entirely a contemplative pleasure. On the other hand his wish, as the second cave-man, is to express a meaning and communicate an idea, and his art is so inspired by that aim as, in the stage of hieroglyphics and ideagraphs, to be inseparably bound up with the history of writing itself. In neither case probably is the emotion or the thought felt and communicated by the artist of any great depth or intellectual significance, but already the difference of root and character between what is sometimes called decorative art and representative or imitative art is marked and distinguished. Nor, though mingling, are they ever afterwards wholly fused. That branch of art which ministers to pure contemplation is in time taken charge of by the contemplative East. Developing in method and process to answer to man's

deepening emotional consciousness it remains essentially the same in character. The mosaics of a Byzantine, the stained glass of an early Gothic interior, both derived immediately from Eastern sources and steeped in the mysticism of the Indian and Persian temperament, are examples of the power it can attain to. Yet these mighty manifestations of the influence of art, though greatly intensified and developed, are still similar in kind to the efforts of the primitive cave-dauber, and the pleasure they afford is but a deepening and an enriching of that which he sought to communicate. The branch of art, on the contrary, which aspires to transmit ideas passes into the charge of the intellectual West, and the solution of the many difficulties which beset it become the care of Western study and thought. And, as with emotional so now with intellectual art, as thought deepens the power of expression of the art deepens with it, yet retains its original character. The sculptures of a Phidias or a Michelangelo, however far ahead in depth and power of thought, are still similar in kind to the first attempts at form-delineation of the palaeolithic age. Perhaps the most graphic illustration of the contrast between the two styles we have been discussing is offered by the great rival schools of Venetian and Florentine art, the former of which, primarily sensuous and emotional in its appeal, is inspired by the intense orientalism of Venetian life; while the latter, with less of feeling in it but far more of thought, draws for its main incentive upon the stream of classic intellectualism.

But now will the reader consider this further point? We have said that as emotion gained in depth and intellect gained in power so did emotional art and intellectual art gain in depth and power also. Is this change, let us now go on to ask, in the sphere of art gradual and insensible, or is it marked by notable transitions in method and process? If we compare the primitive attempts in either style with their later developments, we shall find that each passes through a very clearly marked transition. The early attempts of our cave-man at colour decoration are confined to the use of flat colour or colour on the surface. That is a use of colour which undoubtedly has its merits and is capable of affording distinct pleasure. But it is not the use of colour which most affects us, and the pleasure it gives tends, like the colour itself, to superficiality. The great effects of colour, those which we think of not as instances of decorative colour but of emotional or sensuous colour, have an inward depth and volume added to them; and in every case where this depth and volume are added we shall find that the agent employed to effect the change is chiaroscuro.

We have spoken of three such cases in Gothic and Byzantine architecture and Venetian painting. Take any French cathedral which has retained, as most of them have, their early stained glass, and what is the character of the colouring of the interior? It certainly is not 'flat and on the surface,' but in the richest tones and blending notes pervades and holds possession of the whole interior space of the building. At the same time the colour-scheme could not act upon this space at all save through the agency of chiaroscuro. It is the prevailing system of light and shade, the depths of obscurity and the glowing beams which penetrate and take hold of it, which enables the colour to act. So too it is with Byzantine colour. This, like Gothic, is of great sensuous power, and this sensuous power it owes to the fact that it is not flat and not on the surface. But how does it escape superficiality? In part—for the Greeks worked out the thought with a thoroughness beyond the Gothic range—it owes its escape to its use of nothing but rounded and softly outlined structural forms, such as vaults, domes, and apses, which give the impression that the gold of the mosaic, far from being of superficial extent only, is the actual material out of which the whole structure has been, as it were, kneaded; but in part also, and that an essential one, it owes it to the presence of a powerful scheme of chiaroscuro which gives depth and richness and lustre to the colour itself. Admit the full light of day to either interior—destroy, that is to say, its scheme of chiaroscuro—and the colour is struck dead. Again in the case of Venetian painting there is the same depth, the same melting suffusion and glow, substituted for the old decorative superficiality, and here too the cause of the transition is the tremendous scheme of chiaroscuro in which and through which the colour acts. If the reader will take the trouble to compare a few photographs of each of these subjects, he will be struck by a remarkable similarity between them even as communicated by the camera. The fact is the camera, though it cannot give the colour, yet gives in each case the scheme of chiaroscuro, the graduated masses of light and shade which control the colour, and this vehicle, used with the same effect in each of the great colour styles we have been noticing, produces that sense of similarity in appearance which the photographs reveal.

What, then, we find in regard to colour is this—that in passing from the superficial, decorative stage to the profoundly emotional stage colour itself assumes a depth and volume which did not belong to it as surface decoration, and that the recognisable mark of the transition is the prominent *rôle*

assigned to the influence of chiaroscuro. We can appeal to all the great colour-schools in art to bear us out in this conclusion, and had we space here to enlarge on the subject we could show that Nature and art are in this agreed and that all the great sensuous colour-effects of Nature are produced by the very means we have been discussing. To turn now to Japanese art, what is Mr. Binyon's view of the matter? He admits that Japanese colour is flat and on the surface, and he proceeds to make of these traits its chief merit. It is in proportion as the artist becomes discontented with flat colour, he tells us, and developes the use of chiaroscuro that his 'sense for colour 'becomes weak and uncertain.' In short, it is Mr. Binyon's contention that superficial and merely decorative colour is the finest of all, and that it is when colour, passing under the control of chiaroscuro, ceases to be merely superficial that it 'becomes weak and uncertain.' On this view he deliberately insists. 'Why is it,' he goes on to ask, 'that in Italian painting 'before the Renaissance, even when no decided genius for 'colour is shown, the colour of quite minor, insignificant, and 'provincial masters pleases us? It is because,' he answers his question, 'the painting of those early periods was as yet un-'confused and undistracted by the problems of chiaroscuro.' So, because flat decorative colour is pleasant and agreeable enough in its way, and is perhaps the easiest to manage and handle, we are to admit that it constitutes the noblest colour-treatment possible, and that any departure from it must be a falling off. The assumption is in contradiction to the whole evidence of art. Grant it and you must grant immediately that the most 'weak,' the most 'uncertain' of all colour-schemes are those comprised in the golden-brown twilight of Chartres, or the mellow interior of St. Mark's, or in the glowing canvases of those whom, by a kind of mockery, as it would seem, we have got into the habit of referring to as the great Venetian 'colourists.' Why, Mr. Binyon has but to look round him at the common aspects of Nature to detect the fallacy he has taken up with. He has but to pass from the outer landscape into the depths of an autumn wood, where the rich tones of yellow blend and melt in the darkness of the shadows round him, to feel how magical is the sense of emotional depth added to colour by chiaroscuro. He has but to compare a bit of blue chalk with a sapphire to perceive that superficial colour appeals to superficial feeling, and that depth added to such colour speaks to answering depths in our own souls. Does Mr. Binyon, we wonder, ever sigh over the sacrifice he is compelled to make in the interests of Japanese painting

or is he satisfied with his bargain? 'She had her picture of 'George for a consolation,' Thackeray says, in his mocking way, of poor Amelia when she had driven away Dobbin. Mr. Binyon has cut himself off from Titian and Tintoretto, but he has his pictures of Motonobu and Masonobu for a consolation.

So far we have attempted to give some reason for our belief that Japanese painting, with all its decorative value, has little emotional depth. Let us now take the other side of art and endeavour to show why perhaps it is deficient in intellectual interest. Mr. Binyon again and again assures us that Japanese art is essentially an art of line, and we agree with him, just as we agreed with him when he said that Japanese colour was flat and on the surface. We agree and we go on to remark that of all the indictments it is possible to bring against the art of any nation, the indictment that it is essentially an art of line—in other words that its capacity for form-expression is satisfied with what line can yield—is the most condemnatory possible. Let us refer once more to our cave-man and his elk. The earliest primitive idea, or realisation of form, consisting as it does in the recognition of the limits of a particular body and its separation from its surroundings, has always expressed itself in the drawing of an outline. As, however, a knowledge and comprehension of the contents of form have progressed, line has been reinforced by other methods capable of conveying this added fulness of knowledge, and all the resources of tone and of relief obtainable by brush and chisel have been employed to suggest a sense of the actual substance and quality of the thing depicted. Every addition in artistic knowledge of this kind has been demonstrably due to an all-round increase in intellectual vitality, the increase of intellectual consciousness demanding more fulness of expression than mere line can afford. It was so the Greek movement acted upon art. It was so the Renaissance movement acted upon art. Here too, then, on this intellectual side of art the transition from the primitive to the riper phase is clearly enough marked. Just as we said of the old treatment of colour that it took to itself a new emotional power when it ceased to be flat and on the surface, so do we find that form-delineation takes to itself a new intellectual power when mere outline ceases to satisfy it. But Japanese painting always, as Mr. Binyon points out, remains satisfied with line. Quite so, we reply, and it remains satisfied with line because it is powerless to press either form or colour beyond the decorative stage; because, in other words, it is as lacking in intellectual interest as in emotional depth.

According however to Mr. Binyon, the quality of Japanese line is so wonderful that it is a substitute in itself for all other modes of expression. 'The painting of Asia,' he says, 'is throughout its main tradition an art of line'; but, he adds, 'limited to line, the painters of Asia have concentrated 'centuries of thought on the effort to make that line intimately 'expressive of form; and with mere contour they succeed in 'producing the illusion of perfect modelling.' Now this claim—the claim that a race which restricts itself to line can get an unusual amount of expression out of that vehicle—is of considerable interest and importance. Mr. Fry, in a recent article in the 'Nation' on Oriental Art, has advanced the same claim in connexion with Egyptian and Assyrian art. Alluding to a picture of a horse supposed to be by Han Kan, in the drawing of which he says there is 'a solemnity and grandeur which 'must, one feels, derive from a remote antiquity,' he goes on to observe:

'The form is revealed by a line of astonishing force and simplicity; it has an intensity of definition, a containing power which seems to belong to another race. There is still something left of that primal and immediate perception of form that the artists of Egypt and Assyria possessed in the youth of the world, something that seems altogether to have evaporated from art alike in East and West.'

It will be seen that this criticism agrees with Mr. Binyon's estimate of Japanese line. Both critics lend themselves to the doctrine that line is at its greatest and most expressive when it alone is responsible for the effect of form produced, that is to say, in times when artists were lacking in any consciousness of form which it was beyond the power of line to express. But this really is equivalent to asking us to believe that a certain effect or appearance can best be conveyed to us by people who themselves are unconscious of that effect or appearance. Mr. Fry, with the whole course and history of Egyptian art outspread before his eyes, will scarcely assert that the Egyptians possessed a sense for form more realistic than was expressible in line; a sense, that is to say, of substance, relief, solidity, and the actual structural composition of the human body. After all we must judge men by their works, and when relief and anatomical knowledge and all the science pertaining to the perception of form are persistently lacking we must suppose that that kind of perception is lacking too. The evidence of Egyptian art on this point is ungainsayable. Five thousand years of flat figures cast in impossible

attitudes, scarcely varying, and almost entirely unmodelled; is a testimony we can only refuse to accept by blinding ourselves to the significance of facts. It is as certain as anything of the sort can be that in Egypt, as in Asia, the sense for form was quite rudimentary and vague as compared with that developed by the Greeks and the later nations of the West. How then can Egyptian or Asiatic line convey a knowledge which the Egyptian and Asiatic minds themselves did not possess?

We are not to be misled by the mere automatic regularity and the hard mechanical reiteration of certain formal outlines such as we see in Egyptian and Assyrian art. After all it is a poor criticism which cannot distinguish between the strength of routine and the strength of living thought and observation. Eastern line is the repetition of a formula, Western line is a report of reality. The latter, it is true, can never possess the cast iron rigidity of the former, but what it does possess, and what is much better, is a living and flexible adaptability to the vision from which it derives its significance. The West, though it may not so strictly confine itself to line, for it has more to say than line can communicate, nevertheless has got out of line alone far more than the East has ever got out of it. It has done so because, its mind being soaked in the consciousness of the substance, formation and character of what it is depicting, its line adapts itself, so far as line may, to the suggestion of these essential qualities. It expresses more, in short, because it has more to express. If when we are turning over drawings and studies—brief jottings perhaps of gesture and movement by Renaissance artists—in which the pencil seems endowed with the significance of life itself, so magically is each stroke related to the muscle and substance of limb or body—if at such a moment we allow our mind to revert to the methods of Egyptian and Assyrian line work, how destitute of living interest do they not seem, and how idle and unmeaning appears the applause with which it has become a kind of fashion to greet them. In the developement of form-delineation from earliest primitive outline one of two things always happens: either the sense for form, keeping pace with a general intellectual advance, grows and increases until line alone, though becoming ever more flexible and expressive, cannot satisfy it, and the co-operation of other agents has to be called in; or there is no general intellectual advance and the sense for form does not grow, and line never has to be reinforced and never becomes more flexible and expressive, but on the contrary gives up by degrees the very thought of growth and by and by falls helplessly back upon a formula. This, not the art of the West, is the

kind of art from which, in Mr. Fry's phrase, all immediate perception of form seems altogether to have evaporated. The contention we are dealing with, the contention that an art which remains 'essentially an art of line' can 'with mere 'contour succeed in producing the illusion of perfect modelling' is paradoxical, for no art inspired by a sense of the actuality and substance of form can possibly remain content with mere contour. The means of expression always have and always must grow with the need of expression. This is why we consider Mr. Binyon's true remark that Asiatic art is essentially an affair of line so damnatory a one, for it affords the strongest proof of the lack, behind that art, of any vital intellectual stimulus. As for the comparison with the West, if we could preserve our simplicity of mind and consent to see what is under our noses, we should acknowledge that the capacity of Western artists, from Holbein to Phil May, to express form by means of line is something Eastern art has simply no conception of.

We are aware to what charges of temerity such attempts as we have hazarded to characterise the art of nations and races may lay us open; but we would point out to the reader that to characterise is not to appraise. We have not sought to estimate oriental art but to indicate certain of its limitations and fixed conditions. We do not think that any sound criticism of Indian sculpture can avoid facing, as of cardinal importance, the fact that that sculpture does persistently ignore the nature and violate the laws of the very material in which it seeks to express its meaning; and we may suppose that the connexion in this respect between Indian art and Indian thought will not be lost sight of, and that a chief part of the interest and value of Indian sculptures will be found ultimately to consist in what they have to teach us concerning a society from which all trust and confidence in the natural and the concrete have been utterly shorn away. Similarly we do not see how any criticism of Japanese art, whatever graces and accomplishments it may discover, can help taking note of the limitations we have been discussing. Such a criticism will be bound to recognise that on the decorative side Japanese art has not passed the phase when superficial pleasure merges into richness and depth of emotion, while on the representative or interpretative side it has not attained to anything of intellectual dignity and excellence. It is in fact a stunted and prematurely wizened art, destitute alike of the great qualities of the soul and the great qualities of the mind and no amount of ecstasy and eloquence will prevent us eventually from recognising

these two facts. They will declare themselves. Even if they be not openly acknowledged their effects will be seen in the failure of Japanese art to lay a permanent hold on the imagination of the West.

But what a pass has art criticism come to when its chief endeavours are directed to foisting upon public attention an art so destitute of the graver and deeper qualities as the art of Japan! If these lines should meet the eye of any of the multitude of young writers who propose to dedicate their talents to the guidance and interpretation of art, we would beg them to pause and consider very carefully before following the lead which some of their seniors seem disposed to offer them. A choice lies before them. If their aim is to be in the movement and to partake of that kind of notice which the promoters of fashionable fancies share among each other, let them by all means hurry off after the Orientalists; or rather, since this vein is likely to be soon worked out, let them look around for new adventures and be pioneers in fresh discoveries. These are plentiful enough still. We doubt if an enterprising young art critic with a reputation to make could do better, as things are at present, than devote a year or so to the study of tattooing as practised by the islanders of the Polynesian Archipelagos or the Shan tribes of the Siamese frontier. If he enters thoroughly into the subject and fills the book he is to write with careful statistics and diagrams and measurements, and describes with the minuteness of an expert and a proper number of coloured plates the various processes and patterns employed, he may be fairly confident of the result. His scientific accuracy will compel respect and the coloured plates will do the rest. The price of the book should be five guineas. As for the theory it will contain—the theory that the Polynesian and Shan tattooers are the only great and really consummate artists the world has ever seen—success will depend mainly on a bold use of artistic terms. Courage is here the desideratum. Let him go among these words like a conqueror. They are in no case to resist him, for they have been put to such uses already that the virtue has gone out of them. Who shall dispute the 'rhythm' of the master tattooers, their 'subtle 'beauty of stroke,' or the 'clean strength' of their handling? So written and so illustrated the book could scarcely fail of success. The significance of tattooing in the history of art would be examined and discussed, the rival merits of its great masters and various schools would be eagerly analysed, a whole literature would grow up round the subject, and no newspaper critic would think anything of himself until he had learnt to

handle it with ease and fluency. As for the author of the great work he would be hailed as the pioneer in yet another of those stories of which modern investigation has revealed the hitherto imagined depths and his place in the forefront of modern criticism would henceforth be assured.

We are not joking. We do really believe that a book written on the above lines would at the present time have the reception we have indicated. All the same we do not advise our readers to write that book. There are graver and more worthy ends which criticism may set before itself. In proportion as the standard of excellence derived from Western art is flouted or discarded the duty of the genuine critic to stand by it increases. More than art is at stake. The art of the West stands for the life of the West, and the deeper question which underlies the question of artistic merit is whether or not we shall accept the life of the West as in its nature positively progressive. Are we or are we not believers in the spirit of intellectual enlightenment with which Western life has endowed Western art? For our part we answer in the affirmative. We do not follow Mr. Havell and Mr. Binyon when they declare that all art is convention and that Indian or Japanese conventions are as likely to be right as European ones. It is not so. The work in this direction begun by the Greeks and continued by the European nations is secure and durable, for it is built on the faithful appreciation of the laws of nature and of human sight. It is part of the central Western thought that knowledge of truth proceeds from the known to the unknown, and Western art and Western thought stand, in this, together. As we believe that all that the Western intellect has accomplished, all its patient scientific investigations which have laid broad and deep the knowledge of the material significance of nature, are but the due and indispensable preparation for the understanding of her spiritual significance; so do we believe that the whole course of Western progress in art, in the direction of scientific truth and faithful representation, is the necessary preliminary condition, or training through which she must pass, if she is ever adequately to utter divinely significant ideas. Our art is materialistic, Mr. Havell and Mr. Binyon complain. So be it; but it is truly and faithfully materialistic, and in proportion as it is truly and faithfully materialistic to-day we may hope it will be truly and faithfully spiritual to-morrow.

Art. X.—THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION.

Pride and Prejudice . . .	Jane Austen.
Shirley	Charlotte Brontë.
Loss and Gain	Cardinal Newman.
The Warden	Anthony Trollope.
Barchester Towers . . .	Anthony Trollope.
Red Pottage	Mary Cholmondeley.
Robert Elsmere	Mrs. Humphry Ward.

'"Oh, these parsons, I hate 'em all!" says Mrs. Beatrix, clapping her hands together; "yes, whether they wear cassocks and buckles, or beards and bare feet. They 're all the same, whether they 're bishops, or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try to domineer and they frighten us with kingdom come; and they wear a sanctified air in public, and expect us to go down on our knees and ask their blessing; and they intrigue, and they grasp, and they slander worse than the worst courtier or the wickedest old woman. Oh, these priests and their grave airs! I 'm sick of their square toes and their rustling cassocks. I should like to go to a country where there was not one, or turn Quaker and get rid of 'em." ' *

Though she ended by marrying one—and a shabby specimen he was, though he ended as a bishop—there is too much truth in the indictment. It is not difficult to understand why the Reformers kicked against priests, the Pilgrim Fathers against parsons, and the Quakers against ministers. Yet all three are still with us. Their claws, happily, have been cut; we no longer take them quite at their own valuation; but here they are. There is something, it seems, in their calling which corresponds to a permanent appetite in human nature; were it not so, their faults are so great and so many they had surely disappeared. Yet, let it not be forgotten, if the average priest is a poor advertisement for his order, the exceptional one has a singular attraction. Priesthood is indeed a temperament, not an order. A girl may have it; a bishop be without it; it is of the Spirit, not of the imposition of hands. But when the sign and the thing signified meet, we have a certain fragrance of religion, a living source of life.

The position, however, either of a professional wonder-worker or a professional moralist is not an easy one; and the fact that the clergy are so apt to sink, according to circumstances, into the one or other is sufficient to account for the unfavourable light in which they commonly appear in fiction—perhaps

* Esmond.

in real life. It is upon the adjective that stress is to be laid. To have an effective leverage on human nature is to be in a true sense a wonder-worker, to glow at the touch of virtue a moralist; while to be without such high experiences is to be unfit for the ministry of souls. But they are not to be called up at will; and when a man's professional duties require their permanent presence the danger either of mechanism or of unreality comes in. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat:* it is at His, not at our will. The French clergy as they appear in fiction have been lately pictured in this Review. Our subject is the English. The two have features in common: 'Priests of all religions are the same.' Yet to pass from the one to the other is to pass a boundary-line more marked than the Channel: in the same age and civilisation it is difficult to imagine two classes of men farther apart. The one lives, not indeed out of the world—he is often both in and of it—but in a world apart from that of his fellows, whose traditions, aims, and interests are alien and often hostile to those of the larger lay world. His training, intellectual and moral, has been such as to develope in him 'a distinctive and 'inferior mentality'—the phrase is M. Loisy's; his knowledge, his methods of thought, his points of view, his principles of action are other than those of ordinary men. Nor is the comparison between him and them to his advantage. Colet left St. Paul's School in the hands not of priests, but of laymen, because (he tells us) he had observed that the latter were generally better men. A modern Colet, it is probable, would do the same; and the gulf between the two orders is not less, but greater, than in the sixteenth century. The law of celibacy to which the priest is subject cuts him off from family ties; the centralisation of the hierarchical system withdraws him from community of sympathy and outlook with his fellow-citizens; in case of conflict his country is Rome. The history of the last seven years in France has shown how bitter is the choice, and how great the insolence with which it is put before him; but it has also shown that, in the last resort, it is made. It is not meant, of course, that the system has its complete effect in all cases. This is not so. Human nature is intolerant of system. But its tendency is to produce the results described. Of the other—civic, national, patriotic—'I dwell among mine own people' holds. A Vicar of Wakefield, a Parson Adams, an Archdeacon Grantly are through and through English. We have most of us come across them in country rectories and in cathedral closes; nowhere but in England are they to be found. No distinction of caste separates them from their fellows: they have been brought up—it was so at least till yesterday—at the same

public schools and universities ; they meet at quarter sessions, at the covert-side, and on the cricket-field. The English Church consists not of the clergy, but of the people of England ; her ministers, though called and set apart by authority for their office, are not cut off either by training or tradition from other men. This is why neither clericalism nor anti-clericalism has taken root among us. The unpopular clergyman (and there are such) is disliked as a man—an employer, a neighbour, a magistrate—not as a priest.

The most characteristic English fiction depicts life, not romance ; it is rather critical and descriptive than creative and inspired. Jane Austen is a typical English novelist ; the execution is perfect, but the pitch, if not low, is at least level ; the tendency rather to flatness than to overstrain. In such a fiction the clergy find a natural place. No strong passions gather round them ; they inspire, as such, neither enthusiasm, nor hatred, nor fear. They are perhaps just a little uninteresting. 'Passon 'e aint no good ; but then passon 'e aint no 'arm,' represents a common enough attitude of the flock to the pastor. It is not ideal. It might be, it often is, better ; but it might also be, and it very seldom is, a great deal worse. The balance between their good and bad points is in their favour. Their charities—and they are given out of modest means—are great. The eighteenth century is not their heroic age ; yet Goldsmith represents the Vicar of Wakefield as perfectly disinterested. 'The profits of my living I made over to the orphans 'and widows of the clergy of our diocese ; for, having a sufficient 'fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a 'secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward.' Nor are such cases rare. To-day there is a certain rise in the temperature : more religious rivalry, more theological controversy, more party spirit. The modern clergy are apt to fuss over trifles and to concentrate on the secondary—to be more zealous than discreet. But, even so, their virtues are many. They are accessible, kindly, easy to get on with—perhaps to impose upon ; they form a link between class and class. When sickness and poverty come, when the helping hand and the sympathetic word are needed, the rectory seldom fails.

Miss Austen's clerics are worthy but dull. There is nothing distinctive in their dress or manners. In 'Northanger Abbey' Catherine, though she has danced with Henry Tilney, does not discover till later that he is in orders ; in 'Mansfield Park' Edmund Bertram, unexceptionable and, to tell the truth, prosy as are his sentiments, is the average younger son. In 'Emma' and 'Pride and Prejudice' Mr. Elton and Mr. Collins

represent another type. They are not gentlemen; and both the vulgarity of the one and the absurdity of the other are fair game for the satire of which the writer had so quick a vein. The former gets mildly tipsy at the ball, and in this condition proposes to Miss Woodhouse; and the latter represents to the life the parasitic Levite: 'it shall be my earnest 'endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards 'her ladyship, and to be ever ready to perform those rites and 'ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England.' His mind is set on matrimony—in general rather than in particular: he is ready to marry, as the lawyer in Dean Ramsay's story swore, 'at large.' He prefaces his proposal to his cousin with a general statement of his views on the subject:

'My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too) on this subject. "Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly. Choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and, for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can; bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' *

Elizabeth, it will be remembered, did not profit by the occasion. But when Mr. Collins finally married Miss Lucas, Lady Catherine was better than her word. 'Her behaviour to 'my dear Charlotte is charming. We dine at Rosings twice 'every week, and are never allowed to walk home. Her lady-'ship's carriage is regularly ordered for us. I should say one 'of her ladyship's carriages, for she has several.' The afterthought is an immortal touch.

Mr. Helstone and the curates, in 'Shirley,' enable us to understand rural Dissent. The rector has all the hardness which characterises the Brontë Yorkshireman. We respect him; but it would never have occurred to anyone in trouble to have recourse to him: one would go a mile out of one's way to avoid him, were he in the flesh. This strange apostle had, in fact, missed his vocation.

* Pride and Prejudice.

'He should have been a soldier, and circumstances had made him a priest. For the rest he was a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little old man; a man almost without sympathy; ungentle, prejudiced, and rigid: but a man true to principle—honourable, sagacious, and sincere.'

He did not suffer fools gladly. See him as he invades the riotous symposium of the curates:

'A personage short of stature, but straight of port, and bearing on broad shoulders a hawk's head, beak, and eye, the whole surmounted by a Rehoboam, or shovel-hat, which he did not seem to think it necessary to remove before the presence in which he then stood, he folded his arms on his chest, and surveyed his young friends—if friends they were—much at his leisure. There was a certain dignity in the little elderly gentleman's manner of rebuking these youths; though it was not, perhaps, quite the dignity most appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Helstone—standing straight as a ramrod—looking keen as a kite, presented, despite his clerical hat, black coat, and gaiters, more the air of a veteran officer chiding his subalterns than of a venerable priest exhorting his sons in the faith. Gospel mildness, apostolic benignity, never seemed to have breathed their influence over that keen, brown visage, but firmness had fixed the features, and sagacity had carved her own lines about them.' *

Donne, Sweeting, and Malone are several degrees lower than the rector: their sheer vapidity contrasts with his strength. The three are inseparable; but what attracts them it is difficult to say.

'It is not friendship, for whenever they meet they quarrel. It is not religion; the thing is never named among them: theology they discuss occasionally, but piety—never. . . . While they supped they argued; not on politics, nor on philosophy, nor on literature—these topics were now, as ever, totally without interest for them—nor even on theology, practical or doctrinal; but on minute points of ecclesiastical discipline, frivolities which seemed empty as bubbles to all save themselves.'

In 'Jane Eyre' an even more unpleasant figure is Mr. Brocklehurst, the patron of the Lowood school; modelled, it is said; on a local Evangelical light. Miss Brontë was the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another, but it cannot be said that the clergy appear to advantage in her works.

That shifty and out-at-elbows divine Charles Honeyman might have been found in more than one of the proprietary chapels of his time. 'It 's my belief you 'd rather lie than not,' says the candid Mr. Bayham, with whose assistance he is run

* Shirley.

by the Hebrew financier who owns the wine vaults under the sanctuary. It was under this ingenious gentleman's auspices that the incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel developed the ceremonial tendencies which occasioned the indignant exit of Mrs. Hobson Newcome and her brood—'she had been as good 'as twenty-five pounds a year to him'—from the family pew. The basis of this revival of Church principles was financial, not theological: 'the property 's a paying one to the incumbent; 'Charles' affairs are getting on all right, sir.' But if pew-rents moved the divine, principle inspired the lady:

> 'Unskilled their artless transports to restrain,
> The nymphs, dishevelled, quit the sacred fane.'

The metamorphosis—which takes us back half a century—is thus described:

'Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered, when as a boy he entered the sacred robingroom, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight on the back; the ephod was cut straight, and as close and short as may be,—I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front and curling delicately round his ears at the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began he stood with head on one side and two slim fingers on the book, as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. Labels of faint green and gold, with long Gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whittlesea's as the place was capable of assuming.' *

These were the beginnings. But Mrs. Newcome, it may be believed, saw coming events in their seemingly innocuous shadow. What would she have said of latter-day developements? Ritualism has advanced since then. In 'Esmond' Father Holt and Dr. Tusher give us, respectively, the poetry of the Roman and the prose of the English Church. The Rector of Castlewood is of the earth earthy. To look at him is to have the key to George Fox and Bunyan. Religion, if it

* The Newcomes.

is not ideal, is nothing; and who could idealise the religion for which he stood? 'It being this man's business to flatter and 'make sermons, it must be owned that he was most industrious 'in it, and was doing the one or the other all day long.'

'Church! priesthood! fat living! My dear Tommy, do you call yours a Church and a priesthood? What is a fat living compared to converting a hundred thousand heathens by a single sermon? What is a scholarship at Trinity by the side of a crown of martyrdom, with angels awaiting you as soon as your head is taken off? Could your master at school sail on the Thames in his gown? Have you statues in your church that can bleed, speak, walk and cry? My good Tommy, in Father Holt's church these things take place every day. You know Saint Philip of the Willows appeared to Lord Castlewood, and caused him to turn to the one true church. No saints ever come to you.' *

Yet the Tusher tribe, if less heroic, is less mischievous. Holt, a better man, was a worse citizen: the Tudor settlement of religion, with all its shortcomings, made a Holt impossible in the English Church. The type is not necessarily Catholic: it might have been found among Calvinists in France or Covenanters in Scotland. English romance finds other channels; south of the Tweed this particular plant does not grow.

In our own time the position of an English clergyman is, loosely speaking, that of a gentleman; he has had what is called a liberal education; the order to which he belongs is a social force. This picture, however, is far from representing the facts of the post-Reformation Church as a whole. It was by slow degrees and from mixed motives that the Elizabethan clergy passed out of the fiery Protestantism of the exiles of Frankfort and Zurich to the decorous Anglicanism which made its appearance during the last years of the great Queen. The change was not an unmixed good. Having sent its Roman consort to the scaffold, the English nation, it has been said, proceeded to marry its deceased wife's sister. There is enough truth in the saying to give it point. When the pressure of persecution was removed, the sectional tendencies of the Reformation became active. Anglicanism, as such, had its origin in the struggle with Puritanism which for more than a hundred years distracted the English Church. This Church was Protestant—Laud gloried in the name—because Rome was a present danger; but it was also Anglican, because Puritan as well as Catholic fanaticism had to be restrained. With Anglicanism came an increasing reliance on State rather

* Esmond.

than popular support; the Church became the Church of a section of the nation, not of the nation as a whole. The official element was accentuated; the Anglican body became a Church Establishment rather than, in the religious sense of the word, a Church. This did not at first raise the social status of the clergy; a George Herbert was an exception in their ranks. It was the politico-religious reaction from the French Revolution which gave them as a class the prestige which is reflected in the literature of the period. They had always been a conservative force in politics; and, now that religion had become an asset in the class struggle, the consideration enjoyed by its ministers was increased. The Corn Laws sent up agricultural rents and augmented tithe value; the Church became a career. Cobbett's invective brings out this feature of Hanoverian ecclesiasticism; readers of Miss Edgeworth's 'Patronage' will remember Buckhurst Falconer and Bishop Clay. To these material advantages the Oxford Movement added inducements calculated to appeal to the imagination; a revived mediævalism attracted much of the zeal and enthusiasm of the younger men. The wave of reaction spent its first force in little more than a generation; Liberalism, in the shape of the school of 'Essays and Reviews,' came in. One result of the new current of ideas was that the supply of clergy fell off both in quantity and quality. Fewer honour-men presented themselves for ordination. Other professions offered greater attractions; the difficulty of subscription was more acutely felt. The golden age of the English clergy, which had lasted through two movements, the Evangelical and the Tractarian, was over; a period of eclipse set in. The clergy of our own time come increasingly from the lower middle classes; a smaller proportion of them have passed through the Universities and public schools. The theological colleges, in which they receive a training, professional rather than liberal in character, have fallen, with few exceptions, into the hands of High Churchmen, and their spirit is reflected in their *alumni*; the danger of the Church of England is that it should become sectarian, and develope into an Anglican rather than the English Church. Were this to be so, were it to stand for Anglicanism as distinct from English Christianity, it would still suit Englishmen of a certain temperament, and remain the Church of a particular section of the community. But it would pay a heavy price for the privilege, for it would cease to be, or to have any chance of becoming, the representative of English religion—the Church of the nation as a whole. 'The Bishop of —— thinks more of righteousness than of points of dogma,' it was said to a dignitary of this type.

'Yes,' he replied; 'the man is a Dissenter: he puts religion 'above the Church.' No greater compliment perhaps has ever been paid to the Nonconformist Churches; but if this is to be a Dissenter, the prospects of the Established Church are small.

Anthony Trollope is, perhaps, pre-eminently the novelist of clerical life. The life which he describes is that of sixty years ago. Bishop Proudie and his more famous bishopess are Palmerstonian; the archdeacon and the clergy in general belong to an almost extinct variety of Churchmanship—the High and Dry. While he wrote, a new era was opening; it would be difficult to find a Barchester to-day. The old order had its merits: its representatives were more in touch with the old generation than their successors are with the new. The English Church reflects the religious consciousness of the English people. It is no reproach to her that this should be so. The Churches of the Reformation claim neither infallibility nor the right to a theocratic rule. That their teaching has been and is being revised by the Spirit working in the world and in mankind is their strength. Their ministers are not exempt from the frailties common to mortals, nor from the class and party bias to which the officers of a rich and powerful corporation are exposed. Their theological attainments are but moderate; their general education leaves much to be desired. But these Churches have in themselves the secret of recovery; their windows stand open to the rising sun. They have never denied the central truth, that the conscience of the community at large is to be trusted as against that of any section of the community, spiritual or secular. To deny this is to be dead. For its denial arrests movement and cuts off the living stream.

The so-called 'natural' religion of the eighteenth century was a reaction from the dogmatism of the Churches, Protestant as well as Catholic. The former had fallen under the tyranny of a literalism which covered, indeed, less ground than that of the latter, but was almost as intolerable; in intention, at least, the divines of Dort and of Westminster were as great a peril to freedom as those of Trent. The world fell back from them upon the Savoyard Vicar and Mr. Barlow of 'Sandford and Merton'—a religion of feeling, benevolence, and common sense. There are worse religions: nor, without these qualities, can the highest and most sincere religion stand. To this, when a stronger stimulant was required, Evangelicalism succeeded. The preaching of Wesley and Whitefield left its mark on the Establishment from which they had been driven: and—unworthy as the motive was—the Jacobin peril inclined men to beliefs which promised to play the part of a moral policeman and bolster up the

existing order of things. 'For God's sake,' said Charles Austin, 'don't touch the Church of England. It is the one thing that 'stands between us and Christianity.' A sceptic in matters of dogma, Christianity, he saw, had consequences in the social as well as in the religious sphere. Latitudinarianism was at once too cold and too clear-sighted to be of service in this way. Its motive force was reason, not prejudice; it had little influence over the average man. The Evangelicals appealed to the inbred Puritanism of the people; and this appeal is seldom made in vain. But the English temperament is neither wholly nor permanently Puritan. This is why Presbyterianism failed to take root in this country: the same elements which successfully resisted Puritanism in the seventeenth century combined in the nineteenth against the prickly pietism of the 'Record,' and formed on the one hand the Broad and on the other the High and Dry Church. It was in the latter that Trollope found the field for his descriptive powers—and no one could describe better. 'The clergymen of the diocese of Barchester were 'all of the High and Dry Church.'

Barchester is a cathedral city in the West of England, with an ancient and faded bishop, whose son, the redoubtable Archdeacon Grantly, rules the diocese in his father's name. One of the writer's most successful portraits is that of this ambitious and masterful, but very human man. That his battles—and he was ever a fighter—were concerned rather with the temporal than the spiritual side of the sanctuary was due to circumstances: he would have shown himself a stalwart champion of either; but it neither affected his sincerity nor cooled his zeal. When John Bold attacked the administration of Hiram's Hospital, he was whole-hearted:

'He did not believe in the Gospel with more assurance than he did in the sacred justice of ecclesiastical revenues. When he put his shoulder to the wheel to defend the income of the present and future precentors of Barchester, he was animated by as strong a sense of a holy cause as that which gives courage to a missionary in Africa, or enables a sister of mercy to give up the pleasures of the world for the wards of a hospital. He was about to defend the holy of holies from the touch of the profane; to guard the citadel of his church from the most rampant of its enemies; to put on his armour in the best of fights, and secure, if possible, the comforts of his creed for coming generations of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Such a work demanded no ordinary vigour; and the archdeacon was, therefore, extraordinarily vigorous: it demanded a buoyant courage and a heart happy in its toil; and the archdeacon's heart was happy, and his courage was buoyant.' *

* The Warden.

'The Warden,' the first of the Barchester series, is remarkable for its once-famous caricatures of Carlyle (Dr. Pessimus Anticant) and Charles Dickens (Mr. Popular Sentiment); as well as for the slighter sketches of three prominent bishops of the time—Charles James Blomfield, Henry Phillpotts, and Samuel Wilberforce. The features of these prelates are reproduced in Dr. Grantly's sons:

'Charles James, though he always looked as if there was something in him, never seemed to have much to say; and what he did say he would always unsay the next minute. He told me once that he considered cricket, on the whole, to be a gentleman-like game for boys, provided they would play without running about; and that fives, also, was a seemly game, so that those who played it never heated themselves. His fault, if he had one, was an over-attention to words instead of things; there was a thought too much *finesse* about him, and, as even his father sometimes told him, he was too fond of a compromise.

'Henry was a most courageous lad, game to the backbone. The ring was the only element in which he seemed to enjoy himself; and, while other boys were happy in the number of their friends, he rejoiced most in the multitude of his foes. He had been sent into Devonshire, where however his father's friends did not appreciate his talents, and sad accounts were sent home of the perversity of his nature. His relations could not but admire his pluck; but they were sometimes forced to regret that he was inclined to be a bully. Other boys would fight while they had a leg to stand on, but he would fight with no leg at all.

'But perhaps Samuel was the general favourite; and dear little Soapy, as he was called, was as engaging a child as ever fond mother petted. His brothers, however, were not particularly fond of him: they would complain that Soapy's civility meant something, and feared that as he grew up he would have more weight in the house than either of them; there was, therefore, a sort of agreement among them to put young Soapy down. This, however, was not so easy to be done. Samuel, though young, was sharp. He could not assume the stiff decorum of Charles James, nor could he fight like Henry. But he was a perfect master of his own weapons, and contrived, in spite of both of them, to hold the place which he had assumed. . . . For half an hour or so I certainly did like his gentle speeches. But one gets tired of honey, and I found that he preferred the more admiring listeners whom he met in the kitchen-garden and back precincts of the establishment. Besides, I think I once caught Sammy fibbing.' *

The book describes the agitation which drove the sensitive Mr. Harding, much to the archdeacon's wrath, to resign the wardenship and subside into the rectory of St. Cuthbert's,

* The Warden.

where—the detail marks how far we have travelled—'he 'performed afternoon service every Sunday, and administered 'the Sacrament once in every three months.' Barchester Towers takes up the narrative at the death of the old bishop and the advent of the new. Dr. Proudie was, as has been said, a Palmerstonian prelate. The age of the Greek-play bishops was over. There have been worse bishops; and a knowledge of Greek is not in itself a disqualification for the episcopate. But reform was in the air, and scholarship at a discount; a certain show of professional assiduity was expected from aspirants to lawn sleeves. Lord Shaftesbury had the credit of administering the patronage of the somewhat Gallio-like Prime Minister; but Dr. Proudie, though leaning to the Low Church and holding the High in abhorrence, had sympathies which would have recommended him to the latter. He was 'one of those who early in 'life adapted himself to the views held by the Whigs on most 'theological and religious subjects. He bore with the idolatry 'of Rome, tolerated even the infidelity of Socinianism, and was 'hand in glove with the Presbyterian Synods of Scotland and 'Ulster.' He had made himself useful to the Government on various boards and committees; moreover, he was the nephew of an Irish, and his wife the niece of a Scotch peer. Given his time, such a man was marked out for a mitre. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.* But Mrs. Proudie was his thorn in the flesh.

The celibacy of the clergy is 'a fond thing, vainly invented.' But for the celibacy of those who hold high office, whether in Church or State, there is much to be said. For such office carries with it patronage; and in questions of patronage, civil, military or ecclesiastical, feminine influence is mischievous. It is true that an unmarried man, as such, is not exempt from such influences; but it is certain that a married man, as such, is exposed to them: a high authority reminds us that 'he that 'is married careth how he may please his wife.'

'It is not my intention to breathe a word against the character of Mrs. Proudie; but still I cannot think that, with all her virtues, she adds much to her husband's happiness. The truth is that in matters domestic she rules supreme over her titular lord, and rules with a rod of iron. Nor is this all. Things domestic Dr. Proudie might have abandoned to her, if not voluntarily, yet willingly. But Mrs. Proudie is not satisfied with such home dominion, and will not even abstain from things spiritual. In fact the bishop is henpecked.' *

* Barchester Towers.

She had no mind to 'keep silence in the churches.' The Higher Criticism was, as yet, below the horizon, and Mrs. Proudie was orthodox: in a later generation she might not improbably have denounced the Orientalism of St. Paul's views on this and kindred points.[1] A Hildebrand in petticoats, she wrested the crozier from her husband's feeble hands. Deborah was her model; though, unlike that mother in Israel, she tolerated no divided sovereignty, and bore no Barak near her throne. 'We will have, at any rate in our cathedral, a 'decent, godly, modest morning service. There must be no 'more play-acting here now,' was her comment on the ceremonial customary 'in quires and places where they sing.' Convinced, reluctantly, that the chapter and the cathedral were beyond her jurisdiction, she exercised a more than pontifical control over the diocesan clergy. She was present at, and no silent spectator of, their official interview with the bishop; she distributed his patronage, directed his movements, and proved herself the predominant partner in his affairs. We suspect—such things have been—that on the greater festivals she sat beside him on his throne. It was John Knox who wrote on the 'Monstrous Regiment of Women.' If the diocese of Barchester was not to be subjugated to it, exceptional powers of resistance were required. How these powers were, in the last resort, exercised; how the lady bishop, having routed Mr. Slope, and fought what must be described as a drawn battle with the archdeacon, came into conflict with Dr. Tempest and Mr. Crawley; how this conflict ended in her defeat and untimely demise—for these events the reader is referred to the series of novels which closes with the 'Last 'Chronicle of Barset.' He will not regret the time given to them. They are, what too many modern novels are not, easy reading; as stories they are excellent; the characters reappear in each of them; we feel Mrs. Proudie's death like that of an old friend. And the writer had that kindly touch without which successful work on such lines as his is impossible; he caught, as few have caught, the charm of these homes of ancient peace which adorn—long may they continue to adorn it!—this historic English land.

[1] 'We believe that Mr. Horsman himself would relent, and the spirit of Sir Benjamin Hall give way, were these great reformers to allow themselves to stroll by moonlight round the towers of some of our ancient churches. Who would not feel charity for a prebendary, when walking the quiet length of that long aisle at Winchester, looking at those decent houses, that trim grass plat, and feeling as one must the solemn orderly comfort of the spot! Who could be hard

upon a dean while wandering round the sweet close of Hereford, and owning that in that precinct tone and colour, design and form, solemn tower and storied window are all in unison and all perfect! Who could lie basking in the cloisters of Salisbury, and gaze on Jewel's library and that unequalled spire, without feeling that bishops should sometimes be rich!

'The tone of the archdeacon's mind must not astonish us; it has been the growth of centuries of church ascendency. And though some fungi now disfigure the tree, though there be much dead wood, for how much good fruit have we not to be thankful! Who without remorse can batter down the dead branches of an old oak, now useless, but ah! still so beautiful, or drag out the fragments of the ancient forest without feeling that they sheltered the younger plants to which they are now summoned to give way in a tone so peremptory and so harsh?' *

Polemical as is its aim and setting, Cardinal Newman's 'Loss and Gain' depicts the Oxford of the Tract Movement to the life. He was a satirist, and the time was one that lent itself to satire: Bateman and Vincent, Freeman, Jennings, and the Principal are at once portraits and caricatures. Englishmen are not seen at their best in religious controversy: what strikes us as we look back is the contrast between the pettiness of the issues and the passion with which they were discussed. There were ideas below the surface commotion—there can be no commotion without them; but they were not easily detected. Bunsen, coming to England at the height of the controversy, found to his amazement the Church distracted over questions which had nothing to do with religion—rubrics, intoning, the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and the like. Never, surely, did the symbol so obscure the thing symbolised. The waste of energy was incalculable: Oxford, Pattison tells us, turned from the studies proper to a University; history became antiquarianism, logic eristic, theology an erudite rearrangement of the lumber-rooms of the past. 'Don't be original,' was Keble's exhortation to R. H. Froude: the movement, like Lot's wife, looked back. It throve, as reactions do, on the shortcomings of its rivals; the Evangelicalism of the time was narrow, the latitudinarianism thin. But reform must start from the standpoint of the present; to fall back upon the past is to find oneself in a blind alley. The radical defect of Tractarianism was that it was never for a moment in touch with the actual. It lived on sentiment, not reason; on words, not things. The consequence was that as knowledge advanced it retreated. By the time a generation had passed, the best men in Oxford

* The Warden.

stood aloof from it. The exceptions were men of complex personality, in whom the mediæval and the modern were at war. Such men have often a singular charm: they lead forlorn hopes and champion lost causes. But, though the light of romance falls upon them, the world is making its way to a larger, loftier romance than theirs. In Newman's view, two things in the English Church were fatal to it—its latitudinarianism, and what has been called its 'quiet 'worldliness.' Of the former Dr. Brownside (Bishop Hampden) is representative.

'He was a little, prim, smirking, be-spectacled man, bald in front with curly black hair behind, somewhat pompous in his manner, with a clear musical utterance which enabled one to listen to him without effort. As a divine, he never seemed to have had any difficulty on any subject; he was so clear or so shallow that he saw to the bottom of all his thoughts. Revelation to him, instead of being the abyss of God's counsels, with its dim outlines and broad shadows, was a flat, sunny plain, laid out with straight macadamized roads. . . . He concluded with one word in favour of Nestorius, two for Abelard, three for Luther, "that great mind," as he worded it, "who saw that churches, creeds, rites, persons, were nought in religion, and that the inward spirit, *faith*, was all in all; and with a hint that nothing would go well in the University till this great principle was so far admitted as to lead its members—not indeed to give up their own distinctive formularies; no—but to consider the direct contradictories of them equally pleasing to the Divine Author of Christianity.' *

It is a question of knowledge as against tradition. What would Newman have said had he lived to see the first Catholic historian of our own time vindicating the memory of Nestorius; arguing that his teaching was essentially that of Flavian and Theodoret, the orthodoxy of which was acknowledged by the Council of Chalcedon; that it was the outcome of the historical school of Antioch, and in substantial agreement with Leo the Great? †

The ascetic idea possessed him: clerical domesticity was to him what a red rag is to a bull.

'Looking round, he saw a familiar face. It was that of a young clergyman, with a pretty girl on his arm, whom her dress pronounced to be a bride. Love was in their eyes, joy in their voice, and affluence in their gait and bearing. Charles had a faintish feeling

* Loss and Gain.

† L. Duchesne, 'Histoire ancienne de l'Eglise,' p. 111.

come over him; somewhat such as might beset a man on hearing a call for pork-chops when he was sea-sick.' *

Here, as before, knowledge corrects preconception. Mr. H. C. Lea's monumental 'History of Sacerdotal Celibacy' gives a documented picture of the opposite system. 'It is better to 'marry than to burn.'

Vincent, the college tutor, is inimitably drawn. Over and above his academic powers,

'he preached a good sermon, read prayers with unction, and in his conversation sometimes had even a touch of evangelical spirituality. The young men even declared they could tell how much port he had taken in Common-room by the devoutness of his responses in evening chapel; and it was on record that once, during the Confession, he had, in the heat of his contrition, shoved over the huge velvet cushion in which his elbows were imbedded upon the heads of the gentlemen commoners who sat under him.'

He practised a modified asceticism.

'"Watkins, I almost think to-day is one of the Fasts of the Church. Go and look, Watkins, and bring me word." The astonished manciple, who had never been sent on such a commission in his whole career before, hastened out of the room, to task his wits how best to fulfil it. He returned sooner than could be expected. He said that Mr. Vincent was right; to-day he had found was "the feast of the Apostles."

'"The Vigil of St. Peter, you mean, Watkins," said Mr. Vincent; "I thought so. Then let us have a plain beefsteak and a saddle of mutton: no Portugal onions, Watkins, or currant jelly; and some simple pudding, Charlotte-pudding, Watkins—that will do."'

Many of the characters are portraits—Reding being modelled on the author, Vincent on Jelf, Campbell on J. B. Mozley, Carlton on R. W. Church. The argument is vitiated by the fact that throughout literature is taken for dogma, and truth of idea for truth of proposition; the latter being then used as a premiss on which to raise a superstructure of abstract reasoning out of all relation to concrete fact. But in literary power it is second to few of Newman's writings; and as a document, a portrait of the mind of his generation—though Mark Pattison's 'Memoirs' should be read with it as a corrective—it stands high.

'Red Pottage' is a book to be read by candidates for Orders. Examining chaplains would do well to set papers on it; it should be discussed at Church Congresses and in Clergy Retreats.

* Loss and Gain.

More than one aggrieved parishioner has recognised his pastor in its pages, and (it is said) congratulated the writer on the exactness of the sketch. We have not changed Barchester for the better. The Bishop of Southminster is certainly very much better than Archdeacon Grantly, but Mr. Gresley is a great deal worse—and he is the commoner of the two. He was described by an old schoolfellow as 'a bad egg'; and this would be the verdict passed on him by the average man, whose judgement in such matters is, as a rule, accurate. He had never been at a public school; he was a man whom men would have instinctively avoided; he lived among second-rate women whom his thin unction edified and on whom his dictatorial temper imposed. Vain, ignorant, and narrow-minded, he saw himself and his small surroundings out of focus; his wife and his parish were his world. He had what from one point of view is the greatest advantage, from another the greatest disadvantage, that can be possessed by a religious teacher—he was absolutely untroubled by doubt. He dogmatised on every subject under, and in, heaven; he never thought—he always knew.

'He was wont to approach every subject by the preliminary statement that he had "threshed it out." This threshing out had been so thorough that there was hardly a subject, even of the knottiest description, which he was unable to dismiss in a few pregnant words. "Evolution! Ha! ha! Descended from an ape. I don't believe that for one." While women's rights received their death-blow from a jocose allusion to the woman following the plough, while the man sat at home and rocked the cradle.' *

He was a standing argument for Disestablishment. 'I 'wish Gresley would not call the Dissenters worms. They 'are some of my best tenants, and they won't like it when they 'hear of it,' says the Squire.

They did not.

'Mr. Gresley looked worn and harassed, for since luncheon he had received what he called "a perfectly unaccountable letter" from one of his principal parishioners, a Dissenter, who had been present at the morning service, and who Mr. Gresley had confidently hoped might have been struck by his sermon. This hope had been justified, but not in the manner Mr. Gresley had expected. Mr. Walsh opined in a large round hand that, as worms (twice under dashed) did not usually pay voluntary church and school rates, he no

* Red Pottage.

longer felt himself under an obligation to do so, etc. etc. The letter was a great and unexpected blow.' *

But there was one on whom his eloquence was not wasted.

' " James is simply surpassing himself," said Mrs. Gresley to herself. " Worms ! What a splendid comparison ! The Churchman the full-grown man after the stature of Christ, and the Dissenter invertebrate (I think dear James means inebriate) like a worm cleaving the earth. But possibly God in his mercy may let them slip in by a back door to heaven ! How striking ! What a lesson to the bishop, if only he were here. He is so lax about Dissent, as if right and wrong were mere matters of opinion.' †

The burning of the MSS. of 'Husks' was in character. It needed all Dick Vernon's force of language to penetrate his cousin's hidebound self-esteem. 'When I left him, he under-'stood, I don't say entirely, but he had a distant glimmering.' It is to be feared that it was transient. ' " My love," said Mr. Gresley, " I have forgiven him. I have put from my mind ' " all that he said, for I am convinced that he was under the ' " influence of drink at the time." '

With him we may compare Mrs. Barnes—the clergywoman must not be forgotten—in 'Mademoiselle Ixe' :

' " It appears she had no religious principle."

' " No religious principle ? "

' " None. I told you that foreign Protestants rarely had ; but this is one of the worst cases I ever heard of. She went to the English Church with the Paynes, but they learned by accident that a few months before, when she happened to be teaching Roman Catholic pupils, she always accompanied them to mass. Before that she attended the Italian Protestant Temple with some Protestant ladies. In fact she went wherever her pupils happened to go at the time she was with them ; and on one occasion," said Mrs. Barnes, sinking her voice to a tragic depth, " she took part in a Unitarian prayer meeting."

' " I 'm sure there must be some mistake. My sister is so very particular ; and Mademoiselle Ixe seems in every way such a very excellent person ; so kind to the children and so obliging and unselfish."

' " But, my dear Mrs. Merrington, what on earth has all that got to do with religion ? " ' ‡

The liberal movement in the Church has not, so far, been either frequently or fully treated in fiction. Its principal

* Red Pottage. † Ibid. ‡ Mademoiselle Ixe.

exponent is Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose 'Robert Elsmere' had the good fortune to attract the notice of a theologically-minded Prime Minister and so to catch the public ear. An individual at variance with a community or corporation seldom shews to advantage. Whatever the merits of his case, he is overborne by the prestige of a great society, and any faults of temper or discretion of which he may be guilty come out in strong relief. Luther is coarse, Calvin sour, Knox fanatical. It is true. The graces of life are with the established order —with a Charles V., a Francis I., a Queen Mary; with Renaissance cardinals and Medicean Popes. So, to come nearer home, Strafford is more picturesque than Hampden; Laud than Prynne, cropped and earless; Charles I. than Cromwell. But the course of history is determined by other than æsthetic considerations: there is a sense in which the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. The progress of each, however, is spiral. A generation or two ago liberal, or as it was then called Broad, Churchmanship enjoyed a certain vogue. It had been won, indeed, at the sword's point: the *vis inertiæ* of ecclesiasticism leaned, as ever, the other way. But the sympathies of the Court were German; the names of such scholars as Thirlwall and Milman were living; Jowett at Oxford and Stanley at Westminster stood for the larger air. Now average opinion is in the trough of the wave. On the higher levels there is no reaction; but on the lower the average temper in life and in religion is material. This means a developement of the external side of each—of secular luxury and ecclesiastical display. Both are symptoms of disease. Oriental cults came in when the Empire was decadent; from the first superstition has gone hand in hand with luxury of life. Like politics in America, ideas are at a discount. Men of affairs are frankly not interested in them: in dealing, in particular, with Church interests—legislation, patronage, marriage, education, the mixed questions which lie between the secular and the spiritual—the policy of successive Governments, Liberal as well as Conservative, is to follow the line of least resistance. In the long run such questions settle themselves; and meantime Governments must live. In itself the increasing clericalising of the Church is a misfortune; but it is ill fighting with priests and women: 'Ephraim is joined unto idols: let him alone.' It is not unnatural that this line should be taken. When important business is on hand no Minister cares to raise side-issues; he cannot afford to excite opposition without necessity, or to alienate support which might have been secured. The Established Church, though not so active a force in politics

as the Nonconformist Churches, is more massive. It is not so easily moved; but, when moved, its weight is greater. No Government would willingly come into conflict with it; and it must be remembered that the High Anglicans (though a minority in the Church, and much more in the country) have effectually captured the ecclesiastical machine. Nor is this as widely resented as one might have thought. The militant Protestantism of the last generation has succumbed to a not wholly undeserved ridicule; little general interest is taken in Church controversies or affairs. And to many the liberal Churchman seems to halt between two opinions—like the Church of Laodicea, to be neither hot nor cold. Either his judgement or his sincerity is defective. He does not see the incompatibility of the positions; or, seeing it, he disregards it—on practical, not necessarily personal, grounds.

This is the point of view from which 'Robert Elsmere' is written. Elsmere—it is a case of not unfrequent occurrence—had passed through Oxford without a suspicion of the bearing of his reading on the problems of to-day. 'I have never had any 'difficulties. Perhaps it was because I have never gone deep 'enough. What I believe might have been worth more if I 'had had more struggle: but it all seemed so plain.' A simple faith is natural and becoming in simple people; in those whose temperament and life is complex it is a doubtful boon. Elsmere ought, we feel, in the nature of things to have come across his difficulties earlier: the opsimath has been the dupe and is the prisoner of his past. A question, obvious in itself, but far-reaching, comes to him like a bolt from the blue.

'"There is one thing that doesn't seem to have touched you yet. But you will come to it. To my mind it makes almost the chief interest of history. It is just this. History depends on *testimony*. What is the nature and the value of testimony at given times? In other words, did the man of the third century understand or report or interpret facts in the same way as the man of the sixteenth or the nineteenth? And, if not, what are the differences? And what are the deductions to be made from them, if any?"

'"I see your point. It is enormously important, I grant—enormously."

'"I should think it is," said Langham to himself: "the whole of orthodox Christianity is in it, for instance."' *

The process of thought thus started could have but one end. It was directed, on one hand, by the formidable squire of Murewell, and on the other by the famous Oxford tutor Henry

* Robert Elsmere.

Grey—Mark Pattison and Thomas Hill Green respectively: the former an embodiment of 'that absorbing and overgrown 'life of the intellect, which blights the heart and chills the 'senses'; the other a teacher to whom many a Balliol man of his generation owes his soul. There are questions which, once raised—and the how and where of their raising are beyond our control—admit of only one solution. If there is one conclusion indicated by the facts as known to us, it is that the static conception of Christianity has broken down. The Modernist controversy in the Roman Church—a Church which presents writ large the problems of lesser Churches—has placed this beyond question. What leads people—some of whom should know better—to misread and misstate the position is the suspicion that it is fatal to more than Rome. It is so. Rome is the necessary outcome of the conception of religion in question; and when Rome is shewn to be impossible the whole conception is involved in its fall. It shows perhaps how far Modernism has taken us that Elsmere's perplexities—'the 'Pentateuch, the Prophets, the relation of the New Testament 'to the thoughts and beliefs of its time, the Gospel of St. John, 'the evidence as to the Resurrection, the intellectual and moral 'conditions surrounding the formation of the Canon'—seem to us neither very new nor very formidable. They must have occurred to every moderately well-informed man who cannot or will not shut off his mind into watertight compartments; and they have been solved by the simple process of stepping out of the magic circle—the impossibility of doing so being imaginary, not real. The value—and it is a very great value—of Mrs. Ward's book is the emphasis laid on this solution: on the compatibility of religion with truth, be this what it may, and its incompatibility with falsehood. It is the idea, not its form, that is essential.

'God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible.'
'Such honour rooted in dishonour stands; such faith unfaithful makes us falsely true.'
'God is for ever reason; and His communication, His revelation, is reason.' *

And when the dying Grey is asked—'Thou'rt not doubting the 'Lord's goodness, Henry?' 'No,' he answers; 'no, never. 'Only it seems to be His Will we should be certain of nothing—'*but Himself*.' †

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* Robert Elsmere. † Ibid.

'To him who has once been a Christian of the old sort, the parting with the Christian mythology means parting with half the confidence, half the joy of life. But take heart. It is the education of God. Do not imagine it will put you farther from Him! He is in criticism, in science, in doubt, so long as the doubt is a pure and honest doubt. He is in all life, in all thought. The thought of man, as it has shaped itself, in institutions, in philosophies, in science, in patient critical work, or in the life of charity, is the one continuous revelation of God! Look for Him in it all: see how, little by little, the Divine indwelling force, using as its tools—but merely as its tools—man's physical appetites and conditions, has built up conscience and the moral life: think how every faculty of the mind has been trained in turn to take its part in the great work of faith upon the visible world. Love and imagination built up religion,—shall reason destroy it? No!—reason is God's, like the rest. The leading-strings of the part are dropping from you; they are dropping from the world, not wantonly or by chance, but in the Providence of God. Learn the lesson of your own pain—learn to seek God not in any single event of past history, *but in your own soul*—in the constant verification of experience, in the life of Christian love.' *

The argument on the ethics of conformity is less convincing.

'"And so you feel you must give up your living?"

'"What else is there to do?"

'"Well, of course, you know that there are many men, men with whom both you and I are acquainted, who hold very much what I imagine your opinions now are, or will settle into, who are still in the Church of England, doing admirable work there!"

'"I know," said Elsmere quickly—"I know: I cannot conceive it, nor could you. Imagine standing up Sunday after Sunday to say the things which you do not believe—using words as a convention which those who hear you receive as a literal truth, and trusting the maintenance of your position either to your neighbour's forbearance or to your own powers of evasion! With the ideas at present in my head, nothing would induce me to preach another Easter Day sermon to a congregation that have both a moral and a legal right to demand from me an implicit belief in the material miracle."

"Yes," said the other gravely—"Yes, I believe you are right. It can't be said that the Broad Church movement has helped us much! How greatly it promised!—how little it has performed! For the private person, the worshipper, it is different, or I think so. No man pries into our prayers; and to cut ourselves off from common worship is to lose that fellowship which is in itself a witness and vehicle of God."

'But his tone had grown hesitating and touched with melancholy.' †

This position seems to us as fallacious as that, so effectively

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* Robert Elsmere. † Ibid.

refuted by the writer, which makes the idea stand or fall with its formula. In neither case are the two things, thought and expression, *in pari materia*. The problem of subscription is not an easy one: in the case of individuals it must be one of circumstance and degree. But the lines on which it is being solved are clear. An historical formula must be historically interpreted. It is only, for instance, by such an interpretation that in the Church of England the soundest divine can subscribe to Articles XIII. and XVIII. In both the English and the Scottish Churches the terms of subscription have been relaxed by Parliament; if average theological opinion is behind scientific, the reason is not that the latter is excluded by the standards, but that so far it has not penetrated the general mind. It is still in the stage of expert, as distinct from that of common knowledge; we must wait. The Roman Church occupies other ground. The last word rests with the Pope; and, when he has spoken, the cause, *ex hypothesi*, is at an end. But the Reformed Churches, by taking their stand on Scripture, have secured the open door. For no Scripture is of private interpretation. The construction placed upon the Bible by the sixteenth century is not final; the maxim of the canonists, *Communes opiniones nascuntur et moriuntur*, holds good beyond canon law. The fauna and flora of a district are modified by a change in its climate; the dogmatic standpoint of the Middle Ages is rather unintelligible to us than untrue. How many controversies are matter not of opinion, but of knowledge! If, e.g., the notion of miracle is relative—and any other is meaningless—the question of the miraculous becomes one of words. While, with regard to what are called dogmatic facts, the certainty of faith rests on another ground than the contingent. Are the Pauline 'death unto sin' and 'new birth unto righteousness' (it is asked) 'necessarily 'dependent upon certain alleged historical events? Or are 'they not primarily, and were they not even in the mind of 'St. Paul, perpetually re-enacted in the soul of man, and 'constituting the veritable revelation of God?' *

That the position of a liberal Churchman, and in particular of a liberal clergyman, has its difficulties, is true. The school to which he belongs is a minority; and a minority, as such, is at a disadvantage. But a man should be able to play a losing game. To be out of touch with the official or even the average opinion of the community, secular or religious, in which we find ourselves, is a poor reason for leaving it: not so are causes

* Robert Elsmere.

advanced or successes won. A policy of despair helps no one: it leaves society a prey to its worst elements; it isolates those who adopt it and leaves them powerless for good. The harmony at which we aim will not be reached in our time. But a generation is a small thing in history; it is the politician, not the statesman, who looks only to to-day. In religion, above all, short views are fatal. Here, as elsewhere, life is movement; but the movement is slow. It is inevitable that we should chafe at this; but the world moves none the quicker for our chafing; history and human nature must be viewed as wholes. One of the subtlest thinkers of our generation warns us against

'run-away solutions and spurious simplifications that would force a premature synthesis by leaving out all the intractable difficulties of the problem; that prefer a cheap logicality to the clash and confusion through which the immanent reason of the world works order out of the warring elements of a rich and fruitful chaos. The new must be made out of the old, must retain and transcend all its values.' *

Many and conflicting are the elements that strive in the womb of humanity; the process of gestation is long. But it is by way of assimilation that delivery comes.

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* George Tyrrell, 'Mediævalism,' p. 186.

Art XI.—LORD MINTO'S VICEROYALTY.

1. *Debates on Indian Affairs in Parliament*, 1906–1909.
2. *Proceedings of the Legislative Council of the Governor-General of India*, 1906–1910.
3. *Indian Speeches* (1907–1909). By Viscount Morley, O.M. London: Macmillan and Co. 1909.
4. *Progress of Education in India*, 1902–1907; being the Fifth Quinquennial Review. By H. W. Orange, Esq., C.I.E., Director-General of Education in India.
5. *Administrative Problems of British India.* By Joseph Chailley. Translated by Sir William Meyer. London: Macmillan and Co. 1910.
6. *The Political Future of India.* By H. P. Mody. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1910.
7. *Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment.* By Sir Bampfylde Fuller. London: John Murray. 1910.
8. *The Protected States of India.* By Sir William Lee-Warner. London: Macmillan and Co. 1910.
9. *Ancient and Modern Imperialism.* By the Earl of Cromer, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G., LL.D., etc. London: John Murray. 1910.
10. *Indian Unrest*: Letters to the 'Times,' July–September 1910.
11. *Education and Citizenship in Indian.* By Leonard Alston. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1910.

I.

'I am succeeding,' said Lord Minto, five years ago, at the banquet given to him in London on the eve of his departure for India, 'I am succeeding a brilliant ruler who, in perfecting 'the machinery of State, has given evidence of abilities and 'talents which no successor can hope to emulate. And yet my 'racing days have taught me that many a race has been won by 'giving the horse a rest in his gallops.' It is a striking commentary on the futility of human resolve in the face of driving circumstance that the Viceroy who thus contemplated an era of uneventful progress should, within a few months of his arrival in Calcutta, have initiated organic constitutional changes of far

greater moment than any of the administrative reforms carried out by his brilliant predecessor.

The Earl of Minto's assumption of the Viceroyalty in November 1905 was followed in December by the resignation of Mr. Balfour's Government and the appointment of Mr. John Morley, as he then was, to the India Office. The situation before the new Viceroy and the new Secretary of State was not an easy one. The issue of the controversy between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener on the question of military administration, the unfortunate publicity given to all the details of the quarrel, and the strong personal feeling which had been introduced into it, had dealt a serious blow to the prestige not only of the defeated Viceroy, but to the office he held. And this lowering of the public estimation of the power of the Indian Government came at a most inopportune moment. Lord Curzon had pursued the path of administrative reform with 'unsparing and remorseless industry.' Every branch and department of the administration had been overhauled with the determined object of its improvement. He claimed, and with justice, that 'abuses had been swept away, 'anomalies remedied, the pace quickened, the standard raised.' There were some who thought that the pace had been quickened overmuch. 'For the last few years,' Lord Morley declared, 'the doctrine of administrative efficiency has been pressed 'too hard. The wheels of the huge machine have been driven 'too fast.' Lord Curzon has himself given us an explanation of his almost breathless energy :

'Every day some fresh thing seems to require doing, some new subject demands to be taken up. There is, I know, a school who say, "Leave well alone. You are in the unchanging East. Don't worry yourself unduly about reform. No one ever wanted to be reformed in Asia." Gentlemen, do you remember the answer of the economist Turgot, in the reign of Louis XVI. of France ? He was always pushing fresh reforms. Perhaps, if he had pushed a little more, there would have been no French Revolution. When his friends came to him and said that he was going too quickly, he replied, "You forget that in my family we do not live beyond fifty." If this was the defence of the French statesman, may not a Viceroy of India reply to a similar charge, "You forget that I have only five years—five years in which to affect the movement, or to influence the outturn, of this mighty machine ?" For such a task every year seems a minute, every minute a second—one might almost say that there is hardly time to begin.' *

* Lord Curzon in India, p. 29.

It has been said of Dalhousie that in the zest of triumphant progress he failed to recognize that, however unquestionable may be the abstract advantages of reform, change in itself is a painful process; and that he learnt 'the full hatred of men to 'those who would fain do them good against their will, by ways 'they do not understand and by changes in which they dis-'believe.' That, too, was the experience of Lord Curzon. His University Act was a sincere attempt to rescue higher education from the slough of mere cram and examination into which it was rapidly sinking. But the new law was regarded with suspicion, as an attempt on the part of the Government to secure control of higher education with the sinister object of destroying it, or at the least of greatly restricting its distribution. The educated classes believed that Lord Curzon resented alike their criticism and their claims. They did not understand a Viceroy who descended into the arena of debate and returned with interest the oratorical blows which they had been accustomed to deliver without fear of any counter-attack. The practised debater of the House of Commons could not bring himself to allow loose statements to pass unchallenged. The rôle of Representative of the Sovereign and President of the Assembly was apt to be brushed on one side in favour of the more congenial part of the Minister meeting an attack from the Opposition. Thus, when the advocates of Indian claims insisted that the Act of 1833 and the Proclamation of 1858 had promised equal employment to all the subjects of the Crown, of whatever race or creed, the head of the Government was quick to seize an admirable debating point:

'I am familiar with both these documents,' he said, 'and I also remember—which those who quote them sometimes forget—that the late Queen's words contained a qualification, not indeed modifying their generosity, but limiting their application by the necessary tests, firstly of practical expediency, and secondly of personal fitness.'

On another occasion he had declared that the highest ranks of civil employment in India must, as a general rule, be held by Englishmen, 'for the reason that they possess, partly by here-'dity, partly by upbringing, and partly by education, the know-'ledge of the principles of government, the habits of mind, and 'the vigour of character, which are essential for the task.' These statements were regarded not merely as a declaration of a policy of exclusion against the educated Indian: their sharpest sting lay in the reflection on Indian ability and integrity. Nor was this the only wound that Indian self-esteem had received at the hands of Lord Curzon, for he had publicly declared that in

the East, 'where craftiness and diplomatic wile have always 'been held in much repute,' there prevailed a lower standard of truthfulness than in the West. But the expressions of dissatisfaction which these incidents produced were as mere murmurs compared with the outburst which followed the creation of the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. The obvious explanation, that this measure was undertaken solely to relieve the overgrown province of Bengal, was scouted, and it was represented in the press and on the platform as yet another attack on that section of the Indian population which was believed to have incurred Lord Curzon's marked disfavour. The 'parti-'tion' of Bengal was denounced as though another Poland were being torn in pieces, and an agitation unprecedented for its intensity and persistence was organised by the Calcutta leaders. Vows were taken in the great temple at Kalighat to abstain from using English goods until the lost districts were restored to Bengal, and a boycott of such articles was enforced by all those powerful impulses to conformity which the caste system provides ready to the hand of the Hindu agitator. The 'partition' was actually carried out in October 1905, but the agitation had become active at least three months before that date and it has been continued with varying degrees of intensity throughout the greater part of Lord Minto's rule.

Indian opinion outside Bengal has not been greatly stirred by the 'partition,' though the Bengali leaders succeeded in inducing the National Congress, at the session in Benares in December 1905, to endorse the boycott movement. But unrest of a much wider and deeper character than that produced by this special Bengali grievance had arisen among the educated classes throughout India. Their demand for a larger share in the political life of their country had been growing steadily for a quarter of a century, while its less articulate existence began at a much earlier period. The claims which had hitherto chiefly found expression on such comparatively rare occasions as the annual meeting of the National Congress or a Budget Debate, had of late become more insistent. A new spirit was abroad. There was a growing impatience with the unfruitful character of the work of the Congress; an increasing determination to press demands by stronger methods. 'John Bull,' said a Gujerati journal, 'has never voluntarily 'conceded any rights which are demanded of him, but has 'always granted them when driven into a corner.' That was also the keynote of the boycott movement. John Bull was to be driven into a corner. The natural development of such a spirit was towards sedition and violence.

There have been two currents of unrest flowing in India: one, that of political developement on constitutional lines, issuing from the spring of Western education; the other, the small stream of revolution, taking its rise in the dark hidden pool of implacable hatred of English rule. The banking up of the waters of the larger stream has produced a spill over into the smaller channel, and the task before the engineers was to stop this overflow and prevent a disastrous inundation. It was necessary to deal with both bodies of water, but they required different treatment. When Lord Minto arrived in India there had been no outrages, but there was a growing volume of disaffection. His first task was to make himself acquainted with the nature and extent of the disturbance which threatened the political atmosphere, and he has told us that the result of his inquiries was to convince him that 'beneath a seemingly calm surface there existed a mass of smothered 'political discontent, much of which was thoroughly justifiable 'and due to causes which we were bound to examine.' That examination led to the reforms, which will be discussed later. But before those reforms could be introduced the lesser stream of unrest had assumed more threatening proportions. The agitation against the partition of Bengal, though stilled for a brief period during the visit of their present Majesties, had never ceased. To the lasting discredit of the Bengali leaders, schoolboys were enlisted in the boycott campaign and used in picketing shops and individuals. One of those leaders wrote:

'In all great movements boys and young men play a prominent part. The divine message comes first to them, they are persecuted and they suffer for their faith. "Suffer little children to come unto me" are words divinely inspired by the founder of Christianity. The faith that is inseparable from childhood and youth is the faith that has built up great creeds and has diffused them throughout the world.'

Many of the schoolmasters, as well as the boys, only too readily followed the advice they received from Calcutta. In Bengal itself the agitation made little headway ouside the capital city, but in Eastern Bengal there were frequent conflicts between the anti-partition party and the authorities, and some serious disturbances between Hindus and Muhammadans. Throughout this trying time Sir Bampfylde Fuller, the lieutenant-governor of the new province, was firmly supported by the Viceroy, but in the summer of 1906 there occurred an incident which, though not of serious importance in itself, led to momentous consequences. A few days before the partition the

Government of Bengal had issued a circular letter forbidding the participation of students in the boycott movement, and warning the heads of schools and colleges that, unless they did their best to prevent such conduct, Government aid would be withdrawn from their institutions and the University would be asked to disaffiliate them. The Government of the new province had been prompt to endorse these instructions, and at the beginning of 1906 had moved the University of Calcutta to withdraw recognition from two schools which were held to have offended. This application appears to have been brought to the notice of the Government of India, who thought the action proposed was inopportune, and asked the lieutenant-governor unofficially to consider the advisability of withdrawing his request. Sir Bampfylde Fuller replied that he was unable to acquiesce in the view taken by the Supreme Government, and added that, in the event of that view being maintained, he would resign. The Viceroy found himself unconvinced by Sir Bampfylde's arguments, and his resignation was, therefore, accepted. Lord Minto has been strongly attacked for his action in this matter, and has even been accused of 'throwing his officers to the wolves.' His critics apparently hold that if a subordinate governor disagrees with the Supreme Government, and couples his dissent with a threat of resignation unless he is allowed to have his own way, the Supreme Government must capitulate. That would indeed be to reduce the Government of India to a nullity, and it is not surprising that Lord Minto refused to accept such a position of impotence. It matters not whether the Government of India were right or wrong in thinking it highly inexpedient to bring about, at that juncture, an acrimonious debate in the University Senate, and a vote of which the issue was doubtful. They were better acquainted with the situation as a whole than Sir Bampfylde Fuller could be, and their conclusion was probably sound. In any case, they could not permit themselves to be turned aside from what they believed to be the right course by a subordinate who resorted to a sort of official 'sitting dharna' saying: 'Accept my views or I will commit official suicide, and my death 'will be on your head.' It is beside the point to urge that within less than a year the Government of India commended action of the very kind taken by Sir Bampfylde Fuller. It is one of the elements of the art of statesmanship that what is right at one time may be far from wise at another. When the Government of India issued their circular of May 1907, the conditions had completely changed. The new University regulations had come into force and the new Senate and new Syndicate were themselves

dealing with the question of school and college discipline. There was then no danger of adding to the existing trouble a quarrel between the Government and the University. There is one other argument that should be noticed. It is sometimes said that in the circumstances of the time it was of the first importance to avoid giving even the shadow of an impression of any lukewarmness in supporting subordinate officers. Such a doctrine, unless adopted with large reservations, might produce most mischievous results, especially in India, where our reputation for unswerving justice is of vital concern. But if at this particular juncture the avoidance of any appearance of divided counsels was so essential, why should the obligation fall only on the higher authority? The mild remonstrance addressed to Sir B. Fuller was not an official communication, and need have formed no part of the public records. That style was no doubt adopted with the very object of avoiding any suggestion of overruling, and it left the lieutenant-governor free to take action as though it were on his own initiative. The letter did not communicate any orders to him; it set out certain weighty circumstances and made a suggestion for his consideration. His rejoinder was wholly indefensible. A popular and efficient officer, of brilliant parts and wide sympathies, Sir B. Fuller would probably have governed a quiet province with success and even distinction; but he was by temperament unequal to the situation in which, to his misfortune, he found himself placed. His lack of discretion was manifested when, in reply to a farewell address, he said the Muhammadans could no longer keep silent and trust to Government absolutely for justice, while the spirit and tone of the letter which, under the title of 'J'accuse,' he addressed to the 'Times,' in June 1908, cannot be too strongly condemned.

While the 'partition' was at least the primary cause of the disorders in the two Bengals, the disturbance which arose in the Punjab in the spring of 1907 originated in a more substantial grievance, connected with legislation for the control of the ryots in the canal colonies. Agitators took advantage of the discontent thus aroused and worked on the feelings of the rural population, from which a large part of the Indian army is recruited. The situation was one of some danger, and the action of the Government was sharp and decisive. The two most prominent agitators were arrested under a Regulation which permits, for reasons of State, the detention of persons without trial. A measure to give greater control over public meetings likely to promote sedition was passed by Ordinance—a summary method of temporary legislation vested in the Governor-General

for the purpose of dealing with emergencies. But this was not all. Lord Minto did not fail to distinguish between justifiable complaints of real grievances and conduct based on disaffection towards British rule, and, recognising that 'the surest way to 'prevent seditions is to take away the matter of them,' he refused his assent to the Canal Colony Bill which had passed the provincial Legislative Council. The effect of these measures for the suppression of disorder and the redress of grievances was excellent. The agitation died down as quickly as it had arisen, and though the seditious spirit was not killed, it had been rendered powerless in a province where, under favourable circumstances, it might be a source of immense trouble.

So far the overt disturbances had been of no extraordinary character, but the attempts made in the Punjab to tamper with the loyalty of the native army showed that highly seditious forces were at work, and evidence was soon forthcoming that the party of violence, the enemies of British rule in any shape or form, were beginning, especially in Bengal, to organise their forces and openly to advocate their doctrines. Though few in numbers, they were 'inspired by convictions strongly 'and even fanatically held.' They included in their ranks speakers and writers of a persuasive eloquence of great power. The fervour of religion was employed to fan the glow of a pseudo-patriotism into the flame of a self-sacrificing devotion of even life itself. Newspapers were started to spread the cult of 'the motherland,' and secret societies were formed to deliver her from the foreigner. Members were sent to Europe to study the revolutionary methods of the West, and the bomb of the anarchist was introduced into India. A series of murderous outrages then began. There were at least three attempts on the life of Sir Andrew Fraser—two in the cold weather of 1907 and the third a year later. Mr. Allen, the magistrate of Dacca, the capital of the new province, was dangerously wounded in December 1907. There were two attempts to murder Mr. Kingsford, the Calcutta magistrate, and one of these resulted in the deaths of two English ladies at Mozufferpore in April 1908. In September of that year an approver was shot by two of the accused in the chief prison of Bengal. In the following November a police inspector, whose efforts to secure the arrest of one of the Mozufferpore murderers were defeated only by the latter's suicide, was shot in the streets of Calcutta. In February 1909 the Indian lawyer who was assisting in the prosecution of the principal gang of Bengali revolutionaries was shot as he was leaving the court house. In July Sir W. Curzon Wylie was shot in London by a Punjabi, and a Parsee gentleman, Dr.

Lalkaka, suffered a like fate while attempting to intercept the assassin. In November two bombs were thrown at the Viceroy and Lady Minto when making their public entry into the city of Ahmedabad. In December, Mr. Jackson, the magistrate of Nasik in Bombay, was murdered at an entertainment given in his honour by the townspeople. In January of the present year the Muhammadan police officer who had taken the leading part in unravelling the murderous plots in Bengal, was assassinated in the very precincts of the High Court at Calcutta. In addition to murder and attempts to murder there have also been numerous dacoities, organised by the secret societies for the purpose of obtaining funds to carry on their campaign of revolution, while by newspapers and lectures, by private persuasion and religious exhortation, and by terrorism and caste persecution, unceasing efforts have been made to pervert youthful minds to the cause of independence.

The manifestations of what may perhaps be called the constitutional form of unrest have taken various shapes: deliverances in the Press and on the platform against the exclusion of natives from all real participation in the government of their country; expressions of resentment at being regarded as an inferior race, coupled with violent assertions of claims to equality; bitter complaints of breach of faith in the fulfilment of solemn pledges; denunciations of the treatment accorded to Asiatics in the colonies, and in particular in South Africa; demands for more liberal institutions, giving to Indians a share in the control and direction of policy; complaints that India is being exploited for the benefit of England and being drained of her wealth to the point of complete exhaustion. The effect of this feeling of restless dissatisfaction has been to create a spirit, among the younger men especially, which induces a ready ear to be lent to the insidious preaching of the doctrine of independence and revolution.

II.

Burke tells us that it is an undertaking of some degree of delicacy to examine into the cause of public disorders. It would certainly appear to be an undertaking of some degree of difficulty. The explanations of the cause of Indian unrest are nearly as numerous as the writers on the subject. Lord Curzon's over-strenuous administration; a seditious Press; the Japanese victories; a world-movement, extending from Tokyo to Tangier; the giving of English education to Indians;

lack of employment for the graduate ; the rise in prices, which presses with particular hardship on the literate classes ; a decline of sympathy with the people of India among British officers, especially those of the Indian Civil Service ; the hopes excited by the access to office of a Prime Minister who had declared that good government is no substitute for self-government, and a Secretary of State who was held in high regard throughout India as the most distinguished disciple of Mill ; the encouragement of Nationalist hopes by an ' Indian ' group in the House of Commons ; a Brahman conspiracy to restore the lost influence of that priestly caste—all these have been advanced, in different combinations, as explaining the existence of a spirit of unrest in India.

Now the Government of India are probably better served with information regarding the political pulse of the country than any of their critics, and both the Viceroy and the Secretary of State have spoken with no uncertain voice on the question of the genesis of the unrest. In their view the ferment is largely of our own creating. It is due to that great literature of freedom and independence whose ample page we have unrolled before the eyes of Indian youth. In his Minute of August 1906, by which he originated the scheme of constitutional reform, Lord Minto said :

' The growth of education, which British rule has done so much to encourage, is bearing fruit. Important classes of the population are learning to realise their own position, to estimate for themselves their own intellectual capacities, and to compare their claims for an equality of citizenship with those of the ruling race.'

Addressing his constituents a year later (October 1907), Lord Morley fully endorsed the Viceroy's view :

' Much of this movement arises from the fact that there is now a large body of educated Indians who have been fed, at our example and our instigation, upon some of the great teachers and masters of this country, Milton, Burke, Macaulay, Mill, and Spencer. Surely it is a mistake in us not to realise that these masters should have mighty force and irresistible influence. Who can be surprised that educated Indians who read those high masters and teachers of ours, are intoxicated with the ideas of freedom, nationality, self-government, that breathe the breath of life in those inspiring and illuminating pages ? Who of us that had the privilege in the days of our youth, at college or at home, of turning over those golden chapters, and seeing that lustrous firmament dawn over our youthful imaginations—who of us can forget, shall I call it the intoxication and rapture, with which we strove to make friends with truth, knowledge, beauty, freedom ? Then why should we be surprised that

young Indians feel the same movement of mind, when they are made free of our own immortals ? ' *

It is often urged as a reproach against the system of education which we have set up in India that it has produced among the educated the ferment so eloquently described by Lord Morley, and it is now the fashion to denounce Macaulay for his successful advocacy of an education policy devised to extend Western rather than Eastern learning. These criticisms have not even the slender merit of that shallow wisdom which proclaims itself after the event. For even if the decision of 1835 had been in the contrary direction, it would have been impossible to close the doors of Western knowledge against the people of India, and we should have suffered this disadvantage, that while the Government's efforts were absorbed by fostering schools of pundits and maulvis, the bright and eager spirits who thirsted for the glories of our great literature would have been driven to other sources for that learning denied to them by the distrust of their rulers. M. Chailley has well said that this problem of the education of the natives of a dependent country ' involves a conflict between interest and ' conscience ' :

' If conquerors refuse to subject peoples the benefits of that instruction which civilised nations value so highly, this amounts to an avowal that, in establishing themselves in savage or backward countries, they have had no thought of the general interest of civilisation. They have only had in view their own material interests, and the advantages to be obtained for their commerce and industry from a new, and often rich, country. If, on the other hand, to escape this reproach, or actuated, it may be, by a sincere desire for the diffusion of civilisation, they resolve not to make education a Western monopoly, but to impart it in a greater or less degree to the natives, they must realise that one cannot set bounds to knowledge. Once started on the path of learning, the native peoples are not likely to stop at any arbitrary fixed stage. They will go on further and further, until the day comes when they have become the equals and rivals of their former teachers, and they will then deny the legitimacy of a foreign dominion.

' It is to the credit of the civilised peoples that, in this conflict between interest and duty, none of them has long remained deaf to the voice of honour. Sooner or later, according to the temperament of the ruling race, local circumstances, and the difficulties attendant on that pacification which is the first necessity of colonising nations, all have asked themselves whether they should or should not educate the natives under their sway, and all have replied in the affirmative.' †

* Indian Speeches, p. 41.

† Administrative Problems of British India, pages 478–9.

We may take some credit to ourselves for having deliberately chosen the honourable course, for Macaulay had clearly foreseen the possible consequences of the educational policy he advocated. M. Chailley, however, surely goes too far when he suggests that rivalry in learning will lead the subject people to sever their connexion with their rulers. That conclusion is not supported by the experience of the past, whether we go back to Roman times or only to the history of our own empire. The subject race, even when it reaches the highest stage in educational progress, has shown itself to be well content to remain within the empire, provided it obtains fair and equal treatment.

The defects that are ascribed to the policy of education belong in reality to the methods of carrying it out. The objection, however, that the education given was from the first of too literary a character is unfair to the pioneers of instruction in India. Where at that time was education other than literary? Is not that the character of nearly all education, even at the present day? If instead of trying to teach boys to think and to express themselves clearly, an attempt had been made to give some kind of technical instruction, of what value would the product have been? The weak spot in Indian education is to be found in the ill-organised and inefficient teaching rather than in the nature of what is taught. The formation of character has been neglected, owing in part to a decline in the quality of the teachers, in part to the feverish pressure of the examination.

Another criticism of the Government system of education in India is that it is secular, that religion is excluded from our schools and colleges. There is much misunderstanding on this subject. The managers of all private institutions, whether they receive Government aid or not, are free to give any religious teaching they please, and 3,900,000 out of the total of 5,700,000 pupils are educated in these private institutions. Moreover the education Codes of some provinces—the Punjab and the United Provinces, for example—grant facilities for religious education even to scholars of institutions under public management. Practically no advantage has been taken of this permission, and if there is, to-day, very little religious teaching in the schools and colleges in India, the explanation will be found rather in the indifference of schoolmasters and parents than in any restrictions imposed by Government. Lord Minto, indeed, has frequently dwelt on the danger of divorcing education from religious and moral training. Speaking at Aligarh on the work of Sir Saiyad Ahmad, he said of that great Muhammadan leader :

'He triumphed in the recognition of the idea for which he had fought so hard, the combination of the advantages of Western education with the sanctity of all that is best in the Musalman religion. To my mind he struck the keynote of the education India requires. He saw plainly the danger that must beset rising generations if they were to be reared on a smattering of Western knowledge, with no opportunities for that spiritual guidance upon which their forefathers relied, with no care for the self-restraint and self-sacrifice which every religion demands, with no religious ideals to look up to.'

It must not be forgotten, however, that religion can be used in India for dubious purposes. The 'Bhagavad Gita,' the Lord's Song, has been pressed into the service of the party of violence to justify revolt and assassination; and it would be well-nigh impossible to exercise any effective official supervision over the teaching of those who wished to pervert the sacred writings to revolutionary ends.

But while English education may confidently be accepted as the principal cause of the unrest, other circumstances have contributed to create it, or at least to hasten its manifestations. The relations between Lord Curzon and the educated classes, for example, tended to unite those classes to resist what they believed, however wrongly, to be a concerted plan to belittle their claims and reduce their influence. The 'partition' of Bengal, too, gave rise to an agitation which, while being in itself a symptom of unrest, provided a soil very favourable to the seed of sedition. The excesses of the Indian Press were similarly at once the expression of existing unrest and the cause of the further growth of discontent and disaffection. The victories of Japan undoubtedly inspired the Indian mind with high hopes of the potential capacities of Oriental developement and encouraged the growing claim to an equality with Europeans. The theory of a great wave of Asiatic awakening, rolling from Japan over India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and on to Morocco, is one of those plausible generalisations which delight the political philosopher, but are of little use to the statesman. It is true that high prices have made the pinch of poverty felt in the homes of the less well paid of the clerk class, but Lord Minto's Government was not slow to recognise this and raised the salaries of the clerical establishments in its own and other offices in response to the increase in the cost of living. The contention that the Indian Universities are turning out graduates in excess of the demand for their services has been exploded by Mr. Orange, the Director-General of Education, in his admirable review of the progress of education in India. He shows that the total annual output of graduates

from all the Universities in India has only once exceeded 2000. In 1893–94 it was 1421, in 1898–99 it touched 1500 for the first time, and the average for the three years ending 1907 was 1935. When deductions are made of those adopting the law as their profession, we have a supply of only some 1400 graduates to meet the requirements of all the professions other than law, and the needs of commerce, industry, and the public services throughout British India and the Native States, a country with a population of 300 millions. It is clear from these figures that we have no need to seek for discontent among graduates who cannot obtain employment. Even the unsuccessful aspirants to a degree experience little difficulty in finding work. The number of young men who leave college every year without a degree is at the outside not more than 3000, many of whom have passed the intermediate examination, while all must have passed the entrance or matriculation examination, and both these tests are readily accepted as a qualification for a vast number of minor posts.

The chief exponent of the theory that at the bottom of the unrest is a Brahman movement for the overthrow of British rule is the special correspondent of the 'Times,' whose letters are deserving of the highest praise for their admirable clearness, their dispassionate tone, and their wide information. It is impossible, however, to accept all his statements or to agree with all his conclusions. It may be readily admitted that unrest in its extreme forms represents 'an irreconcileable reaction against all that not only British rule but Western civilisation stands for,' and that 'disaffection of a virulent and 'articulate character is not a new phenomenon in India,' nor of sudden growth. Hostility to our supremacy, indeed, goes back to a time long before the Mutiny, having its origin in the not unnatural discontent of those whom we have ousted from authority and influence. But that feeling of disaffection was not confined to the Brahmans, and never extended to the whole body of the Brahman caste. Nor is the movement of the present day, either in its constitutional or in its violent form, a Brahman movement. It is true that it has attracted many Brahmans, and in the Mahratta country the most active exponents of sedition have been almost exclusively Brahmans; but these are Brahmans of one particular section—the Chitpavan—and it is necessary to bear in mind, not only that there are many Chitpavans who have no sympathy with Mr. Tilak, but that there are many sections of Brahmans besides the Chitpavans. Outside the Mahratta country, it is only in Madras that the chief supporters of the Nationalist movement

are Brahmans. In northern India the great majority of reformers of all degrees, from those who only want more appointments to those who wish to expel the British from India altogether, are Kayasths or Khatris or Banias. It would be quite correct to say that the movement for a greater share of political power is an intellectual movement, and that its disciples are almost entirely members of the intellectual castes, of which the greatest is the Brahman ; but this is widely different from representing it as a great uprising of the Brahmans seeking to regain for their caste that supreme position of power and influence which, under the rule of ancient Hindu sovereigns, it enjoyed in the Council as well as in the temple.

Little weight can be attached to the assertion that the decline of sympathy is one of the causes of unrest. It is much to be wished that there was more sympathy, but there is probably quite as much now, on the part of the Europeans, as there ever has been. Each age during the last hundred years has asserted that there was less sympathy and good feeling than in the preceding generation. The late Kristo Das Pal told Mr. W. S. Blount in 1883 that ' the present civilians had no sympathy ' with India or its people ' ; while another visitor lamented the growing ill-feeling between the English and the Indians and declared that ' the English did not now understand the natives.' Speaking in the House of Commons in 1858 John Bright regretted the want of cordial relations between the two races and said :

> ' I remember that the Hon. Frederic Shore, who wrote some thirty years since, stated in his able and instructive book, that even in his time the conduct of the English in India towards the Natives was less agreeable, less kindly, less just than it had been in former years ; and in 1853, before the Committee presided over by the hon. member for Huntingdon (Mr. T. Baring) evidence was given that the feeling between the rulers and the ruled in India was becoming every year less like what could be desired.'

Few Indian officers would admit that there is little sympathy between them and the people, and books like Sir Bampfylde Fuller's ' Studies in Indian Sentiment ' afford plenty of evidence of good feeling on both sides. Indian official sympathies are perhaps with the peasant rather than with the educated man, for the latter is often critical in his attitude towards officialdom : but the good district officer is usually on the best of terms with all the loyal educated men in his district.

III.

The measures taken by Lord Minto's Government to deal with the stream of revolutionary violence have been attacked from two opposite quarters. One set of critics brands them as despotic repression, wholly unjustified by the circumstances, and unworthy of a government which claims to be actuated by the great principles of liberty and justice. On the other side they are condemned as inadequate and belated, and the Government are declared to have shown themselves weak and vacillating in a situation which demanded those qualities of firmness and resolution which alone are understood by Orientals.

The action which has been most loudly denounced as tyrannical and oppressive is the resort to the Regulation of 1818, which permits the Government to place persons under detention without trial if that course is necessary to preserve the King's dominions from internal commotion. The provisions of this Regulation have been employed on two occasions: once in 1907, when two natives of the Punjab were deported to Mandalay; and again in December 1908, when nine Bengalis were placed in confinement. Now, recourse to a law of this nature must be repugnant to every British mind. Imprisonment without trial conflicts with all our instincts of justice. But are there not circumstances which justify it? The answer must undoubtedly be in the affirmative. Even in the United Kingdom it has been found necessary to suspend the *Habeas Corpus*, and so strenuous a follower of the pure gospel of individual liberty as Mr. Gladstone did not shrink from that step. Granted that it is a very strong medicine, and that the utmost wisdom is required in those who administer it, the Government of India have certainly shown no undue recklessness in using the drug. It should be remembered that the Regulation is not an old weapon, drawn from a museum of arms and suddenly furbished up for use. It has been employed from time to time, as occasion demanded, since it was first enacted, yet its provisions have never been put in force lightly or wantonly. Now, if it be granted, as we think it must, that there are occasions when detention without trial may be justifiable, the matter at issue resolves itself into the question whether justification existed in the two instances mentioned above. Only the general circumstances are known, not the particular information which the Government possessed against the individuals deported. On the latter point most people will be satisfied with the assurance which was given by the Prime Minister in the

House of Commons—that the evidence was drawn from various sources and corroborated in various ways : that it was examined by four lieutenant-governors and by the Governor-General in Council ; and that his Majesty's Government were satisfied, upon the evidence taken as a whole, that recourse to the Regulation was advisable and necessary. But admitting that in the opinion of the Government there was good evidence against these men, there still remains the larger question—Why were they not dealt with under the ordinary law ? The answer was given by the Master of Elibank in his Budget speech : witnesses were terrorised or disaffected and would not go into court. The processes of the ordinary law rest on the willingness of the people to assist in maintaining law and order. The civic spirit from which that disposition springs has never been strong in India : it is weak also in some European countries. Mill recognised the fact and the consequences that flow from it :

'People must be considered unfit for more than a limited and qualified freedom who will not co-operate freely with the law and the public authorities in the repression of evildoers. A people who are more disposed to shelter a criminal than to apprehend him ; who, like the Hindoos, will perjure themselves to screen the man who has robbed them rather than take trouble or expose themselves to vindictiveness by giving evidence against him ; who, like some nations of Europe down to a recent date, if a man poniards another in the open street, pass by on the other side, because it is the business of the police to look to the matter, and it is safer not to interfere in what does not concern them ; a people who are revolted by an execution but not shocked at an assassination—require that the public authorities should be armed with much sterner powers of repression than elsewhere, since the indispensable requisites of civilised life have nothing else to rest on. . . . A people so disposed cannot be governed with so little power exercised over them as a people whose sympathies are on the side of the law and who are willing to give active assistance in its enforcement.'

It is, indeed, too readily assumed that justice can be obtained only by the judicial procedure to which we are accustomed. That procedure has grown gradually with our political growth, but it is not suited for every stage of civilisation. Lord Cromer quotes in his essay on 'Ancient and Modern Imperialism' the opinion expressed by an Algerian Sheikh, when he heard that the French Codes were to be applied to certain districts in the hinterland : 'Then,' he said, 'there will be no justice ; 'witnesses will be required.' He was more impressed with the fact that, when no one could be convicted without witnesses, many guilty persons would escape, than with the possibility

that under the ruder practice an innocent man might occasionally be condemned.

Lord Minto has passed two Acts dealing with the Press. The first, which became law in 1908, applied only to newspapers which published incitements to murder and other forms of violence. The other Act, which was passed in February 1910, is a more comprehensive measure, covering, in addition to incitements of the above nature, matter which is likely to cause mutiny, sedition, religious or race hatred, intimidation, or interference with the administration of the law or the maintenance of law and order. It is substantially correct to say that these Acts created no new offences; what they did was to provide a new procedure for dealing with the specified offences when they were committed by means of matter published in a newspaper. It had been proved again and again that the prosecution of the registered publisher of an offending journal was no remedy. One newspaper had been convicted no fewer than six times before it was eventually suppressed under the first of these Acts. A number of other papers were convicted twice or thrice. The total number of prosecutions instituted in the eighteen months prior to the passing of the second Act was forty-seven, and not a single one failed. The punishments inflicted were in most cases severe, but they produced no apparent impression, and the publication of sedition continued unabated. The law did not usually reach the real offender, who was often sheltered behind a dummy publisher, but even the conviction of the actual editor had little or no deterrent effect. The Government, therefore, determined to direct their efforts against property rather than against individuals. That was the leading principle of both Acts, but there were differences in the method of its application. Under the law which had been in force since Metcalfe abolished the system of a licensed Press, every keeper of a printing-press or publisher of a newspaper in India is bound to make a declaration of his position before he uses the press or publishes the newspaper. The new Act of 1910 imposes the further obligation that he shall, at the time of making the declaration, deposit security, unless the magistrate thinks fit to exempt him. If the newspaper publishes any matter of the kind prohibited by the Act, the local Government can order the forfeiture of the security, and fresh security must be found before the press is again used or the newspaper again published. If the paper again offends the Government can forfeit not only this further security, but also the plant of the press. Against any order of forfeiture passed by a local Government an appeal can be made to the

High Court, where it will be heard by a bench of three judges, who will set aside the order of forfeiture if they find that the published matter in respect of which it was made does not come within the terms of the Act. This measure has of course been attacked as a restraint on the Liberty of the Press. That expression affords a good illustration of the misuse of political phrases which outlive the circumstances that gave rise to them. The Liberty of the Press means freedom from censorship and from the obligation to obtain a licence which may be arbitrarily refused or arbitrarily cancelled by the executive authorities. Under such a law the Press is at the mercy of the Government and exists on sufferance. Lord Minto's Act sets up no Censor and no system of licensing. Any person is still at liberty to start a printing-press or a newspaper, but when he registers himself, just as newspaper proprietors are required to register themselves in this country, he must deposit security, the amount of which will not ordinarily exceed 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, though the sum which may be demanded after a previous forfeiture for a breach of the law may be as high as 666*l.* The security need not be in cash: Government bonds will be accepted and the depositor draws the interest on them. There is nothing oppressive in such an obligation as this. The demand of security is an incident of many professions and its extension to journalism has been declared by such high authorities as Professor Sidgwick and Professor Dicey to be neither inexpedient nor unjust. An editor is still at liberty to publish what he pleases. He of course does so at his own risk, as in every country, and the only difference between the law of England and the law of India is that here the risk takes the form of liability to imprisonment or damages, while in India the liability is to forfeiture of security and, for a second offence, of the press also. Perhaps the best reply to those who denounce the measure is the reception which the Bill received in the Legislative Council at Calcutta, with its new enlarged membership, representing all classes and interests. Mr. Gokhale, the courageous defender of Indian claims and rights, declared that he should not be justified in opposing the principle of the Bill. Another prominent member of the National Congress party held that effective action of some such kind as that provided by the Bill was imperatively needed. There were differences of opinion as to details, but only two members were against the main principle of the Bill, and it passed the Council without a division.

It was, however, argued in some quarters that the measure was not strong enough. These critics pointed to the recent

legislation in Mysore as indicating the Oriental view of the requirements of the occasion. The new Press Act of that progressive State sets up a system of licensing pure and simple. No person can publish a newspaper without a licence, which can be refused or withdrawn at the will of the ruler. That was no new departure: it merely embodied in legislative form the essence of the unwritten law of all Native States. Lord Canning had been compelled to assume similar powers at the time of the Mutiny. The writings in the Indian newspapers in recent years have perhaps furnished sufficient justification for giving the Government an absolute and summary control over the Press, but such a measure could have been only of temporary application. Was it not wiser to obtain a permanent Act, and one, too, which met with general acceptance? Lord Minto's action has at least been justified by the event, for the new Act has produced an enormous improvement in the tone of the Press.

Of the other so-called repressive measures passed by the Government of India, the first in order of time was the Prevention of Seditious Meetings Act, which was passed in the form of an Ordinance in May 1907, and took more regular shape as a legislative Act in the following November. It empowers a local Government to proclaim any area and provides that in a proclaimed area no public meeting may be held unless at least three days' notice has been given to the magistrate; that the magistrate may, if he deems it necessary, prohibit any such meeting; and that admission must be given to any person deputed by the magistrate to attend for the purpose of recording the proceedings of the meeting. The provision to which perhaps most objection has been taken is that which gives power to prohibit a meeting. The magistrate, however, has that power under the ordinary criminal law in respect of meetings which he thinks likely to interfere with the public tranquillity, and most magistrates would hold that seditious meetings were likely to have that effect. The special law removes any doubt on the subject. The provision as to notice is necessary, as it is impossible that the magistrate should be aware of the intention to hold an objectionable meeting if there is any desire to conceal this fact from him. No permit for a meeting is required: and the magistrate can prohibit it only if he is of opinion that it is likely to be of a dangerous description. There is one subsidiary provision of the Act which at first sight appears to be of a novel character—that which declares that any meeting of twenty or more persons shall be presumed to be a public meeting, and may be dispersed if

notice of the intention to hold it has not been given. That is undoubtedly a somewhat inquisitorial provision, but it follows an old English statute, and experience showed that it was necessary in order to make the new law really effective. A lame and halting repressive measure, which ingenuity can set at defiance, is worse than useless : it creates contempt for the Government which has thus shown its impotence, and therefore lowers its reputation and authority. It is essential for the restoration of peace and order that there should be no loophole for lawbreakers, and some inconvenience must be accepted by law-abiding citizens for the sake of the public good. They will be called upon to bear that inconvenience only in exceptional circumstances, in a few special areas, and for a limited time. The period of three years to which the currency of the Act was restricted has just been extended by five months in order that the question of its permanent enactment may be determined by the full Council, which can be brought together only at Calcutta. The extension excited some opposition, but no new arguments were brought forward, and the opponents of the measure failed to show that any substantial hardship had been caused by the operation of the law. The local Governments were unanimous in desiring its retention and Sir Louis Dane, the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, was able to testify to its recent beneficial action in stopping a campaign of misrepresentation which threatened to produce serious disturbances between Muhammadans and Hindus in the district of Rohtak.

The Explosive Substances Act, which was passed in June 1908, is practically identical with the English Act and is in no sense a repressive measure. The only other enactment which can be so described is the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act, passed in December 1908. Its object was twofold—to provide a more summary procedure for the trial of seditious conspiracies, and to give power to suppress associations formed for unlawful objects. The ordinary criminal procedure in India is much the same as in England—commitment proceedings before the magistrate, trial at the sessions, and appeal to the High Court. The right of appeal is almost invariably exercised in India, and the duration of the case from the first appearance in the magistrate's court to the final hearing of the appeal frequently extends over many weeks. This protraction of the proceedings is particularly harmful in these conspiracy trials, as much unhealthy excitement is kept alive by numerous public hearings. The case against the gang who plotted outrage and murder in the suburbs of Calcutta commenced in

May 1908, and the final appeal judgment was not delivered until February 1910. The new law provides that in cases to which it is applied by order of the Governor-General in Council there shall be only one public hearing. The preliminary proceedings before the magistrate are conducted *ex parte* and in private, and the commitment is to the High Court instead of to the sessions court. In the High Court the case is tried by a bench of three judges and there is no appeal. The only serious objection that has been taken to this amendment of the law is that it deprives the accused of the right to be tried by jury, but those who use this argument forget that charges of the kind to which the Act would be applied are not tried with a jury except when the offence was committed in one of the towns of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Rangoon. This objection, moreover, is one which has been taken in England: in India the new tribunal is regarded as entirely satisfactory.

The provisions of the Criminal Law Amendment Act which deal with unlawful associations are of a somewhat absolute character, as they give the executive Government power to declare that an association is unlawful, and against this decision there is no appeal. But the only consequence that follows such a declaration is that any person who thereafter remains or becomes a member of the association is liable to punishment.

By another class of critics it is contended that the Government of India have always been too late in taking action; that effective measures to deal with seditious newspapers should have been adopted as soon as the 'Yugantar' appeared; that the law for the control and prohibition of public meetings should have been passed when the agitation against the partition of Bengal was first started; and that power to suppress unlawful associations should have been taken when gymnastic clubs and anti-partition societies first came into existence. 'It is 'useless,' say these critics, 'to shut the stable door after 'the steed is stolen; the mark of the true statesman is fore-'sight, and the Government of India failed signally to appreciate 'the signs of coming storm.' The answer to such criticism, we conceive, is that no foresight could have given proofs of its value which would have commanded acceptance. The Englishman is by nature an opportunist and does not like long views. That is, indeed, true of most statesmen: Cavour's advice to a young politician was not to look more than a week ahead. Neither in India nor in England was it anticipated that the division of Bengal would arouse so deep and so violent an agitation, and it was a reasonable expectation, based on past experience, that the settled fact would soon be accepted.

There was equally little ground for anticipating the anarchist movement. Political assassination (with the possible exception of the Rand case) had hitherto been unknown in India. The violent writings in the Press had not in the past been translated into action, and long familiarity had bred the usual indifference. It must be remembered too, that the general election of January 1906 had returned the most democratic House of Commons that has ever existed. It may be true that if we lose India the House of Commons will lose it for us, but the fact remains that, as Lord Morley reminded the Indian Civil Service, the Commons are the masters alike of the Government of India and the Secretary of State. In any circumstances repressive legislation would have been justified only when it had been conclusively established that the ordinary law was ineffectual. By 1907 it had been proved that the law was not sufficient to secure the prevention of seditious meetings : it was therefore strengthened in that direction. At the same time the Government of India drew attention to the danger to the public tranquillity produced by the violent writings in a number of newspapers, and urged the provincial Governments to prosecute all journals which had clearly broken the law. Systematic prosecution had never been tried before and there was no certainty that it would not afford a satisfactory remedy. The event showed that it did not do so, and when its failure was fully proved, it was possible to pass a Press Act with the support of the great body of Indian and English public opinion. Recourse to what are called strong measures on the first appearance of trouble is the mark not of a strong but of a weak Government. The strong man is he who, like Canning, refuses to be driven by the clamour of panic, though not deterred from resolute action by a weak sentimentalism.

On the passing of the Press Act of 1910, Lord Minto announced that it had been decided to release the nine individuals who were deported in December 1908—a step which excited much adverse criticism. It was argued that to pass a repressive measure and then, at the very moment of its enactment, to declare that the state of the country was sufficiently satisfactory to justify the release of men whom the Government had, by their action, declared to be among the leading instigators of disorder, must weaken the case for the new measure, impair the effect produced by it, and confuse the loyal supporters of the Government. These arguments are not without force ; but on the other side it may be urged that political assassinations had not ceased with the deportations and that it would have been impossible to keep these men in detention much longer in the face of the

growing feeling in Parliament—a feeling shared by some members of the Opposition; while to practical men it will appear to be a conclusive justification that the release not only produced no ill results but was of enormous benefit in conciliating a large and influential class, including those men whose loyalty had never wavered and those who at that point of time were giving indications of a willingness to co-operate with the Government in the suppression of anarchical crime.

But while the Government of India have taken the measures against sedition which have been described above, they have not failed to recognise that the problem of its suppression is ultimately one of good local administration. That is primarily a matter for the provincial Governments and the officers under them, but Lord Minto has issued some instructions of a general character for their guidance. These instructions have been criticised as commonplace, yet commonplaces sometimes need to be stated, even at the risk of inviting the sneers of superior wisdom. The Government of India begin their letter by pointing out that the seditious movement is due, in the main, not to excessive taxation or oppressive laws but to ignorance and misapprehension of the nature and consequences of British rule in India, though there is a residuum of implacable hatred of all alien intrusion which nothing will remove. The object of the Government being to prevent rather than to punish, officials of all grades are urged to combat misrepresentation and explain misapprehension, to proceed by remonstrance and persuasion rather than by prosecution and sentence, and on all occasions to seek the assistance of the local men of position and influence. For public servants who are suspected of leanings towards sedition, the treatment prescribed is identical with that recommended by M. Chailley—'a more 'consistent use of a preventive system, which shall keep outside 'the threshold of the administration all whose loyalty, judgment, 'and conscience are open to suspicion.'* Finally, against those who remain determinedly disloyal, the law must be firmly enforced. 'The maintenance of British rule,' the letter concludes, 'is necessary for the good of India, and in the 'interests of the people entrusted to his charge the Governor-'General in Council is determined to suppress all attempts to 'subvert his authority. He desires to do this by conciliatory 'methods, but if these fail, he is convinced that, in applying 'sterner measures, he will have the support and co-operation of 'the loyal and law-abiding people who form the great majority 'of the population of the country.'

* Administrative Problems of British India, p. 567.

IV.

There has constantly been a danger that the criminal excesses of the revolutionary party would cause a deaf ear to be turned to those claims arising from a discontent which has been admitted to be 'thoroughly justifiable.' The Viceroy, however, steadfastly refused to be deterred from the path of reform by these unhappy occurrences. Lord Morley showed equal firmness: 'I will not at once conclude,' he said, 'that because a 'man is dissatisfied and discontented, therefore he is disaffected.' To have turned back for fear the reforms should be regarded as a concession to revolution would indeed have been poor statesmanship. It was in August 1906, more than a year before the first anarchical outrage occurred, that Lord Minto wrote the Minute which initiated the reforms that will make his Viceroyalty one of the most memorable epochs in the history of British India. The subjects he referred to a committee of his Council, presided over by Sir Arundel Arundel, were:

'(*a*) A Council of Princes, and if this is not possible might they be represented on the Viceroy's Legislative Council?

(*b*) An Indian Member of the Viceroy's Council.

(*c*) Increased representation on the Legislative Council of the Viceroy and of the local Governments.

(*d*) Prolongation of the Budget Debate. Procedure as to presentation of the Budget and powers of moving amendments.'

The Secretary of State had not at first been favourably disposed towards reforms. In February 1906, in speaking on an amendment to the Address asking that the Indian people should be given a larger share in the administration of their affairs, Lord Morley said that his view was that India should now be allowed to take breath, that the changes proposed would require an Act of Parliament, and he doubted whether good results would follow. But in his Budget speech, six months later, he showed signs of becoming a convert to Lord Minto's views, to which he subsequently gave a vigorous and eloquent support.

It is of importance to understand that the moderate Congress party, and it is with that section alone we can have any dealings, has never claimed that India is yet ripe for representative government. That is an ideal which they keep before them, but they recognise that it is not within measurable distance. In framing their reform proposals the Government made it quite clear that their scheme did not contemplate any surrender of

the paramount British power. Lord Morley also emphatically declared that India would be the theatre of personal and absolute government so far as his imagination would reach. What was it, then, Lord Minto sought to effect by his reforms? His object was to build on the traditional polity of Oriental absolutism, to take the people into counsel but not to share with them the supreme power, to develope representative institutions but not to grant representative government. Mill speaks of 'a kingly government, free from the control, 'though strengthened by the support, of representative in-'stitutions.' That is the form of government which must for long be the only possible one in India, following, as it does, its ancient traditions, suiting its manifold circumstances, and satisfying its progressive requirements. Though the government must be absolute, it must be no isolated absolutism: the despot must sit in full darbar, to explain his actions and intentions, to profit by the advice and remonstrances of his councillors, and to hear and redress the grievances of his people. The Constitution of 1892, though a great advance upon that which it superseded, had failed to give sufficient or true representation. The lawyers had monopolised an undue proportion of the elective seats, and important classes, 'representing the 'most powerful and stable elements of Indian society,' had either been squeezed out or relegated to the inferior status of nominated members. Indian commerce was altogether excluded, and the great landlords and the Muhammadans were inadequately represented. It is claimed for the scheme which Lord Minto and Lord Morley have brought into being that under it all classes and interests of major importance have been given due representation.

The Muhammadans have hitherto taken little part in the political life of India. With a few exceptions, their leaders held aloof from the National Congress, and this abstention from an agitation which might embarrass the Government has been even more noticeable of late than it was twenty years ago. Their tenacious adherence to their ideal of a system of education which included religious teaching had handicapped them in the competition for employment in the service of the State; and when their qualifications improved, they found it difficult to gain a footing on ground now held firmly by the Hindus. But the new spirit which Lord Minto found in India had touched the Moslem community also, and the Muhammadans were no longer willing to accept the position of inferiority in which they had been left. Their claims were set forth in dignified and temperate language by a deputation

which was received by the Viceroy on October 1, 1906. The address, which was presented by the Aga Khan, bore the signatures of members of every class of the Moslem community. Never before had a body so representative in character voiced the views and aspirations of the followers of Islam. The deputation drew attention to the numerical importance of the Muhammadans in India, but claimed that the position accorded to their community 'should be commensurate not merely 'with their numerical strength but also with their political 'importance and the value of the contribution which they 'make to the defence of the empire.' While showing no great enthusiasm for representative institutions, they recognised that the setting up of such institutions was no longer an open question, and they addressed themselves to the practical task of securing the position of the Muhammadans. They pointed out that representation by nomination, without any elective element, had not in the past proved satisfactory, and they claimed that in the future provision should be made for the election of Muhammadans by purely Muhammadan electorates. They received a most sympathetic reply from Lord Minto, who, with true political sagacity and insight, grasped the critical nature of the situation which had arisen, and perceived that the occasion called for a frank and unambiguous pronouncement of the views and intentions of his Government:

'The pith of your address,' he said, 'as I understand it, is a claim that, in any system of representation, whether it affects a Municipality, a District Board, or a Legislative Council, in which it is proposed to introduce or to increase an electoral organisation, the Muhammadan community should be represented as a community. You point out that in many cases electoral bodies as now constituted cannot be expected to return a Muhammadan candidate, and that, if by chance they did so, it could only be at the sacrifice of such a candidate's views to those of a majority opposed to his own community, whom he would in no way represent, and you justly claim that your position should be estimated not merely on your numerical strength but in respect to the political importance of your community and the service it has rendered to the empire. I am entirely in accord with you. Please do not misunderstand me; I make no attempt to indicate by what means the representation of the communities can be obtained, but I am as firmly convinced as I believe you to be that any electoral representation in India would be doomed to mischievous failure which aimed at granting a personal enfranchisement regardless of the beliefs and traditions of the communities composing the population of this continent.'

The proposals of the Government of India accordingly provided for special Muhammadan electorates both for the

Governor-General's Council and for the Councils of provincial Governments. In the end the Muhammadans were given five seats on the Governor-General's Council to be filled by candidates chosen by special Muhammadan electorates, and a sixth member to be nominated as the representative of the Muhammadans of the Punjab. Two more seats were obtained by Muhammadan landholders, and the community thus secured eight certain seats, with a chance of gaining more in some of the other electorates. At the first election they actually secured three such additional seats and had a total representation of 11 out of 32 non-official members. Their claims have thus been met very fully, and the Hindus complain that they have been recognised with an excessive generosity. The Hindus could, however, have secured at least one of the three additional seats had they desired, and the Muhammadan gentleman elected by them represents the Congress party rather than the Muslim community.

The other important section of the population which failed to obtain adequate representation under the Constitution of 1892 was the landowning class. It was expected that the District Boards would return members representing the landed interest, but here, as elsewhere, it was the lawyers who captured the majority of the seats, and out of a total of 54 members elected by District Boards only 10 were landholders. The failure of the electorates was redressed to some extent by nomination, but, like the Muhammadans, the landholders do not regard that method as a satisfactory substitute for selection by themselves. From the first, therefore, it has been the object of Lord Minto and his advisers to improve the representation of the landed class, and special electorates of landholders have now been created in nearly every province.* Those electorates for the most part consist only of the large landholders, corresponding to our country gentlemen. It is of capital importance that this class should be strongly and fittingly represented, and the only way to attain that end is by forming them into separate electorates. If the petty landowner and the tenant-farmer had been included the electorates would have been more complete as constituencies of the landed interest, but in the present circumstances of India this would not have secured the real representation of that interest, for the landed aristocracy would have

* The exceptions are the Punjab and Burma, in which provinces the elective principle has been introduced only partially, on the ground that the people are not ripe for it. That is true of Burma, but it is difficult to believe that the Punjab landowners are unfit for the application of the elective system.

taken no part in contests not confined to their own class, and the political power would have passed to the babu-zemindar and vakil-ryot.

The Act of 1892 provided for an official majority in all the councils, both Imperial and Provincial, and there was no strong demand for a reversal of this position. Mr. Gokhale, for example, was content that the non-officials should be in a minority, but asked that it should be 'a respectable minority.' The Government of India, however, while retaining power to secure a bare official majority, proposed on all ordinary occasions to keep their forces in reserve and leave the Government in a minority, relying on the expectation that the Executive would have sufficient non-official support to enable it to carry its measures. On this important point Lord Morley differed from the Government of India and decided that in provincial Councils the official majority might be dispensed with, while retaining a substantial majority of that character in the Imperial Legislative Council. There can be little doubt of the wisdom of this decision. There is perhaps some risk of embarrassment being occasionally caused, though the experience of the first session of the new Councils indicates that there need be little immediate apprehension, and there is, indeed, ground for hoping that the possession of power will bring with it a sense of responsibility which will secure for the debates and divisions of the new Councils a sincerity sometimes lacking under the dead weight of the preponderating official vote.

The regulations, framed under the new Act, governing the constitution of the electorates, are voluminous and complicated, and afford an excellent object-lesson of the great variety of races, religions, classes, and social conditions to be found in the Indian Empire. It is not possible to discuss here the multiplicity of qualifications prescribed for electors and candidates, or the many different kinds of electoral machinery set up; but mention must be made of the general, though not universal, rule that the candidate must be a member of the particular electoral body to which he offers himself. This provision for the exclusion of the 'carpet-bagger' is not altogether new in India, but in Bengal it was denounced as a device to suppress the Calcutta politician, and a number of Bengali public men refused, in consequence, to take part in the elections. This attempt to extend the boycott to the reforms completely failed, and reflected little credit on the public spirit or practical wisdom of those who took part in it.

The maximum strength of the Councils has been raised from 126 to 370, and the number of elected members from 39 to 135.

But Lord Minto has done much more than merely enlarge the numbers of these legislative bodies. He has achieved the enormously important feat of bringing the Muhammadans and the landed aristocracy into public life, and has thus redressed the balance of political power in India. What has hitherto passed for Indian opinion has been the opinion of professional politicians and the lawyers—an excellent class, no doubt, containing many brilliant and sincere individuals, but not truly representative of the conservative mass which forms the real India. There was a danger that the professional classes would monopolise the political field, and it is one of the chief merits of Lord Minto's policy that it recognised the importance of attracting to public affairs other influential sections of the population. The direction which political power in India was taking is noticed by M. Chailley, who protests against giving the administration entirely over to the *literati*, and declares that that would be a blunder of the worst description, utterly unjustifiable on the part of a people who were themselves for so long a purely aristocratic nation.* From that blunder the wisdom and courage of Lord Minto and Lord Morley have saved India, and it is creditable to the temper and foresight of the literary classes that they evidently perceive that there is greater hope for the political future of their country in institutions resting on a broad foundation than in a monopoly of power by a particular class, even though it be their own.

One effect of the broadening of the basis of the political structure will be, as the special correspondent of the 'Times' points out, that the Home Government will hereafter find it much more difficult to force through the Indian Council measures which are dictated by British rather than Indian interests. It is to be hoped, too, that parliamentary questions on every minute detail of Indian administration will cease, or greatly diminish in number, now that it is possible for all such matters to be raised by question and resolution in the Indian legislatures, where reckless statements can be met with accurate knowledge and a due appreciation of perspective. The wider powers of discussion which are now enjoyed will also produce changes in the relations between the officials and the public which may be of some moment. The bureaucracy, instead of acting in silence and secrecy, must in future assume some of the responsibility of Ministers of State, and be prepared to explain the full nature of their acts and justify them in public assembly. The consequences of bringing the members of a permanent civil service

* Administrative Problems of British India, p. 566.

into politics may be regarded with some misgiving in this country, but it is a developement arising naturally out of the circumstances of our position in India, and the remarkable adaptability of the Anglo-Indian official will be found not unequal to it. The 'Times' correspondent has testified to the success with which the official members, during the first session of the new Council, faced their novel responsibilities, and it may be confidently anticipated that, while firmly holding their own, they will avoid the pitfall of the undue aggressiveness of the mere debater.

A change which has excited more attention, and at once roused more opposition and won more approval, than the Legislative Council reforms, is the appointment of Indian gentlemen to the Executive Councils in India. Lord Morley has told us that the idea of appointing an Indian member of the Viceroy's Council originated with Lord Minto, but it is not clear whether the latter desired that there should always be an Indian gentleman on his Council or whether, having found in Mr. Sinha an Indian barrister in every way fitted for the post of law member, he pressed merely for his individual appointment in fulfilment of the pledges given in the East India Act of 1833 and repeated in the Proclamations of Queen Victoria and King Edward. Lord Morley, in the first announcement of his intentions, clearly took the line that the Councils must have an Indian element:

'The absence of an Indian member from the Viceroy's Council,' he said, 'can no longer be defended. . . . All I want to say is that if during my term of office there should be a vacancy in the Viceroy's Executive Council, I should feel it my duty to tender my advice to the King that an Indian member should be appointed. . . We need not discuss what particular portfolio should be assigned to an Indian member. That will be settled by the Viceroy on the merits of the individual. The great object, the main object, is that the merits of individuals are to be considered and are to be decisive, irrespective of race and colour . . . . I propose at once, if Parliament agrees, to acquire powers to double the Executive Councils in Bombay and Madras, and to appoint at least one Indian member in each of those cases, as well as in the Governor-General's Council. Nor, as the papers will show, shall I be backward in advancing towards a similar step, as occasion may require, in respect of at least four of the major provinces.' *

In his reply to the Moslem League deputation, however, he said that the principle he acted upon was that of Queen Victoria's

* Lord Morley's Indian Speeches, pages 92–94.

Proclamation—that if a man is fully qualified he shall not be shut out by race or religious faith. It may be that in its practical consequences it matters little whether the first appointment of an Indian member was based on the racial or the administrative qualification, for it is probable that, now that an Indian member has once been appointed, there will always be an Indian member. That result may, we think, be accepted with equanimity. The success that has attended the appointment of Mr. Sinha must have convinced the opponents of the new departure, as the 'Times' correspondent admits that it has convinced him, that their misgivings in respect of that particular appointment were unfounded. The presence of an Indian element in the Council is undoubtedly attended with some advantages. The knowledge that Mr. Sinha accepted the necessity for the Press Act, and his powerful speech in support of it, had a marked effect upon an influential body of public opinion, while it is obvious that the presence of a native of India at the Council table must, on important occasions, have a sobering and beneficial influence on deliberation and decision. The acceptance of the arguments used by Lord Curzon and others against the appointment of any Indian member involves the repudiation of the pledges given both in Act of Parliament and solemn proclamations. We have been slow in carrying out the promise: to attempt to modify its terms by applying to them a narrow interpretation would far outweigh the problematical disadvantages from what Lord Lansdowne calls the breach of the solidarity of the Council. There are, however, difficulties in the way of introducing into the Council an Indian element as such and without regard to special administrative qualifications. The first of these relates to the portfolio to be assigned to the Indian member. Lord Curzon has stated with force and eloquence the objections to reserving the law membership absolutely for an Indian and thus depriving the Council of the high legal attainments and sound statesmanship which many law members, from Lord Macaulay downwards, have brought to the service of India. Moreover, such an arrangement would restrict the field of selection to Indian barristers: even pleaders of the eminence of Dr. Ghose and the late Sir Bhashyam Aiyangar would be ineligible. The result, therefore, would be to reserve the law membership for a small section of a particular class of Indians, and it is no disparagement of Indian barristers to hold that such a restriction would deprive this concession to Indian aspirations of much of its value. Then there is the further difficulty arising from the demands of the Muhammadans.

Lord Morley, though he has recognised the justice of Muhammadan pretensions in the case of his own Council, rebuked the Moslem League deputation for pressing the claims of their community to a seat on the Council of the Viceroy. But that has not settled the question, and it is certain that before long the Muhammadans will become more insistent. Three natives of India have already been appointed to these Council posts—one each in Madras and Bombay, and one in the Governor-General's Council—and all three are Hindus; while, if report speaks truly, the Indian member of the new Bengal Council will also be a Hindu. The Muhammadans not unnaturally grumble at their exclusion, and it is the part of statesmanship to discover a means of meeting their reasonable desire for a share in the direction of provincial and imperial affairs. For the present that may be done perhaps by means of alternation, in quinquennial periods, as Lord Morley suggested, but that cannot be satisfactory as a permanent arrangement.

The association of Indians with Englishmen in the highest position in the administration is possible only when the government is vested in a Council, and on that ground alone the much debated clause 3 of the Act of 1909 can be fully defended. With the native element represented in the Councils of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State at the top of the scale, and in all grades of the administration up to the rank of Commissioner at the other end, strong arguments indeed would be needed to justify the exclusion of the provincial Governments alone. How little of substance there was in the opposition to the creation of provincial Executive Councils is shown by the withdrawal of that opposition in the case of Bengal when it was found that the Lieutenant-Governor wished for a Council.

V.

Lord Minto's administration will be judged in the main by his treatment of the 'unrest' and his conduct of the measures of constitutional reform, and it is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than mention other leading features of his reign. Among these achievements, the first place should perhaps be assigned to his successful management of the department of foreign affairs, which is in the direct charge of the Viceroy. 'No part of the complicated task entrusted to the 'British Government in India,' says Sir William Lee-Warner, 'demands more patience and tact than that of securing the 'co-operation of the Native States in promoting the moral and 'material welfare of the Indian Empire'; and in no branch

of his administration has Lord Minto shown more clearly his recognition of the principle that the true way of governing men is not by force or laws or regulations, but by a knowledge of their temper and by a judicious management of it. From the first his personal relations with the ruling chiefs have been cordial and sympathetic. He has shown a full regard for their dignities, a careful respect for their rights, and a just appreciation of their difficulties. By his speech at Udaipur he dispelled the last shred of that mistrust of the intentions of the Government of India which had been produced by injudicious attempts to extend to Native States a gospel of efficiency foreign to all their conservative traditions and resented by the Princes as an interference with their treaty rights.

And while he has succeeded in effecting a marked improvement in the feeling of the ruling Chiefs of India towards the British Government, Lord Minto gained even a more remarkable success by his establishment of relations of personal friendship with the Amir of Afghanistan. The attitude of the ruler of that country has usually been one of suspicion, and when Lord Minto arrived in India relations were far from cordial. The Amir had resented the terms of the invitation to attend the Coronation Durbar at Delhi, and he has declared that he was prepared to risk even an open rupture rather than accept it. Sir Louis Dane's mission had done something to relieve the tension produced by that incident, but it was the Amir's visit to India that broke down the wall of reserve and distrust which previous Viceroys had tried in vain to penetrate.

Such important matters as the appointment and recommendations of the Royal Commission on Decentralisation, the abolition of the second military membership of the Executive Council, the reorganisation of the railway department, the serious attempt, made for the first time, to grapple effectively with the scourge of malaria, the measures taken to deal with plague, the endeavours to obtain just treatment for Indians in South Africa, the opium policy, the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, all these, and many lesser matters, must be passed over in silence. There is, however, one subject which cannot be left unnoticed in any attempt to depict the course of recent Indian politics. In the speech with which the Under Secretary of State introduced the last Indian Budget in the House of Commons, Mr. Montagu said that 'Lord Morley and his Council, *working 'through the agency of Lord Minto,* have 'accomplished much.' This statement has attracted great attention, and it has been regarded as confirming the general impression that the Government of India during the past five

years has done little on its own initiative, but has meekly carried out the orders received from Whitehall. It is true that an impression of this nature does exist, and the special correspondent of the 'Times' is probably right in his suggestion that it is due to the Secretary of State's great personality. It would be easy to show, however, that it is without foundation in respect of the principal measures of Lord Minto's administration. No one acquainted with Lord Morley's political record would suggest, for example, that he took the initiative in such matters as the deportations from the Punjab and Bengal, or the two Press Acts, or the Criminal Law Amendment Act. It may be that the Secretary of State has exercised a restraining influence on proposals for repressive legislation, but such action would be well within the recognized scope of his functions and entirely legitimate in principle, though the exercise of the power in particular instances might be open to criticism. But Lord Minto has made it abundantly clear that he has not been hampered by interference from home in coping with sedition. In December 1908 he telegraphed as follows to the Secretary of State:

'I hope you will say from me in as strong language as you may choose to use, that in all our dealings with sedition I could not be more strongly supported than I have been by you. The question of the control of Indian administration by the Secretary of State, mixed up as it is with the old difficulties of centralisation, we may very possibly look at from different points of view. But that has nothing to do with the support the Secretary of State gives the Viceroy, and which you have given to me in a time of great difficulty, and for which I shall always be warmly grateful.'

The reference to possible differences of opinion on the general question of the control by the Secretary of State may perhaps indicate that the Viceroy considered that the control sometimes went too much into detail, just as the provincial Governments complained of similar interference by the Government of India in Lord Curzon's day; but we have Lord Minto's specific assurance that in a department of affairs where Lord Morley's interference would have been most likely, he has left the initiative with the Viceroy and has supported his measures. At the bottom of this belief that there has been excessive intervention by the Secretary of State there seems to lie the idea that Lord Minto's own inclinations would be towards a policy of severe repression, the policy of the 'military law 'and no d—d nonsense' school. But may it not be that the descendant of Gilbert Elliot holds firmly the principles of his Whig ancestry, and recognises that repression in itself is a

hateful thing, to be employed only on the clearest proof of necessity? Lord Minto's attitude towards reform certainly supports the view that he is guided by liberal principles. In that field at least there can be no doubt that his was the initiating influence. He has himself insisted on this on a number of occasions, not, we may be sure, from any influence of a personal vanity, but because he realised that 'nothing would be more 'mischievous to British administration in India in the future 'than a belief that its Government had acted on no conviction 'of their own, but simply in submission to agitation in this 'country and in accordance with instructions conveyed to 'them from home.'* And when Lord Ampthill in the House of Lords referred to the fact that the reforms were universally known as 'Lord Morley's reforms,' Lord Morley interrupted him to declare that he was not responsible. Nor was this all, for when Lord Ampthill went on to say that hitherto the policy of the Secretary of State for India had been to uphold in every conceivable way the prestige of the Viceroy and to assign to him the initiative, responsibility, and credit, Lord Morley again interrupted to express approval. It seems, therefore, to be probable that Mr. Montagu's language was merely an inadvertent slip and not, as has been suggested, the deliberate announcement of the position claimed by the Secretary of State, but this at least can be asserted with confidence—that Lord Minto has never let the Viceroy become the mere agent of the Secretary of State, and it is he and his advisers who have been responsible for the initiation of all the important measures of the last five years.

It is, however, almost impossible to overrate the value of Lord Morley's presence at the India Office during the time of trouble and change. Though we lack at present precise knowledge of the part he has taken in giving to the reforms and other measures their final shape, it is safe to affirm that it has been no small one; and it is not the exaggerated language of compliment to assert that there is no other statesman in the Liberal party who possesses in an equal degree the reputation and character that would have enabled him to withstand, amid the indifference of his own regular supporters, the clamorous demands for weak concessions to sedition and disastrous interference with those who were striving to suppress lawlessness and disorder. Much of the action which he has not hestitated to support in Parliament must have been repugnant to the political sentiments of Lord Morley, sentiments held and proclaimed during a long public life; but when the

* Lord Minto's speech in the Legislative Council, March 27, 1907.

need arose he has not failed to settle the old quarrel between speculation and practice, and thereby he has shown a strength of character worthy alike of his high office and of his own great tradition. He has, too, made it abundantly clear that there has, throughout this trying period, been a steady flow of sympathy between himself and the Viceroy. The 'note' of Lord Minto's administration has been a sincere belief in the loyalty and good sense of the people. Though outrage has succeeded outrage he has never allowed his perspective to be distorted nor lost the sense of proportion. He recognised not only that the party of assassination was wholly insignificant in numbers, but also that it had no hold on the people of India, who regarded these dastardly murders with horror and detestation. He has treated the formidable and complex situation which he found in India with patience without weakness, with firmness without harshness. He has passed more repressive laws and taken more absolute action than any Viceroy since Canning and yet has never lost the confidence nor alienated the sympathies even of those sections who were most opposed to the measures he found it necessary to adopt. That is a fine achievement, highly creditable to his statesmanship and character and of supreme benefit both to India and to England.

VI.

In any discussion of the affairs of India it is impossible to escape from the steady pressure of the question of our future relations to that country. What, to use M. Chailley's phrase, is to be our Native policy? Does history afford any guidance? Lord Cromer has depicted for us the nature and fate of the empires of Athens and Rome. The Athenians failed completely as an imperial power, but Lord Cromer contends that 'the 'experience of Athens cannot be used as an argument to prove 'that democratic institutions must necessarily be incompatible 'with the execution of a sane imperial policy, but rather as one 'to show the fatal effects produced by democracy run mad.' We turn, therefore, to Rome, and 'here surely,' says Lord Cromer, 'if it be true that history is philosophy teaching by 'example, some useful lessons are to be learnt.' But can we learn any lessons from history? Is there such a thing as a science of history? There is much weighty opinion to the contrary. Napoleon, Beaconsfield, Froude are among the sceptics; and quite recently Lord Morley has told us that he distrusts the application of the experience of other times to our own political perplexities: 'You never can be quite sure

'that you thoroughly understand all the conditions which 'produced such events as, for example, the Fourth of August 'or the fall of the Bastille.' It is certainly difficult to find a single positive lesson for the guidance of the modern imperialist in Greek or Roman experience. Sir William Lee-Warner holds that the main help which Roman history can afford us is the lesson of warning, not of example. It has indeed been observed that the history of the government of dependencies is a history of failure. Are we then also doomed to failure?

To assert that we must remain in India until she is fit to govern herself does not carry us very far, while it assumes the highly controversial proposition that she will some day be fit to govern herself. Even so enthusiastic an advocate of ultimate self-government as Mr. Mody, whose excellently written essay may be taken as a faithful presentation of the views of the moderate Congress party, admits that India is not yet ripe for autonomy, and that self-government is not within measurable distance of attainment. But while he and his associates believe that India contains the essential conditions of nationality, there are many, not only Englishmen but foreigners and Indians also, who maintain that the diversities of race, religion, and language, of sentiment, tradition, and interest, are fatal to the realisation of any such ideal. Lord Cromer is most emphatic on the subject, declaring that the idea is not only absurd and impracticable, but that to entertain it is 'a crime against civilisation, and 'especially against the voiceless millions who are committed to 'our charge.' He admits, however, that, within reasonable limits, our duty lies in the direction of developeing self-governing principles 'all along the line,' and he denies that the ultimate consequence of this policy will be our withdrawal from the country.

History furnishes many examples of the worthlessness of political prophecy, and it would be unwise for us of this generation to assert that the vision of a United States of Hindustan can never be fulfilled; but for practical guidance we may safely assume as the basis of our policy that the Supreme Government of India must remain British and that it will continue to be of the absolute type, tempered by consultative councils of a representative character and by a steadily increasing measure of purely local autonomy. It is in this latter direction that political activities in India must be directed, in a spirit not of distrust and exclusion but of mutual confidence and co-operation—a spirit which the reforms of Lord Minto and Lord Morley have done much to restore and encourage.

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